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A Magazine for Canadian Women

December
1931



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MISS LILLIAN LOUGHTON
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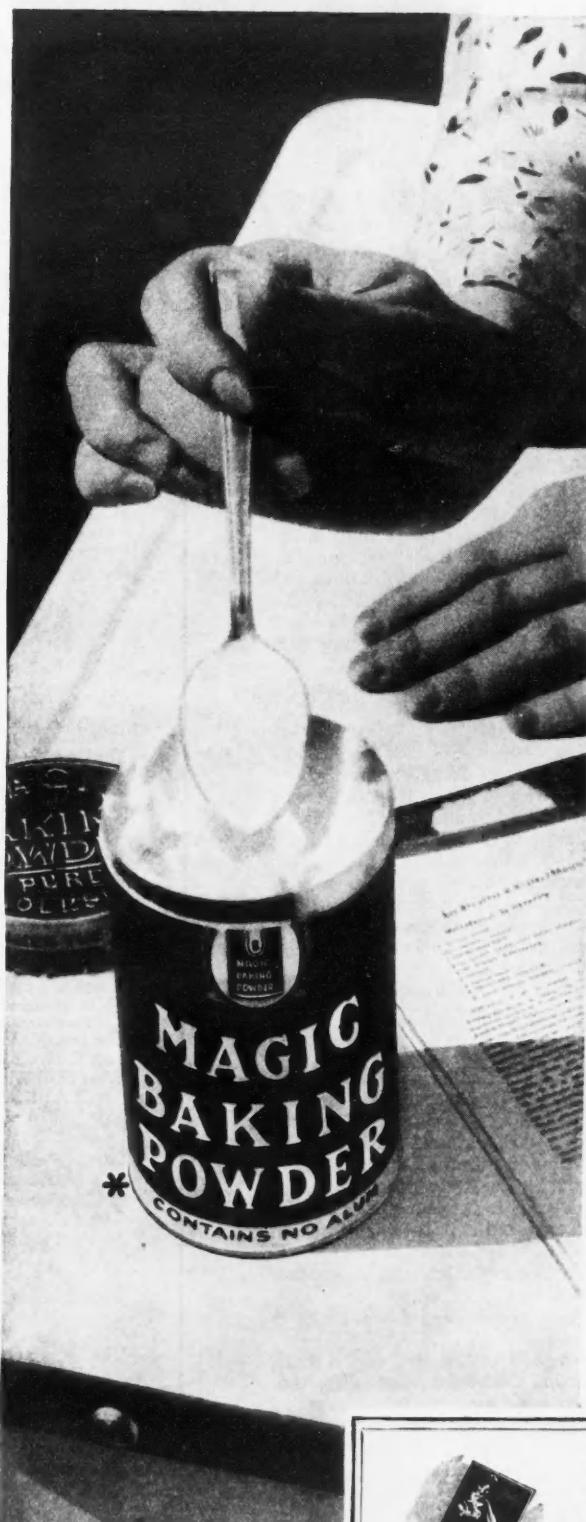
MADAME R. LACROIX
*Asst. Director Provincial School of
Domestic Science, Montreal*

MISS M. McFARLANE
*Dietitian, St. Michael's Hospital,
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What these nationally known authorities approve you can buy and use with confidence.

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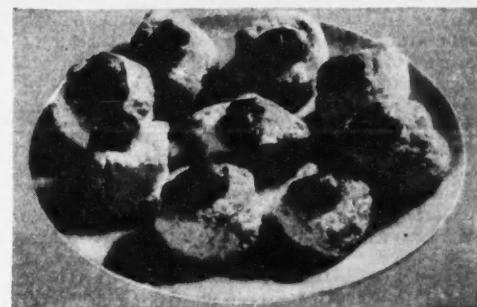


DATE COOKIES

3 cups rolled oats $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour* $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

Put rolled oats into a bowl. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together; add to oats. Melt butter and lard, add to dry mixture with milk. Mix all together, roll, cut with round cutter and bake in moderate oven.

Fill with following mixture: 1 pound chopped dates, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup hot water. Cook well and put between cookies. Or finish cookies as illustrated. Have filling ready when you make cookie dough; when cookies are shaped with small cutter, cut centres from half the rounds; place a spoonful of the thick date filling on uncut rounds, put the open ones over the filling, pinch edges together well and bake at moderate heat.



HOT CHEESE BISCUITS

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour* $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese 2 tablespoons butter
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. With two knives, thoroughly mix flour, butter and cheese. Dilute the mixture with milk to make a soft dough. Roll quickly and lightly to one-half inch thickness and cut with a round biscuit cutter. Place on top of each biscuit a cheese cube, one-half inch thick, and bake in an oven at 400° F., about 12 or 15 minutes.

*When bread flour is used, replace two tablespoonfuls of each cup with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch.

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The Editor's own Page for DECEMBER



Design by
LAURA GIBSON

AMERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, and a happy and prosperous New Year!

I wish now, that I had used this entire page for that age-old message alone; for there seems little more which can be said this year.

That old, old wish has a new meaning in this 1931 Christmas of ours. It is, I believe a prayer in the hearts of thousands to whom it has been only a casual wish.

There will be a deeper meaning behind all our Christmas gestures this year. So many of us have known actual want; so many more have lived in the dread of want. We have closed our purses to everything but the bare necessities so that savings deposits have mounted by the millions and industries have slumped tragically. We have listened to the talk of blue ruin, and have been only too eager to join in the general feeling of misery.

But a few weeks before Christmas things began to lighten; and now it seems certain that better times are definitely coming. There is a real sense of hope in turning toward the new year. I have met so many men and women who mirror the general attitude—that of children who have been most unhappy, but who feel they have learned a bitter lesson and that they will try to do better next time. Whether we will remain to be seen!

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"—a fine old wish that has been said in war time and in peace; in the certitude of prosperity and the fear of death; in deep sincerity and in careless laughter; in an eagerness for all the new years of life, and a wistful looking backward at all the old years behind. A fine old wish that is steeped in tradition and in the richness of humanity!

LET us be gay, friends, this Christmas! Behind all the lights of home, let us see to it that there is the real spirit of Christmas. Let us get away from our customary routine of friends and go into the highways and byways to search for those who need cheering up. There is magnificent work to be done, with the simplest little parties; but see to it that your guests are not only the little group to which you belong. So many of us go through this world like rabbits, running in the daily little tracks of our everyday life; through office or home duties; to this and that little club every other Tuesday; to this friend's bridge and that friend's tea-party; and so, busy, happy, serene, pass by the real meaning of life—seeing those who need us. Let us make this Christmas the definite turning-point in the dark years through which we have been passing; spend all you possibly can—and spread it out as much as you can to as many people as possible.

LITTLE BOY

by Frances E. Macklin

Little Lord Jesus, with eyes of blue,
What did Your mother plan for You?
Little Boy, Little Babe, oh what did she see
As she gazed ahead in the years to be . . .
A Cross and a Crown on Calvary?
Her Son for the world and its misery?
Or did God in His mercy hide from her sight
All this as she held You that wintry night;
So dear, so sweet, so softly warm
Beneath her heart at peace in the storm.
Little Boy Jesus, so wee, so new,
What did Your mother plan for You?

I REMEMBER being much struck last year, in talking to a social service worker, about the attitude of so many people at Christmas.

"You know," she said, "in nearly every church district there are certain families every one knows about—and every one remembers at Christmas. People are so lazy that when they want to express the Christmas spirit, they think of the first family that comes to mind—probably the Jones family down the street. And so the Jones family has a great deal too much, while someone next door, with an equal, if not as well-known a need, goes without!"

"The truth is that many people are selfish in their giving. They want the personal joy in taking the Christmas box; in seeing the little children exult over the toys; in leaving the house with that beautiful glow which always comes from giving."

"But if they would only get in touch first with their welfare association and work with them, our Christmas work would be so much better. We know the situation so thor-

oughly, and we can so easily allot the various families to those who are eager to help, and so see that there is no stupid duplication. Many parents, too, would so far rather receive their Christmas cheer through the impersonal medium of a community expression. Do tell your readers that it would be so much better to arrange their Christmas work through one of the social service agencies, or through their church organizations."

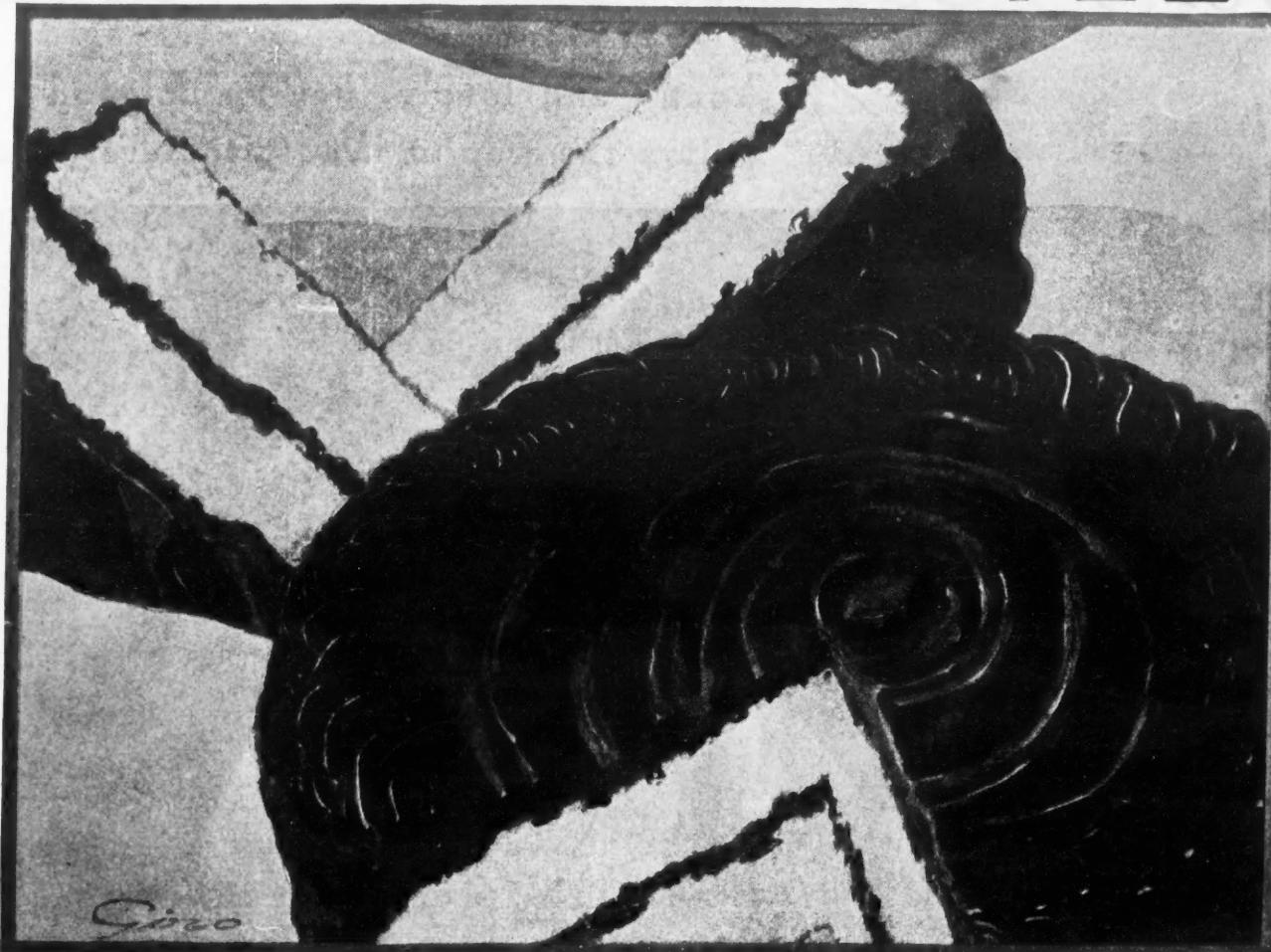
Since what this woman had to say seemed very sensible indeed, I am passing it on to you!

THREE is a very special responsibility linked to this December issue, for we go into thousands upon thousands of homes for the first time as Christmas gifts. And as a magazine, *The Chatelaine* feels that since thousands more women gave the magazine as a Christmas gift than ever before, our first appearance is very important. Gifts are always studied, discussed and put into use—or put away on a shelf for some vague, future use. Since we are coming for twelve months promptly as a regular reminder that so-and-so wished so-and-so a merry Christmas and a prosperous new year, we hope very much that we are liked on first sight! And if you, to whom we are a brand new introduction, feel that you might grow to like us, we promise eagerly all sorts of plans and developments in the exciting new year just round the corner!

To be a little explicit about the very next issue, there will be some unusual fiction from the most brilliant Canadian writers; next year, will, I believe, bring many new writers to the forefront of popularity. There will be the Paris letter, straight from that glamorous city itself, where Mary Wyndham, the Canadian woman, is writing from direct contacts. There is to be a highly diverting article from a diplomatic husband "Why I Let My Wife Spoil Me," in which this courageous gentleman divulges a great deal of matrimonial philosophy which will, I think, arouse a great deal of discussion—and much anger! There will be a fascinating cut-out for the youngsters, of an Indian camp with the warrior braves, wigwams and camp fires complete. There will be the first of a series of articles, written by a trained nurse, and covering every phase of home nursing—and more—and more! Good times are ahead, friends, and after we've had all the fun and jollity of this, the greatest holiday in the whole year, let's dive into the new year, toward which we are all turning eager, courageous hearts.

By Mrs. Hope Sanders.

SAVE EGGS
SAVE SHORTENING
AND STILL MAKE WONDERFUL CAKES ? YES !



BUT NOT WITH ORDINARY FLOUR

IT may seem unbelievable, but it's true. Your "economy" cakes can look expensive—and taste expensive! This Favorite Chocolate Layer Cake proves it. The recipe calls for only two eggs and one-half cup shortening—yet this cake has all the delicacy and deliciousness of a really costly cake. The secret? . . . Swans Down Cake Flour!

Remember that. It's important. If you don't use Swans Down—if you use ordinary flour, instead—your Chocolate Cake can't possibly have the wonderful texture and taste of this Swans Down cake. In order to get anywhere near as good cake with ordinary flour, you'd have to use more eggs—more shortening!

How can Swans Down make better cakes—at

less cost? . . . Swans Down is made from specially selected soft winter wheat, which contains a very delicate gluten. Unlike the tough, elastic gluten in ordinary flours milled primarily for yeast bread, this tender gluten responds perfectly to the "quick" leavens used in cake-making. Besides that, Swans Down is sifted until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

Try Swans Down to-day. Make the Favorite Chocolate Layer Cake, and your family's cheers will tell you you've found the way to perfect cakes.

**Send for this cake decorating set
and "New Cake Secrets"—only 25c**

This metal cake decorator has four tips, so that you can make all sorts of designs. With it we will

send you a copy of "New Cake Secrets," a brand-new edition of the most famous cake-recipe book in the world! Send 25c. for these two bargains—today! (If you prefer, you may purchase "New Cake Secrets" separately for 10c.)

FAVORITE CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE (2 eggs)

2 1/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs, well beaten
1/4 teaspoon salt	1/4 cup milk
1/2 cup butter or other shortening	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and mix well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer pans, and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Chocolate Butter Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. (Recipe for frosting is on page 25 of "New Cake Secrets"). All measurements are level.

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FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS

NELLIE McCLUNG



E. J. DINSMORE



A Moment With our Contributors



NELLIE McCLUNG is one of those contributors who make me realize the bitter truth in this page's heading—for "A Moment" is all we have in reality. And how can one give any kind of a personality sketch of such a vigorous person as Nellie McClung in a few lines?

For those of you who have not met Mrs. McClung let me tell you that she is as human and as feminine, and as genuine as the stories and articles which she writes. That she is charming; vitally interested in everything which affects womanhood, and that she retains the enthusiasm of her girlhood, although she uses some of it for her granddaughter. She can write with an understanding and a simplicity that make you remember her ideas—read her article on ministers' wives in this issue and see! She can speak with force and humor. She can apparently do a dozen things at once. And she has promised to write for *The Chatelaine* frequently in the coming year. Her new book of short stories "Flowers for the Living," is just off the press—and it's a very refreshing book indeed. "The Black Curse" her story that was published recently in this magazine, is included in the contents.

Finally, Mrs. McClung's home is in Calgary though she is to be found in every part of Canada, on speaking tours, business trips or holidays.

FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS has appeared several times in *The Chatelaine*. Last month you will remember her amusing narrative "Miggs and the Moose." This month she is in the issue with "The Dog Lovers," a Christmas story. There's an added romance to this story in that Mrs. Williams collaborated with another woman, Celeste Belnap in the story—Mrs. Williams writing the story from Celeste Belnap's idea.

Frances Williams lives in Montreal. She has written a number of novels which have been published in five continents—no easy thing to accomplish! Her stories and articles have also been translated into several foreign languages. I think you will understand why, when you have read "The Dog Lovers"—for isn't an understanding and love of dogs, and of the difficulties of newly-weds, international in every sense?

A short-story class is one of Mrs. Williams' hobbies and many of her pupils have won success. She is a keen lecturer and debater; but at present her great love is astrology.

E. J. DINSMORE has been illustrating stories and articles for *The Chatelaine* from the very first issue, and has been in practically every one since. This month he illustrates the Oriental Christmas story "His Star in the East."

From boyhood, Mr. Dinsmore has been interested in drawing—scribblers and blackboards at school were, he thought, primarily intended for drawing! He became an enthusiastic photographer in his teens, and entered the business world through that medium. He began studying art at night classes, and finally an opportunity opened for him in a studio devoted to catalogue work. Several years of study abroad followed, and in 1915 his first illustration appeared in *Maclean's Magazine*. Today his work is known throughout Canada.

Mr. Dinsmore is married, and lives in Toronto. He is particularly interested in amateur theatricals, and like all artists is a great lover of the out-of-doors.

OTHER contributors include the noted Canadian writer T. Morris Longstreth, who is living in Ottawa and who wrote "Without Gloves" especially for *The Chatelaine*. Anne Elizabeth Wilson, first editor of this magazine, and a contributor to every issue, gives you an enchanting children's story in response to my request for "something that is crammed full with the Christmas traditions—waits, yule logs, wassail bowls, old English halls and everything!" Anne Elizabeth is married and lives in a house set in the midst of Ontario's most beautiful wooded hills, with windows that face the four corners of the world. Here she taps out her advice to "Home Bureau" readers—and stories that are appearing in the leading magazines on the continent. One of her stories is in the new edition of the "Best Short Stories of 1931"—a rare honor for a Canadian writer.—The Editor.

Vol. IV. Toronto, DECEMBER 1931 Number 12
CONTENTS

H. Napier Moore, Byrne Hope Sanders, George H. Tyndall,
Editorial Director Editor Business Manager

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Fiction

The Dog Lovers—by Frances Fenwick Williams and Celeste Belnap <i>(short story)</i>	7
Illustrated by W. V. Chambers.	
The Front Page Girl—by R. V. Gery (novelette)	10
Illustrated by Carl Shreve.	
Without Gloves—by T. Morris Longstreth (short story)	14
Illustrated by Carl Shreve.	
His Star in the East—by Ella Schenck (short story)	17
Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore.	
The Women Men Forget—by Dorothy Black (serial)	24
Illustrated by H. W. McCrea.	

General Articles

The Editor's Own Page	2
A Moment With Our Contributors	4
The Minister's Wife—by Nellie McClung	12
Illustrated by R. W. Major.	
These Modern Mothers—by Nell Brinkley	13
Illustrated by Jack Keay.	
The British Movie World—by Laura Elston	18
Your Own Chocolates!—by John Perrin	28
What Shall We Give the Children?—By Harriet Mitchell, B.A., R.N.	30

The Chatelaine Institute

Getting Ready For the Gang—by Helen G. Campbell and M. Frances Hucks	25
A Chatelaine's Own Gifts—by Helen G. Campbell	26
Three Christmas Tables—by The Chatelaine Institute	27
Meals of the Month—by M. Frances Hucks	82

Fashions

The Chatelaine Patterns	77
-------------------------	----

Children's Features

The Strange Christmas of Timothy Tinker—by Anne Elizabeth Wilson	20
Illustrated by Lawrence Smith.	
Some Children's Recitations	57

Regular Departments

December Beauty Talk; The Home Bureau; Baby Welfare; Women and Their Work; The Chatelaine's Handicraft; Crochet; The Flower Garden Quilt; The Domestic Workshop; The Pantry Shelf; Home Discoveries.	
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The DOG LOVERS

She was very beautiful and very young. And she thought she could make her husband live according to her own terms

by Frances Fenwick Williams
and Celeste Belnap

HOLLY and mistletoe and Christmas wreaths and paper hats and burst crackers! The big, firelit living room, gold and orange and tawny-tiger-hued, lit by gold-shaded lamps and tall gold candles in brass candlesticks—Thelma in the midst.

Thelma—brown-eyed, merry, voluble, in some sort of misty white stuff with dabs of feathery lace, her nut-brown curls laid caressingly against the coal-black curls of a cocker spaniel.

"Angel!" she cooed. "Pettums! Oo rippin' ting! I call him The Ripper," she confided, looking brightly up from over the spaniel's head, "because he's such a ripper."

Something touched Galt Fanning like a cold hand laid on a leaping pulse in the dark.

A ripper! That! She meant it, too! Not the only one either—there were four others.

Galt loved her. Sometimes he wished he didn't. But he did—to the verge of madness.

He couldn't live without her. And she—she couldn't live without dogs.

Galt hated dogs. No use. He'd fought against the hatred, denied it, downed it, time and time again, in vain. Dogs stirred something in him. Was it aversion? Was it something deeper? The smell of a dog—Galt's sense of smell was acute—the sight of a dog, the sound of a dog; everything together, sickened him.

Dogs, dogs! Was there no corner in this vast world where dogs could not be?

Certainly the man who married Thelma would have to live in a dogs' pound. Dogs were everywhere in the Burr family. Climbing up you, yelping at you, licking you, fawning on you, barking at you—dogs everywhere. Five of them. All Thelma's.

"May I have this dance, Thelma?"

An eager, alert voice, enterprising. Galt looked up swiftly and saw the grey, bright eyes of his rival, Harold Main, fixed eagerly on Thelma.

"All right, Hal. Wait just a minute. Here, Galt, you keep him!" And Thelma unceremoniously thrust a heaving, licking, palpitating little mass of dogdom into Galt's arms.

"Galt doesn't look as if he liked dogs much," said Harold, laughing.

Thelma raised eyes of horror to his face.

"Not like dogs, Galt! Why, everybody likes dogs; every nice person, that is. I suppose thugs and baby poisoners and people like that mayn't!" And she floated into Harold's arms and jazzed off, small and very young with her cherub's curls and her soft, babyish white gown, priceless, unique.

Galt, desperately straining the hated burden to his young and rebellious heart, took a sudden resolve.

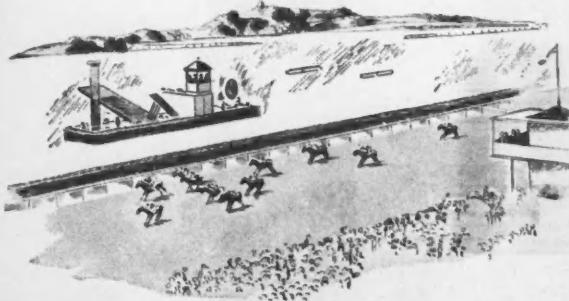
Thelma, in some sort of misty white stuff, her nut-brown curls laid caressingly against the coal-black curls of a cocker spaniel, sat under the Christmas holly.



Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman



Belmont Park, the famous race course on Long Island

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races, at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester, dancing at exclusive New York night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews superfluous fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest, most wholesome care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"What needless extravagance," Mrs. Belmont frankly exclaims, "to clutter one's dressing table with bottles and bottles, jars and jars of complicated beauty preparations!"

"The simple, wholesome Pond's Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in less time, at less cost."

YES, for "practical home beauty care," as Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, this easy Pond's way "carries off all honors." Follow its four steps, and you'll agree with her:

1—Amplly apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening
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WEAF and N.B.C. Network.



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT of New York is the beautiful and brilliant wife of a son of the late August Belmont. Like many other lovely society women, she is devoted to Pond's four famous preparations for the exquisite care of the skin (as right).



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Galt tried to speak. The sight of those wolf-like fangs so near the peach-like profile of his wife destroyed his wits. Surely, surely Thelma must have some fear of such a monster.

"Fangs! That's his name," cried Thelma. "Fangs! Because he has such—well, such fangs. Don't you think it's a very good one?"

"Very appropriate," mumbled Galt, staring fascinated down the cavernous throat that apparently yawned for a victim.

"He's hungry, I expect. Here, sweetness!" She tossed the monster a chop which he gulped at one sitting. "You'll have to get special meat for him, Galt. Plenty of it, too. Look at the size of him."

Galt shuddered. Fangs looked so exactly the sort of dog that would take liberties; that would leap and pounce and tear and bark one's very ears away. The other dogs were bad enough in all conscience, but this—this "he-manny" dog. What could he do?

It seemed at first as though his worst fears were about to be realized. Fangs was, in the strictest sense of the term, a one-man dog. His love for Galt was, from the beginning, positively diseased in its intensity.

Though Galt firmly excluded Fangs from the nuptial chamber at night, he always found the wolf-like creature resting on his toes in the morning. He would break through wire screening as though it were tissue paper in his eagerness to join the beloved master. He would creep through the bathroom—anything. Often Galt wished bitterly that he were living in a penthouse instead of a bungalow. Finally he chained Fangs a long distance from the house, where his anguished howls could not disturb the bungalow's inmates.

In time, however, solace crept into Galt's heart. Fangs would allow no other canine to approach his master. Did the Irish, the Scotch, the Airedale, bound winsomely in Galt's direction, an ominous growl would check their approach. More than once Galt had the joy of seeing them creep off, whining, tail between legs, at a look from Fangs. Moreover, worshipping his master as he did, Fangs obeyed him humbly. Galt was able to cure him of many obnoxious tricks. Soon he ceased to howl with joy at Galt's approach; he ceased to put enormous paws on the tweed shoulders of his idol; he confined himself to wagging a powerful tail and barking softly when Galt appeared.

Galt began to like him. Better than he had thought he could ever like a dog, he began to like Fangs.

Thelma, however, lost her enthusiasm at once.

"He's a bit of a brute," she confided to Galt. "Don't you notice, Galt, the way he cows my poor Lemon Loo?"

"Yes," said Galt, inadvertently, "and Cuddly and The Ripper, too!"

"Why, you sound as if you didn't mind," exclaimed Thelma, round-eyed. "Galt!"

"Well, dogs will be dogs," maintained Galt stubbornly. "Just as you said, Thelma, my dog is a he-manny dog. You can't expect him to act like a cat."

"He might act like a gentleman," suggested Thelma, acidly. A slight coolness arose.

THE first rapture of the honeymoon days was over. Thelma was used to a husband and took his attentions for granted. She showed signs of boredom when Galt grew too ecstatic. She developed a tendency to offer an inattentive cheek when he showed signs of wishing to kiss her; she yawned audibly when he grew too affectionate. Galt, thrown back on himself, became more and more dependent on the adoring Fangs. Thelma was usually out now when he arrived from the office. Airing the dogs, playing bridge, having a game of badminton. Anything and everything but waiting at home to welcome her husband.

Galt said nothing, but his heart grew slowly heavy. He would watch her showering endearments on the licking, leaping, loathsome pack. Then slowly, heavily, he would pat the head of faithful Fangs. Into his starved heart would creep a ray of comfort. Something loved him, anyway, even if Thelma didn't.

For more and more it was borne in on him that Thelma did not love him.

Had she ever loved him? He turned the question over in his mind. The miserable conviction was forced on him that she had merely loved his loving her; that she had accepted him because he was importunate and she easy-going; that, in a little while, she had tired of his attentions and had returned to her original and absorbing passion for dogs.

Thelma grew colder and colder, not only to Galt but also to Fangs. "Never knew a dog I liked less!" she burst forth, one day.

"Perhaps it's because he prefers me to you," Galt returned with unaccustomed perspicacity.

"Why, Galt. What a funny thing to say! Though, perhaps," she added with the candor that was characteristic of her, "there may be a little truth in it. I'm accustomed to be loved, not tolerated."

"I," returned Galt with a bitter smile, "am accustomed to be tolerated, not loved."

But Thelma had lost interest. Her spaniel was whining for a macaroon. That was one thing Galt hated about her dogs. Catch Fangs whining. A he-manny dog, Fangs!

[Continued on page 45]



Silently, without a word, Galt held out his arms, and Thelma, just as silently crept into them. Galt caught his breath. Unbidden tears came to his eyes.

He loved Thelma. He loved her so that life without her would be meaningless. He couldn't give her up. If taking her meant taking dogs—well, take them he would. All of them. Five howling horrors, each one more awful than the one before. To share his home, to share Thelma's love, to make life miserable for him!

That terrible dog! It had gone to sleep, thank goodness. It slept as contentedly as though its temporary bed did not hate and loathe it with every fibre of its being. As contentedly as though it had lain in Thelma's arms instead of his.

Thelma! His heart took a quick leap. Thelma! There she came running.

"Galt, isn't it wonderful? Why, he acts just as if he'd always known you. Harold, look! See the way Ripper is sleeping in Galt's arms."

"Oh, very fine," drawled Harold with a look of hatred at the young man whose fair head so far overtopped his own. Girls liked that sort of thing, worse luck—tall, picturesque chaps with small Greek heads, and silent, worshipful blue eyes. He wished he could kick the fellow.

A sudden thought struck Galt. Rising, he pushed the sleeping Ripper into the arms of his rival.

"He likes you, too," he said brightly. "Come, Thelma, our dance."

Now Ripper was particular where he slept. Harold's young arms were bony. Therefore Ripper yawned himself awake, snarled a little under his breath, dropped to the floor and trotted off.

Galt always believed that to this little incident he owed his marriage. For Thelma, in common with other infatuated dog lovers, believed firmly that dogs were unfailing judges of character. If her dog chose Galt's arms as a resting-place, then Galt was a stout fellow. No doubt whatever about that! As for poor Harold—well, she hated to think that he had a secret sin; but undoubtedly dogs knew.

So Thelma, floating under the Christmas lights, listening to Galt's fervent, low-voiced pleading, smiled up at him from under her thick, brown cherub's curls, and agreed to be his—some day. Well, pretty soon, then—as soon as the Dog Show was over and she had time to think about a trousseau.

And Galt, listening, glowing, hardly believing his own luck, still was haunted by one little phrase that stuck obstinately in his ears.

"As soon as the Dog Show is over!"

Would the "Dog Show" ever be over for Thelma?

THHEY were married. And life, to Galt, became a paradise—a paradise in which only one snake lingered—the dogs. They were everywhere—no getting away from them!

Galt did get away from them for a time. He took Thelma abroad. He did it advisedly. One couldn't take even the smallest poodle on an ocean steamer. He hoped Thelma might get used to living without dogs; might even want to reduce their number.

But Thelma, deprived of dogs, thought of them more. "My puppies!" she would exclaim, raising eyes like bits of brown earth to his face. "My ownsy-wownsy puppies! Oh, Galt, won't it be heavenly to see them again?"

Galt, terrified of losing his newly gained happiness, hid his secret well. Thelma never suspected his real sentiments. She would prattle to him for hours about her dogs. It would always end: "You and I and the dogs. Oh, Galt, aren't we going to be happy?"

They were, for a time.

Galt had been a lonely child. His mother had died in infancy; his father had married a second time; most of his life had been spent at school. Thelma and Thelma's family had been a revelation to him. Their open affection, their happy, rollicking out-of-door life; the way they entertained and romped and generally enjoyed life.

Moreover, though Thelma was an out-of-doors girl who adored skiing, skating, swimming and tennis, and who positively haunted woods and mountains, she was also a natural housekeeper. She soon made for herself and for Galt a home that was the envy of all their set.

They built a bungalow about one mile away from her father's farm; a double house with fireplaces in most of the rooms; a delightful house. Surely, Galt felt, no man had ever begun marriage under happier auspices. If only it hadn't been for the dogs.

Five curses; that was the way he thought of them. Five smelly, noisy, loathsome curses. No peace, no solitude. He couldn't even go for a walk with Thelma alone. Even when they motored, at least two of the dogs must accompany them—"The darlings do so love a little spin!" Even when they bathed, Cuddly and Bob, two expert swimmers, swam beside them.

But, after all, it was a pretty happy life. Every morning after breakfast, Galt walked contentedly to his place of business, two miles away; every evening he returned to Thelma. Even the dogs couldn't spoil it altogether. Summer passed like a whirl; the evenings grew cool; the dogs slumbered in a furry heap in front of the wood fire in the living room while Thelma, patting first one head and then another, dispensed tea. It was fun.

PRESENTLY October crept upon them. And one morning Thelma, looking up from the breakfast table, sprang a bomb.

"Galt," she said, "I've decided I've been selfish."

"You, darling?" enquired the infatuated Galt. "Oh, no!"

"Yes, yes," she insisted prettily. "You mustn't contradict."

Galt watched her adoringly. In a beguiling yellow morning gown, all loose flappy sleeves and swansdown, she looked more like an angel than ever.

"You see, Galt," Thelma was saying, "although it's very lovely to live with dogs and to feel that they like you and are pleased to have you round, yet it isn't like having your own dog, if you follow me. Now is it?"

"Yes? No?" said Galt, absently. Dogs again!

"And so," said Thelma, royally, "I have decided to make you a present, Galt. A dog. A real dog of your own."

"What?" cried the horrified Galt. "Oh, no, darling. Not a dog. Not another dog."

"Yes; yes indeed," cried his bride in delight. "Six isn't a bit too many. And it isn't fair for me to have all these darlings for my very own and for you only to share them. I decided long ago that you must have a dog; and my only difficulty was to get just the right one. You see, I felt it ought to be a real man's dog; a big, he-manny kind of a one—you know what I mean?"

The unhappy Galt nodded. Too well, too well, did he know what she meant; something too terrible for words.

And his own. Exactly what did she mean by that? He longed, yet feared to enquire.

"Have you chosen it yet, dear?" said a voice that he did not recognize as his own.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Thelma blithely. "It'll be here any moment. I told them to send it round while we were at breakfast because I knew you weren't going to the office this Saturday. You'll have the whole day to get acquainted in."

Galt swallowed scalding coffee as though it were ice water.

"Any moment."

"A he-manny dog."

He closed his eyes despairingly as a strange bark, a low, deep, blood-curdling bark, was heard outside the window.

"I think that's the dog now," he said faintly.

Thelma, all animation, rushed to the window.

"Yes, yes," she said, excitedly. "Oh, what a darling! Bring him in here, please!"

The dog fancier brought him in. Galt opened his eyes.

Before him, on the carpet, stood the kind of hound one sees in dreams when one has partaken too liberally of Welsh rarebit the night before. A huge wolf-like creature. A thing, all cavernous eyes and slavering fangs. A nightmare, a horror!

"Isn't he lovely?" cried Thelma, clapping her hands and dancing. "The sweet thing!"

The sweet thing, inspired by her capers, danced, too. Round and round, higher and higher, till Thelma, exhausted, laughing hilariously, dropped back into her chair. Fangs bounded on her, licking her face convulsively, baying with excitement.

"Here, here," shouted Thelma between gusts of laughter, "you'll take off all my make-up. Galt, make him stop!"

There they lay, huddled companionably together in front of the blazing fire, a delicious, pulsating heap of drowsy comfort.



GIRL

Illustrated by
CARL SHREVE



"As you like," said Lister exasperingly. "It really doesn't make much difference to me whether you believe it or not. It happens to be a correct statement of the position."

Patricia made an unreproducible noise between a sniff and a laugh. "Well?" she asked angrily. "What's the next of your innocent ideas, Dr. Lister? Have I got to stay here six months? Is that it? Because I won't. And you might as well listen to me for a minute, too, before I listen to you. If you lay a hand on me again I'll—I'll watch my chance and k-kill you."

Once again the dramatic effect of this diatribe was a little marred by the stammer of passion at the end of it. Lister looked more patient than ever.

"I understand, quite," he said, "and I'm sorry for just now. But really something had to be done. I'll tell you why in a moment."

"Well, why won't you let them find me?" Patricia enquired, with the illogicality of the very angry.

"I've told you," said Lister. "Because I can't afford to have this place put on the maps for a while yet. There are reasons—"

Patricia's temper suddenly vanished, swamped by a flood of realization. So that was it, eh? She remembered a trifle sourly what Lister had said about curiosity, his copy-book maxim. Well, she needn't be curious any more. She knew—or at least she had a fair idea.

She sat up in her chair and regarded Lister with sidelong eyes.

"Yes," she said. "There are reasons. I know."

For the first time Lister displayed something that might have been construed as astonishment.

"You know?" he queried. "What d'you mean—you know? How can you know?"

Patricia smiled at him impertinently, and once again as she was used to smile at men. She had something, at last, on this fish-blooded doctor.

"Sam Diggory, isn't it?" she asked softly. "And, I think, Bill Skeggs?"

If she had expected the doctor to jump out of his chair and pace the room in terror or confusion, she was disappointed. Lister merely took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her in mild surprise.

"Really?" he asked. "That's interesting, Miss Wilde. Yes, Sam Diggory and Skeggs do happen to be the particular trouble just at this juncture, though how you came to know anything about it is a little beyond me. Ah, I see!"

Patricia could have kicked herself for letting her eyes wander to that bedroom door. It was simply throwing a perfect situation away.

"So you took a look round instead of sleeping?" Lister asked her with a slow grin. "Well, maybe I can't altogether blame you."

"You locked me in there," charged Patricia.

Lister nodded. "I did," he confessed. "All part of the scheme—not a very clever scheme, possibly—but I had to see to it that you didn't get away, or rather weren't publicly discovered. Perhaps you partly understand now."

"I certainly don't," said Patricia. "And if you still think you're going to keep me here—"

"I'm quite sure of it," said Lister composedly. "But I don't think there'll be any compulsion about it. You'll stay yourself, if I'm any judge."

"I won't," said Patricia.

"Wait a moment," Lister got up, "before you talk like that. I'm going to show you something."

He went into the inner room and Patricia heard the click of a key, and a fumbling as if in cupboards and drawers. Then he came back, with the group photograph she had seen at the bottom of that chest, and a flat case of heavy steel. He laid the latter on the table and handed her the picture.

"Did you see that," he asked, "among your—er—discoveries?"

Patricia felt that she was throwing a perfect situation away. "You locked me in there" she charged. Lister nodded. "I did," he confessed. "It was all part of the scheme."

Patricia nodded. "Yes," she said, "I saw it. But what's it got to do with me?"

"Plenty," Dr. Lister said. "It's the beginning of the tale you've got to listen to."

Pat Wilde remembered her part again with a jump. She had been looking at the photograph with something approaching interest, which would never do. She gave it back to Lister with just the wrong kind of smile.

"Very interesting," she commented, "but I still don't quite see what it's got to do with me, or why I should listen to your story."

"What you want," said Lister with sudden decision, "is a good thrashing—no, spanking would be more the prescription. You're entirely too young and much too spoiled. These papers have been making a halfpenny heroine of you, my girl, and it's turned your head. Pity, because you're not a bad child, if it wasn't for that—"

He leant back in his chair, and Patricia turned crimson again with wrath.

"You cad!" she said. "If you've nothing better to do than to sit there and insult a helpless girl—"

Lister chuckled once more. "Oh," he said, "so we are helpless, are we? Well, it's something to recognize that; we're getting on. And as for insulting you, Miss Wilde, a great deal more of that type of insult would be my own prescription for you. You need it. But in the meantime, what you've got to do is to sit perfectly still and listen to this. And afterwards you may explode as much as you like. Here, have a look at these to begin with."

He picked up the steel case, took a tiny key from his watch chain, and opened it. Patricia gasped in spite of herself as he thrust it across to her.

"Wh-what are they?" she asked.

The case was nearly a foot square, a velvet-lined tray

padded with silk. In it blazed a double handful of miracles—globes and squares and hexagons of intolerable color and light, reds, blues and yellows, with the blinding white radiance of diamonds as a kind of *leit motif* among them. Their combined glory was breath-taking, and Patricia stared at them with parted lips, her situation and state of mind forgotten.

"Are . . . are they real?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"Considering that they're the crown jewels of an Indian state," said the doctor, "I think you may take it that they are real."

He lit his pipe again, and looked quizzically at Patricia. "Now," he went on, "do you want the story? You'd better have it."

The girl said nothing. She was still occupied with the wonder of the stones.

"This fellow," said Lister, his pipemstem on the central figure in the photograph, the heavy-eyed young man with the glittering turban, "was the Nizam of a place called—well, that doesn't matter; the fewer names the better, I daresay. He's dead now, anyway. I couldn't save him. Poison—the usual nasty business."

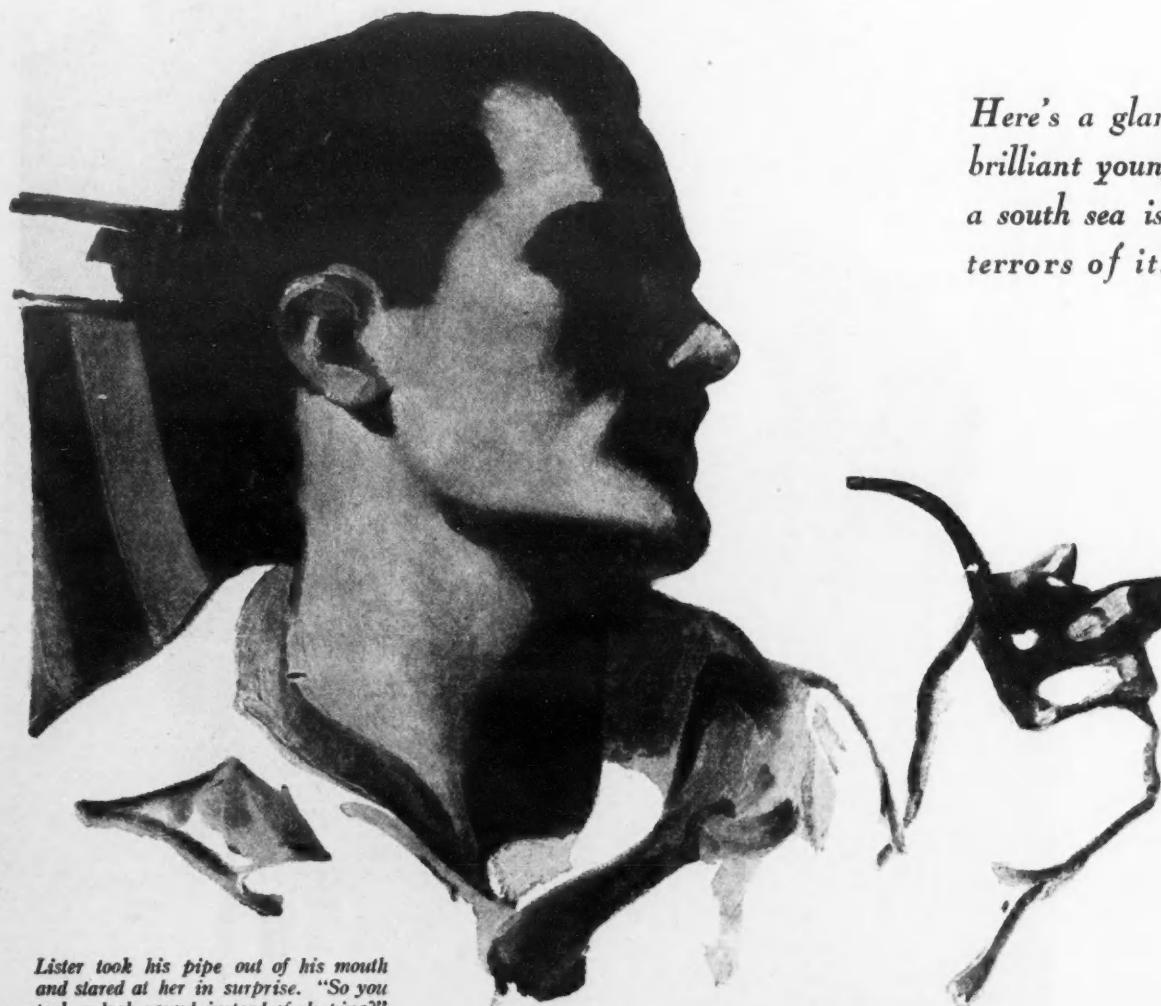
He broke off, his mouth grim under the mustache. Patricia found herself saying, "Go on!"

"There was a woman in it, of course," continued Lister, "with ideas about the succession—and about these things as well. She and her crowd," his voice thickened and darkened, "put the little Nizam out of the way—stramonium first, and then, I think, arsenic—to get her boy on the throne instead of his. He'd a boy, yes. He's in England now, being educated. One day he'll have to go back; and then he'll have to have these. See?"

"I'm beginning to," said Patricia. "But how did you get them?"

[Continued on page 50]

The FRONT PAGE



Lister took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her in surprise. "So you took a look round instead of sleeping?" he asked her with a slow grin. "Well, maybe I can't blame you."

by R. V. GERY

Here's a glamorous adventure of a brilliant young aviatrix wrecked on a south sea island, and left to the terrors of its single inhabitant

PATRICIA WILDE, hard, reckless, daring, in flying round the world on one of her mad exploits is forced to make a landing on a south sea island, far off the beaten track. She is astonished to find a man living there alone, in complete mystery—and senses instantly that he is an enemy. He takes her to the rough shelter where, utterly exhausted, she falls asleep.

She is awoken by flames outside her window, and rushing out sees her plane in flames. The story continues:

THE orange flames, gasoline fed, roared through the Bat's crumpled relics, devouring them; the black smoke drifted rapidly away over the smooth waters of the lagoon. Pat Wilde stood in the edge of the trees, watching her machine's swift destruction, and for the first time in her life fighting for control over herself.

This was disaster. The wreck of a plane lying on the beach would have brought any searchers from the air down in instant investigation; so also would have the kind of fire-signal she had imagined. But as it was—

As she looked, the Bat was crumpling into a mere mass of charred and partly melted metal, most of it already under water and invisible at two hundred feet. And this man wasn't very likely to be a party to lighting any signal fires if he didn't want publicity. He was against her—an enemy.

She choked back the furious tears that threatened her and stamped her foot in a rage. Him! This doctor—if he was a doctor—to play a trick like that on her, Pat Wilde. Yet again she visualized the news. The search—"No trace!" "No trace!" "No trace!" And finally a silence, and then the usual silly write-up of her life. She could see them round the breakfast tables, those readers of hers, and

their foolish little coos and gurgles of sympathy—hear the pilots on the aerodromes talking about Pat Wilde: "Got it at last? Well, she had it coming to her, poor kid!" and the pitying shrug. "Poor kid!" And all the while, for six months, she would be here on this island with this Lister, and finally slink out of it—and then what would they say? It was too obvious what they'd say.

Pat Wilde danced with fury on that beach to the tune of the merry wind and the hasty cracklings of the fast vanishing Bat.

Then she stopped, with the feeling that she was being watched, and turned over her shoulder. Lister stood impassively among the trees, still with his quiet, slightly cynical eye on her.

Patricia whipped round on him. "Go away," she commanded dangerously. "Leave me alone. I won't talk to you."

"I'm not asking you to," said Lister imperturbably. "But I want you to listen to me for about a minute—if that's possible."

"Why should I?" demanded Pat.

"Because ultimately you have that much sense," Lister told her. "I've a few things to say to you, and it doesn't seem to me to matter much if I say them here—although it would certainly be more comfortable and—" he looked about him—"perhaps on the whole better, in the bungalow. Which shall it be?"

Patricia laughed at him. "You don't imagine you're going to get me in that bungalow again, do you?" she asked acidly.

"Why not?" Lister seemed surprised. "You may be here some time, you know, and you can't very well live in the open."

"Can't I?" Patricia's voice jumped an octave in a highly

mortifying manner. "I wouldn't set foot on your verandah again, Dr. Lister, if you went on your knees to me. I'd—I'd sooner die, and you know why!"

He opened his mouth as if to ask a question, and then seemed to think better of it, for he remained with his jaw slightly dropped, looking at Patricia as if thunderstruck. Then he broke into a chuckle.

"Oh!" he said. "I see—I see what you mean. Well, set your mind at rest, Miss Wilde. You're perfectly safe from me. Perfectly safe, you understand. I've other things to worry my head about."

"I don't believe you," said Pat uncompromisingly.

Lister shrugged. "Very well," he said. "But—you'll have to come into that bungalow sooner or later, when it gets dark, so you might just as well come in now."

"I won't," said Patricia.

"You will," Lister corrected her. "You'll do what you're told, I should judge, for the first time in your life."

"I won't," said Patricia again, feeling like breaking into a squeal of fury. "You can't make me."

"Can't I?" There was a sudden blaze in Lister's dark eye, and he leant his rifle against a tree. "Can't I?" He walked up to her until his face was within a foot of hers. "Now, are you coming inside that wire?"

"No!" In after days Patricia remembered that syllable as a sort of yelp. "I'm not! I'm not! I won't, darn you! I won't! And—

and take your filthy hands off me—"

In a blaze of anger she felt in her pocket and produced the automatic. "Stand back!" she ordered melodramatically.

"Humph!" Doctor Lister said something like that, but Patricia did not hear it. She was being treated to something she had never seen before—the male in a rage. Lister knocked the gun out of her hand with a single sweep of his own; then he picked it up and without a word threw it fifty feet into the lagoon. Then he laid violent and sacrilegious hands upon her—even upon Miss Patricia Wilde of the front page—slung her bodily over his shoulder, and still in complete and wrathful silence carried her, a kicking, shrieking bundle, back to the bungalow.

There he deposited her in a chair and glared at her.

"Now, you little wildcat," he said, "sit up and listen to me."

THREE are some situations and some emotions that do not admit of adequate description, and are moreover, untranslatable into terms of ordinary speech. Patricia Wilde sat in the chair into which she had been so uncereemoniously dumped shaking all over with something that, analyzed, would have proved to have been a mixture of hate, wrath and fear in about equal parts, with extreme surprise dominant over the rest. For some minutes she could do nothing but choke and tremble, while Lister, once more his calm self, waited for her to recover. In all her twenty-three years, no one—least of all a man—had set a finger on her, and the experience was a shockingly new one.

Finally Lister called the Chinese with a glass of water for her. Patricia restrained a very obvious inclination to hurl it, glass and all, in the doctor's face, and drank. Then Lister spoke to her, before she could begin to loose the flood of words that were boiling up within her.

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

by
NELL BRINKLEY

These Modern Mothers

EVERY woman wants to be the mother of at least one child. There is a certain cycle to a woman's life that is completed only by having a child. The girls of this generation have not yet tasted experience and success in careers enough, to know how infinitely small a part of life these things are by contrast to love and home and motherhood, but the children we are bringing up will know. They will know many other things that the girl of today is suffering for—dead customs and traditions that she has fallen heir to and must suffer to remove.

For instance, the children of the modern girl will not go into marriage blindly like the women of the past for they will not be afraid of life. What the modern mother tells her child, is something new in the way of advice to girls, I believe. She does not tell her daughter how to nab the first man and get married, but how to stay single for love and the right man no matter how far off it seems; how to look upon themselves as full-grown people with walls and boundaries like a city. In a word—how not to be afraid to wait for love.

I believe the modern girl can make just as good a mother as the girl who became a mother in other times did, not in spite of being "bad," as so many would have us believe, but because she really is not! I don't judge the whole of present girlhood by what I believe is a small group.

The modern girl wants love, surely enough. Real love. Old-fashioned love in a modern setting. Understanding love. Romantic love. The very same love that every girl in every age has reached for. All the girls and women I know, underneath any surface, are romantic, old-fashioned, in what they want from love and marriage. Their desires, their jealousies, their disappointments, are just as primitive as Eve's, though many of them try to harmonize with the times and "cover up."

As a friend of mine recently expressed it: "Love doesn't mean just marriage. It means finding an interesting unusual man, a man who has understanding and tolerance. And there aren't so many. I had the good luck to find one, but it wasn't easy."

What she said rang true. We all have friends who are modern girls, girls who go out each morning and fight for

A searching analysis into the attitude of today's girlhood toward the great problems of modern life

what they get, fight just as hard as any man ever fought. And they want romance. They dream of it. But how to find it—where to find it in a swift-moving world of ambitious men—that is the question.

Unfortunately, love does not come as easily to the average human being, man or woman, as we would like to believe. The girls whose lives end happily in love and marriage to the right man, walk more often through the pages of romantic novels than through the streets of cities. What about that hungry stream of girls and women who long for a home and motherhood and cannot find it?

The women of the past found it easier for, failing "romantic love," the very thing our girls of today find a lack of, she married anyway, because there was such a word as "old maid." That was a stark terrible reproach. But today there are no such words. Instead of fearing that word, the modern girl fears the word "divorce." She fears marriage to the wrong man. And so she insists upon love or nothing, and very often she does not find love.

I BELIEVE the girl of today is trying to steal some of the sweetness of the past, in a world that is often all too hard and fast for the rose and the promise that made life easier for the girl of yesterday. But that does not mean that the modern girl has changed. No matter where she is or what she is doing, she is surely looking for the right man all the time.

The reason I believe the modern girl is looking for love and a home and motherhood—and not "experience," in the accepted sense of the word—is first because of the modern girls I know, and second because of myself.

I am thinking in particular of one typical modernist youngster. On the surface she is perhaps a little shocking. She drives a fast grey roadster, wears startling frocks, talks in slang, tap-dances at parties, and can never get enough of

them, wears her little green hat "port and a stern"—but she is a very good girl. She is a marvellous housekeeper and has a baby who is always as pink and well and clean as a picture-book baby. And she is utterly happy.

I suppose it hopelessly categorizes me, but I don't either "drink" or smoke, myself. And the majority of the married and unmarried girls I know don't either. I don't believe that labels us back on the dusty musty shelf either.

One girl I know of, modern in the sense that she is young and pretty and bobbed-haired and has ideas, was the youngest in a family of eleven and she watched her mother and father slave in dire poverty to give them a chance. Because she couldn't find a job in her home town, she was thrown on her own as an office worker at the age of fifteen in a distant city.

As she grew older and better fitted to support herself and contribute to her family, she became more and more insistent upon living her own life away from home. She made a success of her job in time, and earned quite a large salary. But the small town buzzed with stories whether true or not of her wild parties and other escapades. I cannot prophesy what her future would have been, but suddenly she married. She gave up her job and settled down. She had found the right man.

Today she is one of the most intelligent mothers I have ever known. The initiative that she developed fighting her way in the world must have been the basis for the marvellous treatment that has produced two of the healthiest and happiest children I have ever seen. Her mother was driven into marriage through economic necessity while this girl knows she could earn her living at any time if she saw her marriage failing. How much better chance has the girl who waits and selects her husband because she loves him, by contrast to any old-fashioned woman who couldn't wait because she needed her husband's support or was ashamed to be single.

I take the accepted fact that the birth rate is decreasing to be only further proof of what kind of mother the modern girl makes. Their homes are different from the homes of the past. They want few [Continued on page 39]



Illustrated by R. W. MAJOR

WHAT DOES THE CONGREGATION EXPECT OF A MINISTER'S WIFE?

by NELLIE McCLEUNG

One of our best-loved Canadian writers turns the spotlight on the most discussed woman in any community

of the unreasonable attitude of some people. Much has been said of ministers' wives that was unkind and unjust, beginning with the English schoolboy who defined the word "vixen" as the "wife of a vicar."

I believe the minister's wife does her best service in the congregation by keeping her man fit and happy, thinking well of himself and highly of his calling. Above all men a minister must be impressed with his high calling, and his wife is the logical person to help him hold this conviction. Virginia Woolf says women have served all these centuries as looking-glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of a man at twice his natural size. There is some truth in this.

I knew a woman once, a minister's wife, who could sing better than the soloist, play better than the organist, and if she had the opportunity she could have preached better than her husband and she wrecked the church because of her many gifts. She had not the knack of encouraging people to do things. She just went ahead and did all the little chores around the church herself to be sure they were done right. She showed the janitor that he was wasting fuel, and submitted to the superintendent of the Sunday school a plan for organization which would have added to its efficiency—and made enemies of both of them.

IHAVE always wanted to write about the minister's wife. She is usually a colorful and interesting person, and set as she is in a tight place in life, I have always believed that she has more need for grace and wisdom and tact and intuition and second sight and a knowledge of the fourth dimension than any one I know. And that is no reflection on the minister either!

The minister has a hazardous occupation too, but he has been called to it. He has not only been called but trained. The best institutions we have in the country have laid a guiding and corrective hand upon him. An all-wise Providence has, we believe, selected him for his task with at least some basis for the choice. The minister has seen the vision and heard the heavenly voices, but she, poor girl, has seen nothing but the minister himself, and she has been given no special training for the sort of tight-rope walking she is called on to perform.

And the church does expect the minister's wife to be an example to the flock. They expect her to be an excellent hostess and house-keeper, and a wise mother to her children.

The gleam of publicity ever shines on her; the congregation has a thousand eyes, not always kindly. The same close scrutiny has been bent upon the minister's family, and so the calumny has been circulated that ministers' sons are a bad lot; but that is not so, and in support of my contention I refer the reader to any *Who's Who* of the world, wherein he can see what a high percentage of the men who have achieved eminence in art, literature, or public service, were born in manse or parsonage or rectory. And may I add my personal recommendation of ministers' sons. I married one.

But I am going to write of what the congregation has a right to expect from the minister's wife, not wasting my space in telling

No; it is a mistake for a minister's wife to be too capable. A little leavening of dumbness is a comfortable and praiseworthy attribute.

One of the most successful ministers' wives I know is quite deaf. She says herself she thinks it is a desirable qualification. Another, who was eminently successful, taught her children a prayer beginning:

*"Oh, that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see."*

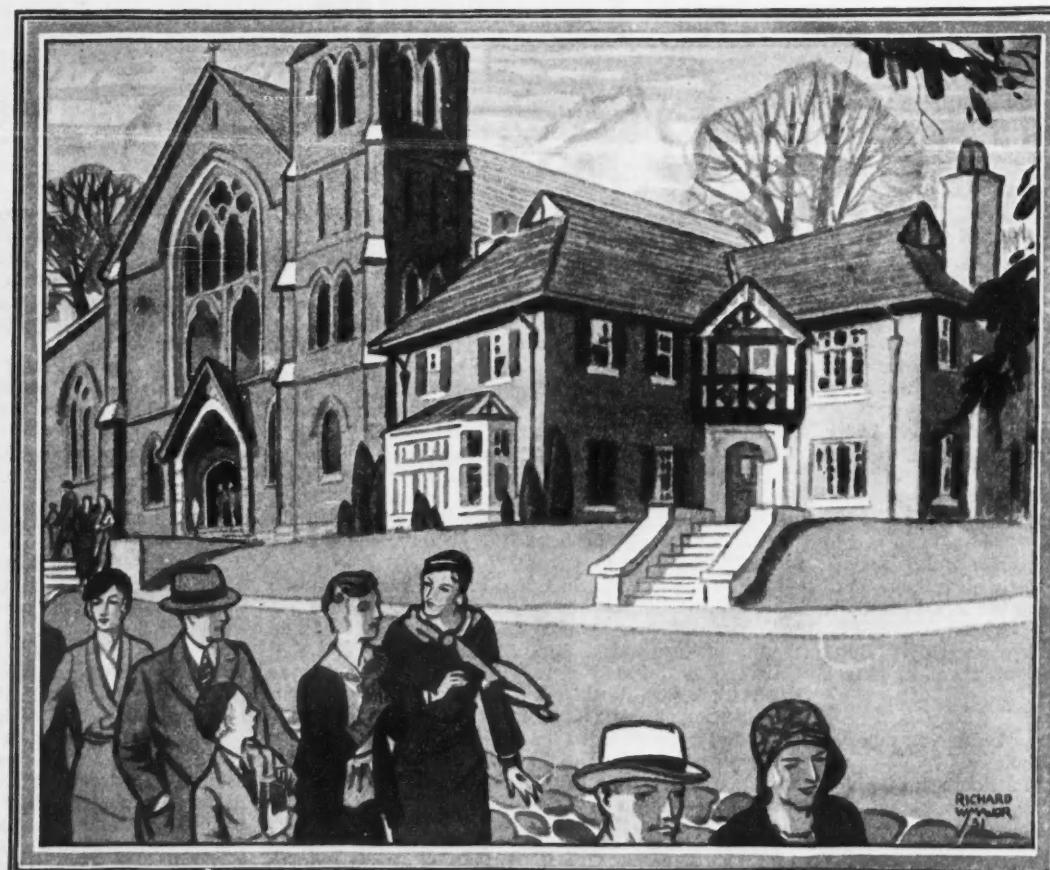
Other qualities the minister's wife must have are unselfishness and self-reliance. She has to endure what Cora Harris calls a lot of heavenly infidelity, and must not fret under it. She must remember that her husband is a man under bonds. He has enlisted in the greatest army on earth. He has taken the King's shilling, and his work is imperative. So she must learn to sit late for him, wait dinner for him, and put up with his times of abstraction. Also she must stand guard over him, and give him periods of uninterrupted time, and do it all cheerfully. A martyr complex in his wife will break any man's spirit. When I say she must have self-reliance I mean she must be a woman who can go her own way, think her own thoughts, find her own pleasures, and so keep herself a mental companion for the man she married. If she becomes a pale echo of him, he will soon tire of her.

ITHINK the congregation has a right to expect the minister's wife to criticize her husband's odd little ways, if he has any. If he has an irritating habit of calling at 5.30 on the women who have no maids, or staying at the door prolonging his farewells, or fiddling with his coat lapels when he is preaching, or shouting in his sermons when there is nothing to shout about—it is his wife who should tell him. It is her place to trim off these little irregularities. She can do it more easily than the Quarterly Board.

I do not think the congregation should expect the minister's wife to entertain all the visiting brethren, though she may enjoy doing it. The visiting brethren are usually delightful people to entertain. Nor do I think she should be expected to belong to all the organizations in the church. Her duty in that regard is no greater than any other member, and certainly she should not be expected to contribute to every fund in the church nor attend every meeting.

The minister's wife to whom all hearts may be opened, must be a deep well. Above all women she must keep a silent tongue where other people's affairs are concerned, and this is a tough condition. We all like to be the bringer of a bit of bright talk and chatty news of our neighbors, and that quality has led many a minister's wife into temptation and has brought her husband into disrepute. "She talks too much" is about as damaging a record as any minister's wife can have.

I once heard of a seven-pronged row in a church caused by the minister's wife telling what she had overheard a man say as he came out of her husband's study. She told only one [Continued on page 39]



The gleam of publicity ever shines on the minister's wife; the congregation has a thousand eyes, not always kindly.

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE



made a fist, involuntarily. Struggle had won him much in life; if struggle could hold his dead brother's child to the Stewart way, then the effort should not be lacking. Only how subtle must be the application!

Lyla stopped abruptly. "I'll say this for farm life—it keeps you ravenous. When do we eat?"

"Lyla, do me a favor?"
"If it'll hurry dinner."

"It's something I want. I never wanted anything so much. I am chairman of our Agricultural Club. I'm responsible for the entertainment programme. You can see what's coming. But it would be too good to be true. Say you will, just a group of solos, or even one number, at the meeting next week? Would you? There will be fifty or sixty farmers there with their wives, quite an audience, and they're starved for music."

Lyla stroked her fingers, arched on the keys, and looked at them almost pityingly as if to say, "Poor things, he wants you to play Mendelssohn for his farmers." But it was her uncle's first request, an easy way of returning some of her indebtedness for a perfect fortnight. She thrust out her chin and said, "All right, old thing. What would they like?"

"Thanks a lot, Lyla," said Lee Stewart with a concealed relief. "I can say at once that they'll like whatever you play. And they will listen, too. If, additionally, you want them to like you, keep your feet on the ground, on common ground. That's where we folk walk, you know. Country people remind me of my own trout; they'll rise to the right lure. So don't imagine that they're insensitive."

Lyla's genuine self

shone in her laugh. "You are a dear, Uncle Lee. You're going on to prove that they're princes in disguise and that I ought to marry one instead of going back to the degenerate New Yorkers. I suppose you have him sorted out?"

"Heavens, no!" lied Lee Stewart in some haste, for her very words had focused an inspiration from nowhere into an idea. "No! No! Nothing like that. Your mother would merely send up one of those convenient gunmen to finish me off. And besides," added Lee Stewart, "I rather fancy that you'll do your own sorting."

TOD DALESFORD entered the living room of the old farmhouse quietly, but the elderly woman dozing by the magazine-littered table nodded awake.

"You still up, Aunt Jen?"

Aunt Jen, adjusting her spectacles, stared at her broad-shouldered nephew who ran her farm and who was all her family. Drowsy or awake, Aunt Jen never looked at Tod without recalling the day he had stalked in from the West and asked if he could do anything to help. It was the week her husband had been buried and anyone who doubted prayer and the Bible in the light of such a happening must be hard to suit.

"Of course I'm up," she said shrilly. "I wanted to hear. Did you remember to ask Jake about the manure?"

"Jake wasn't there. Mr. Stewart's had him sent up. Second offense."

"Just as I expected. Those Jigfens ain't terrible much. And now they'll try to get back at Mr. Stewart, some mean way." The old lady looked at Tod sharply. "Did they make you president of the club or something? Or what's got into you? I've not seen you so chipper all summer. There's some of that blueberry pie left, if you want it."

The absorbed Tod waved the idea of pie into the distance. "I wish I'd made you go, Aunt Jen. Mr. Stewart's niece played—the girl we heard was so pretty. And nobody lied. My lord, Aunt Jen, she's a treat."

"Tod Dalesford, do you know what you're saying? I thought you'd broken yourself of all those barrack expressions."

"But she is. I wish you could see her. Just like a flower, Aunt Jen, in that dress of hers."

"Well, there was flowers here before she came. Did Mr. Stewart ask you over to *Skyline*? He's clean forgotten me, I guess."

"I didn't see Mr. Stewart. They were all crowding around her and I came away . . . I think I will try a piece of that pie."

"Mercy on us! Who's that at this time of night?"

Tod opened the door.

"We noticed your light, Aunt Jen," said Mr. Stewart, "and so we risked a call, even if it is an hour when all good farmers are in bed. I wanted my brother's daughter to meet you. You've heard me speak of Lyla."

"And not only you," said the old lady with spirit, taking the girl's hands in her own. "So these are the fingers that make the wonderful music. This is my nephew, Miss Stewart. Your playing put him right out of his proper thoughts."

Lyla gazed at him with something impish in her mind. Her eyes met his, and were held by him. He must be twenty-three, she thought, three years older than herself. His body was very straight, his features good, his hair was dark; she returned to his eyes. They were still consuming her. She determined to turn her New York manner on him and said, as she shook hands, "I saw you get up and leave just as I finished. I'm sorry if I upset you so much as that."

"You know very well why I left then," he said with a

slow smile, "so that nothing could spoil what I was taking away."

"In New York," Lyla thought, "it wouldn't have been said better."

"Tod says you have the makings of a real fine player," said Aunt Jen.

Lee Stewart saw Lyla's flush and suffered a slight apprehension. The girl's look said, "Do you suppose he is much of a judge?" But her lips did not say it.

"I wish we hadn't given our piano away," Tod interposed.

"That I do," added Aunt Jen. "Nellie Jigfen said her daughter was pining to take lessons, though I don't believe a word of it."

"Is that the same family I've been begging Uncle Lee to let me meet?" asked Lyla.

"Mercy on us!" Aunt Jen's hands went up. "Keep as far away from that tribe as you can."

Lyla smiled but her interest quickened as she noticed the cigarette case Tod was fingering. Well worn silver, embossed with a crest with the motto *Maintiens le droit*.

"Will you please tell me what it's all about?" she asked.

"Just the motto of an outfit I was in—the Mounted Police."

"Oh, really!" A dozen questions occurred to her. She had always wanted to meet a Mounted Policeman. He was not at all the sort she had imagined. Swashbuckling, she felt, would not become him. He had, of course, the strength, the dependability.

"We didn't have much music out West," he was saying. "That's one of the reasons tonight was such a treat."

"I couldn't stand life without music," she exclaimed.

"Yes, you could," he said, surprisingly, "at least better than you could stand music without life. Say, when you're thirty. But you won't need to bother," he added. "Life'll be forced on you."

His voice was low, suggestive of depths, reserves. He was keeping the conversation about herself, telling her in return very little—too little.

There was a second's silence, and Lyla heard the old lady say to her uncle, "And you were quite right to lock him up, too, though like as not they'll set fire to your barns or something. Tod says that Nellie Jigfen was down to the store boasting what they would do about Jake."

"That's the advantage of being an outdoor man," laughed Mr. Stewart. "One doesn't mind wind."

"Ah, but revenge is meaner than wind."

Mr. Stewart rose. "Then if I send over for you tomorrow, you'll both come and have tea and perhaps we can persuade Lyla to play?"

Aunt Jen turned to her nephew. "Can you get Martin to put off helping you with the fertilizer, Tod?"

Lyla's sensitiveness winced. Wasn't it like these farmers to put manure before music! She waited for Tod to leap at the opportunity to hear her play again. And he was considering! The boor. She never wanted to see him again. Then a consciousness of the very falsity of that impulse made her flush. She knew she would be instantly unhappy if he said they could not come. How trivial she could be! It alarmed her.

In the end the invitation was accepted. When the car had felt its way out of the Dalesford lane, Lee Stewart broke the silence with "It's a rare pleasure for me to show you off to my neighbors, Lyla. Allow me to say again that I'm proud. You looked your loveliest tonight and you played charmingly, charmingly. You really did charm them along with you, as Tod said. What, as you were playing, did you feel that they liked best?"

"The Spring Song," she said with her soft laugh. "But, sweetheart, must you rub it in?"

"I accept the rebuke. One ought never to overemphasize one's rightness," and Lee Stewart laughed in turn. But he was thinking not so much of Felix Mendelssohn as of Tod.

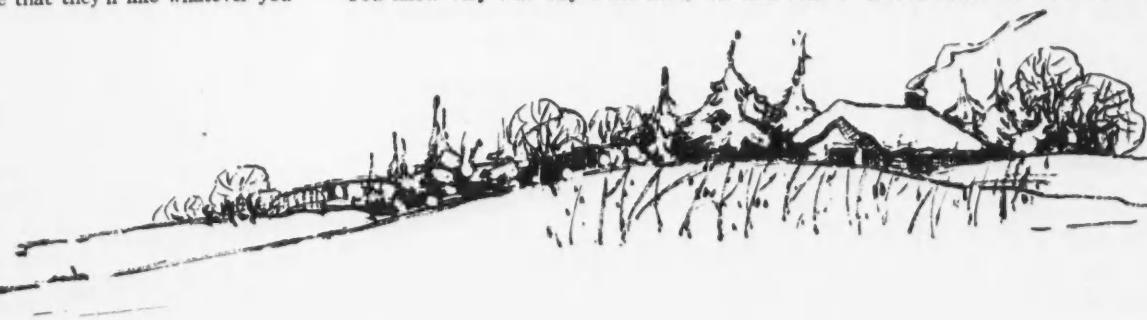
"Didn't you tell that old lady that all good farmers were in bed by now?" asked Lyla. "Look at those lights."

"All good farmers are," he replied drily. "That's the Jigfen place."

When Tod Dalesford had said good-by to Lyla Stewart at the little station of *Skyline*, the katydids were singing; when she next stepped out on that station platform, it was snowing and her uncle met her with a sleigh. Covertly she looked about her for another figure, and the sharpness of her disappointment surprised her.

The four months which had so altered the appearance of Ontario had made a difference to Lyla, too. Her enhanced loveliness was instantly apparent to Lee Stewart. "You've been working," he said.

"Heavens, Uncle Lee! Do I look that badly?"





WITHOUT GLOVES

by T. Morris Longstreth

A powerful story of human conflicts, proving that to gain all, we must lose all—especially in love

LYLA STEWART was more than faintly annoyed by her uncle's criticism, and the fact of her annoyance was more annoying still. Why, she kept asking herself, should she allow his amused remarks to matter?

Everything else about her visit to *Skyline House* had been surprisingly delightful. She had found her Uncle Lee one of Ontario's wealthiest gentleman farmers. His place was not in a thicket surrounded by Indians, as her mother had led her to believe; on the contrary its rolling acres and great elms and river gave her city-nurtured disposition fascinating and disturbing moments. Even the grand piano was perfect. It was especially disappointing, therefore, to find her uncle unmoved by her playing.

Letting her fingers draw a final strain of misty sound from the white keyboard, Lyla said, "That's the very latest Frenchman, Uncle Lee. Chino. Don't you like him? I simply adore him."

"So that's Chino," and Lee Stewart's wise horse face showed the coming and going of a smile. "I'll try to

recognize him next time. But to be rudely honest, Lyla, except for their length, I persist in finding all these moderns that you've been giving me suspiciously alike."

Lyla rose. "I'm sure it must be milking time."

"Now you're trying to make me out a duffer," replied Lee Stewart evenly, "but I'm not. Bach hits me, if he's well done. So does Brahms. Jazz stirs me, too, so you can't hold me bigoted. But Chino leaves me cold. He doesn't move me. I doubt if he would make Maisie or Manning leave their work to listen."

The girl's laugh ran up the scale of light-hearted mirth, for Maisie was the second maid and Manning the gardener. Simply no one, thought Lyla, could be as funny as a farmer talking music.

"Must I confine myself to Mendelssohn for the servants' sake?" she asked.

"Well, consider Orpheus. He wasn't above playing for the trees and animals. If I had your gift, Lyla, I should want to be able to persuade a stone to listen."

"Or even a farmer." She said slyly, laughing at him. "Even a farmer," he agreed. "You get my meaning exactly." He took a cigarette.

She lit it for him skilfully. "As justice of the peace, I suppose you can smuggle in all of these you want?"

"Another depraved New York idea!" His voice was amused. "Having just deprived Jake Jigfen of his liberty for smuggling, it would look well! Really, Lyla, what are your people . . ."

"Don't say 'coming to'" she cut in. "Sweetheart, who's Jake Jigfen? He sounds amusing."

"The Jigfens are the local hard guys, and I assure you that they aren't amusing."

"I'd like to meet him."

"Well, I won't arrange it."

She turned to the piano, and began to play "Humoresque." She played it cajolingly, as if to say, "Please, mayn't I have a Jake Jigfen?" And little by little a perverse little caricature of "Humoresque" indicated her uncle's hard-heartedness. Lee Stewart smiled at the skill of the musical comment. She was talented indeed. And so lovely. No wonder that the city boys were all after her. What she had been telling about them was disquieting, though, almost incredible. He studied her covertly. Her mouth was unspoiled certainly, though with a tendency to discontent. Her eyes were a cool unkindled blue. He envied the man who first would fill them with feeling. It must be the right man. Lee Stewart's hand



HIS STAR IN THE EAST

by ELLA SCHENCK

If you think the spirit of Christmas can lie only with holly and mistletoe, read this haunting story of a little Chinese beggar

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

IT WAS on a day when there had been no rice for either of them that Old Wang first told Little Piper. "The man's name is Jesu," he said, as they sat cold and hungry by the towering, old, grey city wall; "and he is a very great man among the foreign devils. Nevertheless, he is going to give a birthday feast to which even the poor are invited."

Little Piper heard this news with great amazement, also considerable incredulity. Generosity was not a trait he had associated with foreigners. They were very curious creatures, of course, knowing few polite expressions, walking out publicly with their wives, and doing many other unheard-of things; but, from the standpoint of begging, they were most unprofitable. Had not he himself once followed a foreigner's rickshaw for as much as two or three *li*, and received nothing for his pains but curses from the rickshaw man and a stoical indifference from the foreigner? Every foreign devil was known to be a millionaire, yet not one of them would give to a poor beggar boy half so generously as his own impoverished countrymen. Surely it could not be possible, then, that one of them would give a feast which even beggars might attend. He turned to his friend questioningly.

"Are you quite sure, honorable old one, that this is so?" he asked.

"It is so, child," replied old Wang. "A foreign devil himself came by and told me; and though I understood but poorly all that the man said, of this much I am certain: a very great foreign teacher, named Jesu, this moon gives a birthday feast for all who wish to come."

Little Piper was considerably impressed in spite of himself. A foreign devil had come by and told Lao Wang! Who should know of the man Jesu's plans if not one of his own

countrymen? Still, no foreigner was ever to be fully trusted, so he replied cautiously: "These foreign devils do many strange things. I have heard that they make medicine from children's eyes. Are you not afraid they will put magic in the tea?"

"I care not," said Lao Wang sadly. "For nearly three moons I have had scarce five coppers a day. I am old, and sick, and hungry. If this Jesu Sen Sung will give me food, I will eat."

Because of Lao Wang's confidence, the child forgot his fears; and thereafter, as often as Little Piper came to Tai-ping Gate, the two talked of the approaching feast. Old Wang, who had a sick leg, sat always at Tai-ping Gate begging, and a great friendship had sprung up between him and the ten-year-old child. In part, it was due to the fact that both were alone in the world and penniless; but more it was because deep in the soul of each lay a great love of music. Indeed, it was the child's playing on his little reed flute that had first drawn him to the old man's heart, and won for him the name of Little Piper.

The boy loved to play, and he was never too cold, too tired, or too hungry to find comfort in his flute. And his music helped old Wang to forget the pain in his sick leg. The pain was very bad these days, so Little Piper came often to sit beside the old man and play for him. When he had finished, the two would talk once more about the coming event, and count the days until the great feast. Old Wang had learned nothing more about the Jesu foreigner, yet he looked forward none the less confident to the great man's birthday celebration.

BUT ere the longed-for day arrived, neither the excitement of anticipation nor Little Piper's flute could any longer still the pain in old Wang's leg; and there came a time when he sat at the gate all night, unable to get home. Little Piper sat beside him, playing weary hours upon his flute, or snuggling close to his old friend in an effort to keep him warm. At length, but after an eternity it seemed, there came the first faint streaks of dawn—a cold, grey dawn, but dawn of the long awaited feast day.

The beggar child arose and stamped upon the ancient

"The man's name is Jesu," said Old Wang, "and he is a great man among the foreign devils. Nevertheless he is going to give a birthday feast to which even the poor are invited."

cobblestones to warm himself. "It is cold, honorable old one," he said, drawing his dingy rags closer, "but today at the foreigner's feast we shall eat hot rice."

"Lao Wang cannot attend the foreigner's feast today," replied the old man sadly. "But it is no matter, for today Lao Wang is no longer hungry. Yet something there is other than craving for rice which makes me still long to go. What it is, I know not, unless it be a strange desire to see this Jesu Sen Sung. But go I cannot, Little Piper. Therefore you shall go, and come and tell me of the man."

So Little Piper went alone. He did not know just where the Jesu foreigner lived. Lao Wang had forgotten to tell him, and now all day Lao Wang had slept, a strange sleep filled with much moaning with the pain in his leg, and one from which he could not be awakened.

"I will try again," the child said as the shadows began to lengthen, and took his way once more to Tai-ping Gate. But Lao Wang's eyes were still closed, and a faint moan was his only answer to the voice of his eager little friend.

"It is no use," said the child, "and it does not greatly matter. Since this Jesu foreigner must be a very rich man indeed, he will, no doubt, live in the largest foreign house in the city. Thither will I take my way."

He moved off into the dusk until the great grey city wall and the narrow streets behind him were swallowed up in gloom; and, looking back, he could no longer make out, even dimly, the figure of his old friend sleeping beneath the massive, age-old gateway.

THE grey winter twilight of Christmas Eve had long since faded when Little Piper reached the rich man's house, and the compound gate had been closed for the night. The child peered through the gratings.

"Does the greatest foreigner in our miserable city dwell here?" he asked of the gatekeeper.

"He does," replied the gatekeeper. "But what have you to do with him, beggar child? Be off at once!"

"I have come to eat his honorable rice," replied Little Piper.

"Be off, vagabond!" shouted the man again, and so angrily that the child withdrew around the corner to consider the situation. Strange that the gate was closed, and that there were no crowds about. Still, this was beyond doubt the man's house, so if he [Continued on page 49]

"I didn't mean peaked from toil. You've been living in a richer air. I can hardly wait till I get you to the piano."

"If my fingers are going to freeze off, it won't be much use."

He produced mittens to put over her gloves and waited, cruelly, for the question which he hoped she was in a turmoil to ask. Finally it came. "And by the way, Uncle Lee, how is Mr. Dalesford?"

"Tod, you mean? Oh, by the way, he's worse," he said teasingly.

"Worse?" There was a startle in her voice. "What do you mean?"

"Well he hardly visited me all fall, but now his attentions increase. I believe he's been over every day this week. Silos, coldbeds, fertilizer, farm management—you know what he's interested in. I think, if I heard right, that he said he was going to be over for dinner tonight."

"I supposed that you and I would have the first meal quietly together. I have so much to tell you," Lyla fancied that her intonation was perfect.

"We could yet," remarked Lee Stewart with affected seriousness. "If you'd like a quiet evening just with me, we could easily drop into Corners Inn for supper and give that young man the slip. Shall we?"

"Supper in that horrid place? Please give me the reins!"

"Sleighs upset too easily. Remember that you're only half country-broke. This is winter. See, this white material is called snow."

It was Lyla's pleasure to make a face at her uncle.

And now it was after dinner and Lee Stewart was sitting alone in the library, listening to a piano that, he knew, was singing for another with the magic eloquence which tells nothing outright and yet gives everything away. "I'm worse than an eavesdropper," thought Lee Stewart. "I ought to cough and intimate to Lyla that I know what she's saying. Better than she does, very likely."

He glanced again at the disturbing note from his sister-in-law:

Lyla takes my Christmas greetings to you coupled with an express injunction. She is not to see anything more of that Mr. Dalesford she met in some absurd way last summer.

I do not approve of this visit at all. Lyla has had some particularly nice invitations to appropriate functions in town where she would meet eligible young men. I believe that she has been corresponding with this Mr. Dalesford, but even in your peculiar part of the world you must admit that she and he can scarcely have anything in common. And so I must ask you to keep him out of the picture.

I have just been reading the most horrible story about your country in which everybody froze to death. Lyla has a precious gift and I hope you will see to it that she does not suffer from exposure. I will not have a night's sleep until she is back in New York.

*Cordially yours,
Florence.*

The music had stopped and the two wandered back into the library, the girl flushed and beautiful from her effort, the young man obviously glad to have her back again. Lee Stewart noted with the amused conviction of experience the inevitable purport of his wisdom. Florence might protest all she pleased her daughter was going to have a chance to live her own life. If she preferred the adulation of young puppies to the honest reality of a man's love, that was her own affair. "Well, Tod," he said, "what did you think of that?"

"I was thinking how strange to hear a man talk right to you like that across a century."

"Exactly. And he meant it all, didn't he?"

"Like a farmer," and Tod winked at Lee Stewart.

"Oh you men," Lyla laughed, "and why is Schumann a farmer?"

"Because he never let anything into that piece for show," said Tod. "It came from his real self, like crops from the ground, and I bet he had to wait a while for it, too."

"There, Lyla, how's that for a comment on art? And let me add something. You listen to Schumann because he includes you. That egotistic little composer, your Chino, if you will excuse me, fails to include others in his thoughts, and so naturally they do not care to listen. Remember what I said last summer?"

Lyla smiled indulgently at her old self. Now they might omit personal praise of her

playing, and yet she could feel pleased on deeper levels than if they had merely commented on her technique. "Well, I haven't caught Maisie listening to me, anyhow," she said, smiling.

"Excuse me, yes, Miss, I was listening." Maisie's voice came from the dining room. "It was grand."

Lee Stewart rose, knowing that he was a supernumerary in his own house and politely undesired. "The female Orpheus yet, Lyla," he said in an undertone.

Tod rose too. "I'm sorry, but I have to go, Lyla, I promised Aunt Jen I'd be home early. She's been sickly these last few days."

The girl looked at him as if unwilling to take her eyes from his weathered, reassuring face. "Will you give her my healthiest regards? And don't forget your promise. I'm to be an expert skier by Christmas."

"I'm not likely to forget that," he said seriously. "I'll be over the first possible minute."

What they said at the hall door, Lee Stewart did not hear.

THE next day it rained, and low temperature coated Skyline with ice. Lyla moved from the window to piano and back again. Music did not satisfy. In the night she heard the limbs of trees cracking. Morning was grey with driving snow.

"Preparations are going on for the perfect Christmas," said Lee Stewart at breakfast, "the kind your mother wouldn't like. Manning tells me that every wire is down and a foot of new snow."

"How exciting," said Lyla, trying to feel it.

"But there's one drawback," and he held up a letter. "That means Toronto. I'm terribly sorry for myself. You will manage. You'll have books and music and Skyline and if you get really desperate you might try snowshoes. Take

something nice over to Aunt Jen and cheer her up. It's only four miles across. The teams will all be breaking roads, but there's nothing to snowshoeing. I wouldn't try skis until Tod takes you in hand. Your fingers are a bit precious. And after all, I'll be back tomorrow night. Do you think I'm horrible? This errand may mean a few thousand added to your inheritance."

"Please go," she commanded gaily. "Please don't stop even to finish that egg!"

"And here I thought that music had softened you, saved you from human nature. Oh Lyla!" and he made a long face.

He was an adorable uncle, she thought, and the day seemed definitely bleaker without him. But when the sun came out that afternoon, Lyla gasped at the beauty of the world. Manning put on the snowshoes for her, and she wandered down the drive between tall cloaked firs. Spears of weed arched prismatically in the sun. The orchard seemed a twisted land of ogres skeletons, jewelled. The dark wood beckoned; but she turned back. Tod might arrive.

No Tod; no message even. "Too busy with the pigs," she told herself wryly. Her dinner was lonely.

The next day was insufferably long. The piano turned arid. At noon a messenger made her heart beat in her throat. But it was a special delivery from her uncle; he could not arrive before tomorrow evening, Christmas Eve. She took a longer snowshoe tramp, wrapped up some gifts, and dressed in her loveliest for dinner. Surely Tod would call, she would hear his voice again . . . She went to bed early, furious. It was a land of boors.

She was chiefly furious at herself, furious because her mother was right. But she would get over it. She would leave as soon after Christmas as possible. Paderewski could be the excuse. It had been hard to miss him; now she needn't. More, he would lift her above this absurd trouble, this ridiculous interest in a person without even ordinary consideration. And to think that she had been wearing herself out making excuses for him—the sleet, the broken wires, everything. Four miles across fields!

She sat down at the piano and struck a flaring dissonance, and laughed. And he was supposed to be that paragon of dependability, a Mounty. But her fingers did not lead away her thoughts. She rose with disgust. She would go snowshoeing. That at least took one's mind off things.

The windy sunlight of the zero afternoon harmonized with her need. Pillars of snowdust broke against her, whirled her mood away. She went with the wind, as undirected as the tongues of snow. Just to draw in the frosty air was a kind of joy. It was like taking gas, a curiously pleasant gas, that made her forget. "O glorious!" she cried as a snow-stream hissed over her and deflected her from the ridge.

It was not quite so exhilarating in the wood, and much harder work. Lyla's shoes kept catching on hidden sticks. Once she tripped over a submerged log and plunged headlong, her hands breaking roughly through the covered crust. Her fingers were chilled by the melting snow. One shoe had worked loose. She took off a mitten to tighten the rawhide laces and instantly a finger went numb. A fear stabbed her as no gust of wind had been able to do. Suppose her fingers might freeze, as her mother had foretold. Suppose they turned black and dropped off. She looked about her in terror. Never to play again! Never to make those great chords of the Schumann crash down the keyboard into—somebody's heart.

She gave a little cry aloud, pierced anew. Then, beating her hands together, she forced her thought away from Tod. That was over. She had come outdoors to run away from him, to run out of his life, not into it. Her hands were slightly warmer. She fixed the shoe and started. It had grown bewilderingly grey among the trees. The wind on the empty ridge was colder.

She tried to walk faster, for the thought of Tod was only a stride behind, with night. Her tracks had vanished. There was nothing but the hill-line against a pale radiance of sky, and below, a wooded valley where night lay in ambush. Lyla declined more woods. Her shoe was working loose again, her fingers were growing numb. She dare not take off her gloves. A grotesque vision of her mother's lips framing. "I told you so," as they showed the body frozen beautifully into a Rodinesque attitude came and went. "No! Life, life, life!" she cried and the words brought back Tod. She called his name. [Continued on page 59]



POSSESSION

by Mary Kilbourne Fountain

These are mine; this garden with its bloom,
And trim kept grass where both my children play,
This little house that I keep neat and clean
To hold my treasures, carefully displayed
Each in its place and dear in its degree:
Not one that I would part with, not one piece
Of shining glass or silver, not one stick
Of that long loved and tended furniture
Placed cunningly to hide the marks of time.
These are my Lares. As the folk of old
Set forth their household goods, so I set out
My chiefest treasures fittingly arrayed,
And love them more, the more I care for them—
As love for children through the years unfolds—
My children! They are mine against the world!
Dear little ones—and only shared with him—
Their father, whose heart's treasure is my own.
My husband—let fools speak their foolishness
Of fickle love that changes with the wane
Of passion—lust of women—other men,
Affinities—the soul's platonic friend—
My mate is mine, and shall be to the end.



Another Australian actress, Carol Coombe, is making a new picture at Elstree, "Four Winds," directed by Norman Lee.



One of the new actresses who is rising rapidly is Belle Chrystal, who is appearing in that classic favorite "Hobson's Choice."

MOVIE WORLD

by LAURA ELSTON

EDNA BEST is a genuine London stage favorite—her fan mail resembles the old-time matinee idol worship; and when she is coupled on stage or screen with Owen Nares, the result is a personal triumph for both. Owen Nares was seen in Canada last season in two British talkies. In "The Middle Watch" he scored a real success, but in "Loose Ends" he was inclined to overact a great deal—the piece itself was not quite such a happy choice to introduce the attractive Adrienne Allan to Canadian movie fans either.

However, Edna Best has won undying fame of a sort by her precipitate flight from Hollywood—and John Gilbert! According to the latest advices she is now happily engaged working with her husband in the Gainsborough Picture "Michael And Mary," a talkie version of A. A. Milne's famous drama of married love.

They tell me a great deal of money is being spent on this picture—Victor Saville who is directing it has been studying old editions of *Punch* and has spent a lot of time in the Victoria and Albert Museum to secure correct detail for the 1900 sequences. If you like Edna in sophisticated modern clothes, wait till you see her in late Victorian costume with a large knot of hair at the nape of her neck which nothing so fitly describes as the good old word "bun."

Born in 1900, Miss Best is in her very early thirties—she was married to Seymour Beard and made her first stage appearance in 1917 as Amy Spettigue in "Charley's Aunt." Her London début was a trifle later, in the same play but in another rôle. She has been a consistent favorite in the British capital ever since. Dancing and tennis are her favorite recreations.

IF MADELEINE CARROLL had been trained all her life just for the one part of the schoolmaster's wife in "Young Woodley," she could not have had better preparation for the sensitive, exacting rôle she played in that production. She is still very young—1906 ushered her into this world at Birmingham—and she was from an early age very thoroughly schooled in French and other modern languages as well as in English arts and letters.

Miss Carroll's parents intended their daughter to be a school teacher and sent her to Paris and the Continent. She held for a year or more the position of French mistress at a girls' high school and then played Jeanne, in "The Lash," against her family's wish and all sorts of advice. This was the beginning of a stage career which includes outstanding rôles with Seymour Hicks at the Winter Garden Theatre, London.

Miss Carroll was recently married to Captain Astley, son of the late Lady Sutton who lived for many years at Verona, Italy. The secret wedding in a tiny Italian village by a kindly old priest must have been as romantic as any movie.

IN "THE SPECKLED BAND" Raymond Massey may have been the ideal Sherlock Holmes—I like the William Gillette variety better. But Massey is a talented actor and is now rolling up another achievement record for himself in the London presentation of Louis Weitzenkorn's much-talked-of play "Five Star Final" which has Arthur Byron in the American edition, and Edward Robinson in the talkie. "Late Night Edition" is the English name of the play, I think.

Raymond Massey was born in Toronto in 1896, went to Appleby School, Ontario, thence to Toronto University and Balliol College, Oxford. He married Peggy, daughter of Admiral Sir Sydney Franklin, who later divorced him, when Massey married Adrienne Allan. Always interested in theatricals it is just possible that amateur dramatics brought the first Mrs. Massey into Raymond's life. She was a social dabbler in theatricals, but the ambition of her talented husband pushed Massey out into professional circles and he has been in a number of outstanding London successes.

During the World War, Raymond Massey served in France from 1915 until 1918; then was sent to Siberia, and wherever he was, he kept up a keen interest in the theatre. One of the first British actors to realize the giant strides being made in the cinema world, he is now a real advocate of talking pictures. His clubs are the Green Room and Garrick; swimming and riding are his two chief diversions

and he maintains a smart London establishment at 21 Wilton Crescent.

Studio Gossip

ROOKERY NOOK" which was released in Canada as "One Embarrassing Night," has been adjudged the best British picture of the year by a good margin; in the opinion of many, "Dreyfus" with Cecil Hardwicke runs it a close second. This picture receives unusually good reviews in the New York *Times*, especially in regard to the acting.

Tom Walls, who directed and starred in "Rookery Nook" is, with Ralph Lynne, one of the most popular and sought-after comedians in London.

* * * * *

Cecil Lewis' production is going to astonish a great many people who are not yet sold on the wisdom of making a talking, singing picture, of Bizet's famous grand opera "Carmen." Those in the know say that possibly this experiment will open the way to many more cinema versions of grand and light opera. Instead of being merely a "canned opera," there is to be a well constructed screen story evolved from the original play. Spain's glorious, romantic scenery is going to be immortalized as a background for the company, which is headed by Marguerite Namara, Tom Burke, and many other well-known operatic singers.

Marguerite Namara is a young American singer who won fame in the Boston Opera Company, also in the Chicago Civic Opera, after studying abroad for many years. Tom Burke is one of the most popular tenors in London. The production is said to be lavishly staged and costumed.

* * * * *

"Carnival" is a new British picture with all the elements of a popular success; it is produced lavishly by Anthony Asquith and Herbert Wilcox, with a cast that includes Matheson Lang, Joseph Schildkraut and Chili Bouchier, among other prominent stage and screen actors. I remember enjoying the silent version of this picture with Matheson Lang in it. Since then Matheson Lang has played in Canada and his "Mr. Wu" is one of the theatrical treats well worth recalling.

* * * * *

Those who saw Joseph Schildkraut in the stage version of "Liliom" know what to expect of this romantic actor; he appears only too infrequently in talkies. One of the rôles that caused a good deal of discussion when it was presented, was his Gaylord Ravelin in "Show Boat." Some fans felt Schildkraut made everything [Continued on page 48]



Betty Stockfield, an Australian actress is playing with Seymour Hicks in a new comedy, "Money for Nothing." Below—Jessie Matthews and Kay Hammond in "Out of the Blue." Miss Matthews has toured Canada several times.

FOR some weeks past I have been trying to dig up interesting information about British cinema stars, featured players and extras; but I find that, with characteristic conservatism, English actors are making an effort to keep a little of their home life and private affairs away from the prying and ultra-curious public.

But in these days of screaming headlines and movie-mad fans it is well nigh impossible to hide anything. The tradition of the British stage with its great names is, of course, well known to the actual theatre-goer and drama patron; but almost overnight, as it were, the new golden age of the British cinema has arrived, coaxing stars from the legitimate stage into the realm of the talkies, and now we must have some gossip about them.

Folk want to know just who some of these beautiful young English actresses are, where they were brought up, how much experience they have had and how they live.

replied in subdued and cultured tones: "But really you know, I've never even thought of such a possibility."

Today, Herbert Marshall has the distinction of holding his own on the legitimate stage, holding his wife's affections to the point where even Hollywood failed to interest her, without him, and he stands out pre-eminently in both British and American talkies.

LAST winter when Edna Best went to Hollywood to work in "Cheri-bibi," the screen version of Gaston Leroux' famous story, Marshall was playing in New York in "Tomorrow And Tomorrow" and scoring a great personal success in it. He was also under contract to Paramount to play a few rôles in productions under way at Astoria, Long Island. If you saw "Secrets of a Secretary," with Claudette Colbert, you will remember the distinguished Britisher in a sympathetic and delightful rôle. I don't

I suppose if anyone were to ask Herbert Marshall ten years ago this fall, when he was touring Canada and the United States as leading man for Marie Löhr, whether he intended to become a cinema actor in the not too far distant future, he would have raised his eyebrows and

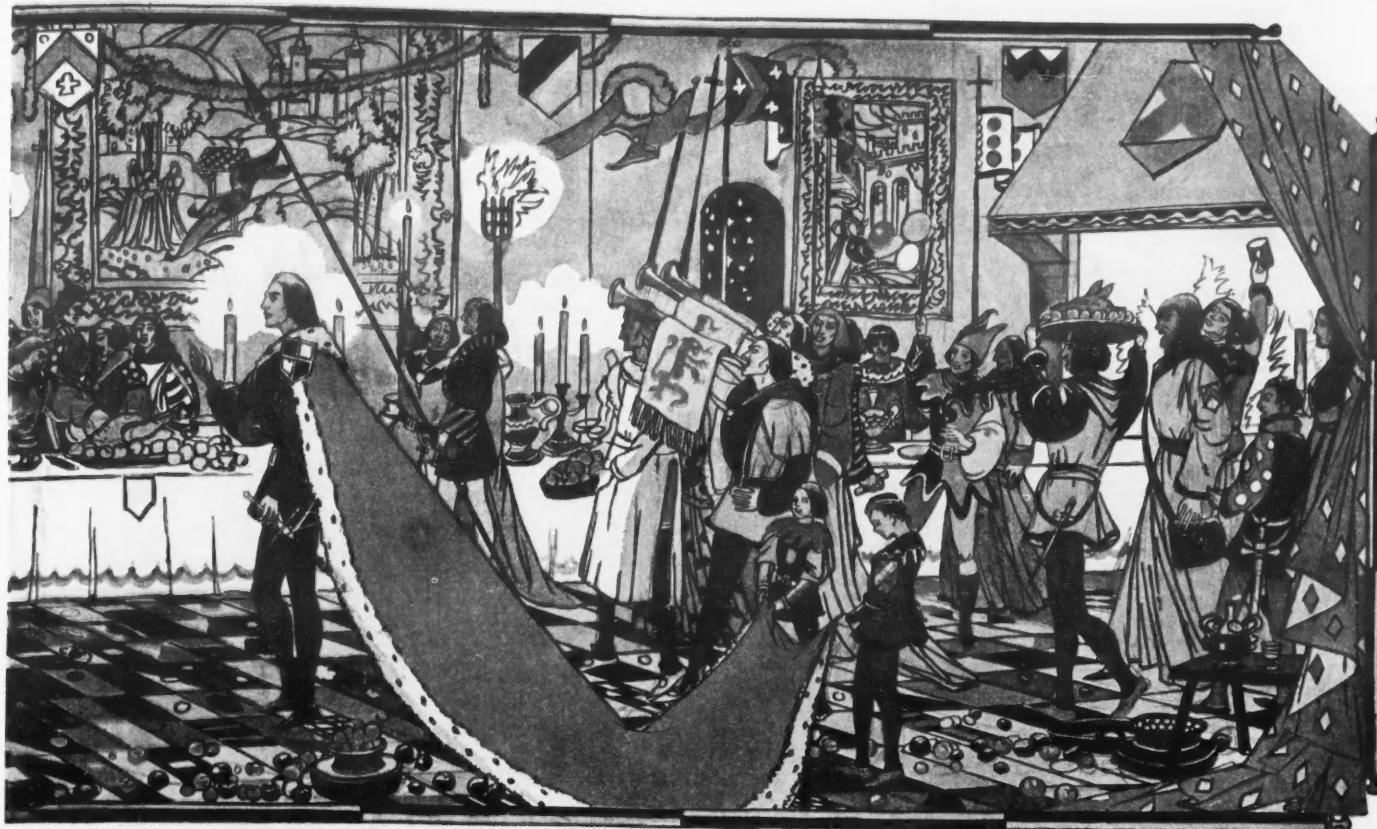
know any leading man or star I like better in a wide variety of rôles. This versatility is a tribute to British stage training and should characterize all actors who aspire to stardom or featured rôles. Herbert Marshall was born in 1890 in London, was educated at St. Mary's College, Harlow, and married Mollie Maitland when both were quite young. This marriage was dissolved, and the future star and leading man fell in love with Edna Best, who was also divorced from her former husband. This partnership, which often becomes a stage affair as well as a strictly personal one, threatens to be a life-long arrangement—the Marshalls are said to be still madly in love with each other.

Chartered accountant was the first business rôle Marshall essayed; but the war took him to the front and deprived him of a leg—a fact which few of his admirers are able to detect, so well does he manage to conceal his loss. His first stage rôle was Buxton, a servant in "The Servant In The House," played in 1911. His list of stage triumphs includes so many popular London successes that they almost require a brochure. He first played in New York with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."

Herbert Marshall and Edna Best have a charming London place at 16a, Adelphia, W.C., 2.; Marshall's only London Club is "The Green Room," but their home is said to be typically quiet, well bred, and totally lacking in ostentation.

The BRITISH

There is so much publicity everywhere about Hollywood stars, that few of us know anything about our British movie actors and actresses. Who are the leading stars? How do they live? And what developments are taking place?



Lord Muchmudden's magnificent hall was fairly a glittering progress of candles. The ceiling was hung with yew and the walls panelled with holly. And here appeared a little girl with a tear-stained face, her loyal squire, and a very affectionate big dog.

OF TIMOTHY TINKER

He brushed the sledge clean of crusted snow and helped her upon it. She was very cold and miserable, and kept crying into her mittened hands in a way that made him feel quite desperate. But Gyp was in fine fettle, and seemed delighted to have the little harness fastened about his shoulders. He pulled wholeheartedly as Timothy broke a path for him.

AFTER a long time they came to a cross-road that seemed to indicate the highway, and there, behind a boulder that protected them somewhat from the weather, Timothy offered her his bread and dripping, which she courteously halved. Gyp did his best with the lean bone in the snow, and what he could not finish, Timothy put back in his collar-wallet.

They felt refreshed after the bite of food, and Timothy believed he could see, far distant up the big road, lights which might be those of the inn. So on they went, Timothy leading and Gyp pulling, until they came to a small house by the roadside with candles already burning within.

"Why, I think it is the porter's lodge," called the little girl to Timothy. "Knock and tell them we are here! I believe we are home."

But when Timothy had knocked and explained that he had brought the little lady safely back, the old man at the door only laughed at him.

"There be no chilfer at this hall, young 'un, nor never will, I'm thinking," croaked the porter.

"But won't you let us come in, sir?" asked Timothy urgently. "This is a little lady of the neighborhood lost from home, and it may be you can direct us there." He lowered his voice discreetly. "She is a very great lady."

The old man peered interestedly at the little figure huddled on the sledge. "Aye, she is a bonny one, at least," he admitted. "Well, come in."

Timothy brushed Gyp clean before bringing him across the threshold, and the old man did not seem to mind his lying by the fire.

But the little girl was very imperious to the old man once she stepped inside the

door. She was undoubtedly a great lady, he decided. "Now, my good man," she said after they had warmed their hands, "take me to your master."

She spoke with such authority that the old porter had no choice, it seemed, but to obey. So bundling himself up and grumbling a little, he opened the heavy gate and prepared to take them up the great driveway which led to the hall.

The little girl nodded reassuringly to Timothy as she sat down on the sledge again. She seemed to know just what to do now.

And when the porter made as though to bring them to the door where grooms were standing, instead of to the towering front entrance, she insisted that it would not do at all. Oh, she was certainly a great lady!

"And who shall I say is calling on his lordship in such great state?" the old porter smiled down at her. "Would it be Lady Gwendolyn of Cassavant now, or perhaps the Princess Imperial herself?"

"It would be Lady Gwendolyn," said the little girl archly, although her teeth were clicking together with the cold, "attended by a member of her household."

Timothy looked at Gyp with a grin of satisfaction at hearing himself so officially described, the old man blinked.

"And being her familiars," she continued, holding her arms to keep from shivering, "her page and dog are to be received within!"

But I must tell you the manner of place to which they were come. Lord Muchmudden's magnificent hall was fairly a glittering progress of candles at this hour, the ceiling hung with yew and the walls panelled with holly. The long table was set for a hundred, and already waits employed for the occasion were tuning into rollicking songs.

Great platters heavy with magnificently trussed fowls were being borne in over the heads of struggling serving men. Silver goblets stretched along the lengthy board, reflecting the leaping flames that licked about the great mouth of the fireplace.

And here, among all the splendor and expectant laughter, before all the richly-girdled ladies and the swaggering men, appeared a little girl with tear-stained face, her loyal but badly frightened squire—and a very wet and very affectionate big dog!

LORD MUCHMUDDEN drew himself up in astonishment as he went forward to greet his little visitor. For stranger though she was, he had recognized at once the imperious lift of the head, the half-merry, half-reproving turn of the mouth that characterized the ladies of the house of Cassavant.

"My lady," he said, amazement in his voice, "to what good fortune do these old portals owe your gentle presence?"

"Well," said Lady Gwendolyn, looking about her nervously but not forgetting her gracious speech, "being night-o'er-taken on the road, I bethought me of your courtly hospitality."

"And welcome," replied Lord Muchmudden, making a somewhat mysterious gesture behind his back to the assembled and curious company.

"O'er taken, I take it, in the company only of these two good companions?" He nodded to Timothy and Gyp with lifted eyebrows.

"They were sufficient for my safety, milord," replied Gwendolyn with quick comprehension of her strange situation, "but it would be a kindness indeed if one could be quickly dispatched to Cassavant bringing news of that same safety. —" His Lordship saw that that she was on the verge of tears. "I have been—sledding!"

Lord Muchmudden could restrain his sympathy no longer. "My dear little lady," he declared picking her up bodily and carrying her to the head of the long table, "I can quite understand how you feel." And immediately he gave orders to have a delegation of mounted men sent to Cassavant. Then he seated Timothy, with Gyp beside him on the floor, in an equal place of honor. So, standing at the head of his great board, he invited his hesitating guests to dispose themselves for the feast.

Such a banquet surely was never seen. It was evident that Lord Muchmudden was one who believed in the old rites of Yule—from boar's head to song. In his halls Christmas Eve seemed almost as great an occasion as Christmas Day itself.

Yet Timothy was downcast through it all, though it seemed to him the greatest moment in his life, and he and Gyp tucked away as godly portions as any full-grown guest at the table. Gwendolyn, seeing his depression, asked leave to have him quit his bench and speak to her.

"It is my mother alone," he confided. "I promised to return with news or provender by nightfall. And my poor father, the tinker, is abroad somewhere in the snowstorm tonight."

"This is truly sad," agreed Gwendolyn. "Did you say your father was a tinker?"

"He is," admitted Timothy.

Gwendolyn motioned him back to [Continued on page 56]



Decoration by
LAWRENCE
SMITH



THE STRANGE CHRISTMAS

by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

An old-time Christmas story of Merrie England for children of all ages

CHRISTMAS snow can be so happy or so sad. Indeed, as Timothy and his mother gazed out the frosty windows of their cottage, the great flakes seemed to be burying all their hopes.

Timothy's father was a tinker, and he had been gone these two months about the countryside—for though it was midwinter and time that all good tinkers should be sitting by their firesides, necessity had driven him back to the highways. Illness and black luck had haunted their doorstep since Michaelmas.

They dreaded to think of him storm-bound, perhaps, along the snow-choked roads, far from home, and who knows, perhaps suffering from cold and want.

"His leggings are of the thinnest," wept Timothy's mother, "and his scarf is worn threadbare!"

Timothy sat down dejectedly on the settle by the fire, to think. He sat there a long time looking into the flames, and finally he decided that it was quite wrong to be so downhearted.

"I will go out," he said, jumping up, "and take Gyp with me. Surely, with everyone's heart so big at Christmas-time we'll make our way. Who knows, but in the market I'll have word of him from the country folk."

"Oh, son," protested his mother, "what shall I do if you and Gyp go too, and I am left alone with all my fears. Hunger is not so sharp when there are two to share it. In this deserted house surely I should die of loneliness and anxiety."

"Now, now, mother," Timothy assured her, "I will not venture farther than the town. Let me take Gyp, not so much for company as partner in a good cause."

So, reluctantly, she wrapped his scarf securely about his neck and put a slice of bread and dripping in his pocket. For Gyp, she found one last well-striped bone, which she placed in the wallet about his neck.

"Good-by, son," she called against the flurry outside

the door. "May good St. Nicholas guard you on a day so wild."

For a few minutes, Timothy and Gyp stood undecided in which direction to go. It was snowing so hard that the signposts were lost entirely. Even the road was barely visible under the drifts. The old dog stood with his tail between his legs, cowering in the wind.

"Now, Gyp," said Timothy, trying to cheer him a little, "it's luck or no luck. We can only guess." And so, turning their faces way from the blowing snow, they trudged along as best they could, to find news or fortune.

THEY scarcely knew whether they had gone yards or miles when Gyp stopped suddenly in his tracks and lifted his muzzle enquiringly.

"What now?" asked Timothy, struggling up beside him.

Gyp opened his mouth and made a long, sad cry. He was sniffing the snowy air, and lifting his head higher to catch some faint scent that teased his nostrils. Then he barked and lunged forward, digging at something in the snow.

His fast-flying claws soon uncovered a small wooden object—a little painted sledge. And as Timothy helped him, they found that it had a length of silver-studded harness attached to its curving runners.

But Gyp was not satisfied; he went sniffing busily along the drifts again, Timothy pulling their find along after him.

Gyp stood still and barked again—a questioning bark, as much as to say: "Who is there?"

And it seemed to Timothy that he heard a voice beyond a clump of shrubs that answered, "Melchior, Melchior!"

Gyp disappeared behind the bushes, and then Timothy heard a girl's voice saying distinctly: "Oh, oh, if you're not Melchior, then whose dog can you be? Good dog."

Timothy hurried to the spot, and there, clinging to the icy shrubbery and steadying herself with one hand on Gyp's broad back, stood the most beautiful little girl he had ever seen. She was dressed in heavy quaint garments the like of which he could connect only with old pictures of royalty. Surely she could be no less than a great lady, but what could she be doing alone on the highroads on such a day?

He bobbed as respectfully as he could in the uneven snow, and pulled his cap.

"Can I help you, my little lady?" he called above the wind. "My dog and I are on our way to town, and we will pull you on this little sledge which seems lost like all of us in the snow."

"Oh, oh!" the little girl kept saying. She seemed very frightened, and he thought she was crying. "Only if you know the way home, take me there, little boy. It is my sledge you have there, finished this day as a gift from my brother, and lately drawn by my big dog, Melchior. But he liked it not at all and ran off after rabbits just before the snow grew thick. And now I cannot see which way to turn. And I have disobeyed and slipped unbeknown away. I shall be punished most severely!"

"Surely no one would punish one so small and so lovely on the eve of Christmas," said Timothy gallantly. "But I pray you to sit down again upon the sledge, and Gyp and I will carry you along toward some safe haven, if it be only the inn."

He spoke more bravely than he felt, for truth to tell, he knew no more the direction of the inn or town than he did the great hall from which she undoubtedly had stolen away. Even, he had to admit to himself, he did not know his way back to his mother's cottage.



EACH OTHER THIS YEAR?

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Gifts SHE would like

A pair of candlesticks
A camera
An evening purse
Buckles for her slippers
Dainty table linen
A cozy bed jacket
Opera glasses
A boudoir clock
Pottery, brass or glassware
Lingerie, negligées
An etching or a water color
A leather writing case

Lounging pyjamas
A pin for her hat
Pot pourri
Sports set of cap, scarf and bag
A badminton racquet
Costume jewellery
Boudoir cushions
A silver frame
A bedside lamp
An eiderdown
French mules

Gifts HE would like

An addition to his collection
A cigarette box (filled with his favorite cigarettes)
Leather slippers
A travelling clock
A shaving set
A belt with initialled buckle
A set of evening studs
Metal linked arm bands
Pictures of the kind he likes
Tobacco pouch
Leather wallet
Silk underwear
A cardigan sweater
White silk muffler

add so much to the appearance of a car, which you might give him—a rug, new floor mats, a mascot? If he enjoys gardening, or "puttering" about the house, a new tool, involving the newest discoveries will delight him. A travelling bag, a dressing case, a shaving kit, a man's box of toiletries, a set of brushes, or a pair of binoculars are other practical suggestions.

When it's a woman you're considering, be she mother, sister, daughter or friend, there are a thousand opportunities for giving something she really needs, as well as exploring into the delightful possibilities of luxuries. Look at this list—hand bags, notepaper, writing case, fountain pen, a piece

of jewellery, a travelling clock, a case of scissors, an evening bag, a compact, silver-backed brushes or mirror, silver-plated entrée dishes, pie plates, bread trays, cake plates, vases, bed linens, table linens, neckwear, a matching scarf and beret, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves, evening scarves, sweaters, sports toggery, bedroom slippers, negligées, lingerie, electric iron, toaster or percolator, glassware, bookends, flowerstands, candlesticks, a nest of tables, a desk-chair, bookshelves, tea-tables, something for the dressing-table—I am sure that every woman's Christmas list would be as long as her children's if it were possible for her to write it all down. *(Continued on page 81)*

Here are many things a man would like to find in his Christmas stocking.



WHAT SHALL WE GIVE

by
**ELIZABETH
HOPE**

Since this question is on everyone's lips this month, here are pages of gift suggestions planned to please the family when the presents are unwrapped on Christmas morning

EVERY Christmas, since I was old enough to write a list and send it up the chimney to Santa Claus, I have loved poring over Christmas suggestions. There's such an added pleasure in considering a long line of possibilities before you settle on the definite gift which meets both the pocket book and the need of the person.

It's a good idea to have each member of the family "prepare a little list," but contrary to the Gilbert and Sullivan song, one at least of the ideas won't be missed. When you have a number of suggestions from each member of the family, you can get just the present Mary or Joe is wanting—and yet keep it a secret. And what are Christmas gifts without secrecy?

There is an added interest in gift-giving this year, and from what I have heard among my friends and relatives, a widespread feeling that instead of holding tightly to our purse strings, as so many of us have been doing, we should give as generously and as much as we can.

If you can afford it—buy freely. But if you can't, don't go without the joy of giving something. There are so many delightful little gifts which can be evolved in the kitchen; thousands of women have been making novel gifts from *The Chatelaine's Handicraft Studio*. A pot of bulbs, started nicely in a gay bowl; a jar of apple jelly with a bow of scarlet ribbon tied round it; a box of home-made candies—there are endless gift ideas which can be easily made. The main point is to make this Christmas a real expression of giving wherever and whenever possible.

Is there a grandmother in your family? You'll find a very practical gift in the new hot water bottles that are shaped like a square cushion, and that can be adapted to any position. A basket of mixed fruits and nuts has been proved a most welcome gift. You might select a woolly bed jacket; or a new reading lamp for her chair or bed; an album of snapshots of all the children and grandchildren; one of the new cameo brooches which have become popular again. A little week-end dressing case, or travelling bag; something for her room—perhaps a wicker stand to put in her window and to be filled with flowers and ferns; these are happy thoughts. One friend of mine outfitted completely a breakfast tray. One member of the family gave the special tray; others divided up the linen, the brilliantly colored china, the tea cosy, and other needs, and completed a gift which grandmother uses every day.

If it's a man you're considering, the problem is an easy one. My brother tells me that a man can never have too many socks, shirts or handkerchiefs, however much he may joke about it. A father would like a little portrait of his family in a small frame to stand on his desk, or hang on his office wall; books, of course, according to his taste. Consider, too, his hobby—golf balls, a golf bag, half a dozen boxes of tees, golf socks, or a sweater are all good. Remember that even if he only plays tennis in the summer, or if fishing and hunting are his hobbies, something to help him enjoy his sport will be gloated over all winter.

Look at the car—are there any of the little luxuries which



THE GIFT PHOTOGRAPHS

These photographs were taken in the studio of the Chatelaine Institute, and were staged through the courtesy of the manufacturers of the following gift suggestions.

Tilt-top table from Snyder's Limited.

Cedar chest from The Honderich Furniture Company, Limited.

Comforter from the Toronto Feather and Down Co., Limited.

O. V. Blanket from Bates and Innes, Limited.

Electric Toaster and Waffle Iron, Canadian General Electric Co.

Electric Percolator, Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited.

Fountain pen set from L. E. Waterman Company.

Man's desk set from The Parker Fountain Pen Company.

Traveling bag from L. McBride Company, Limited.

Socks and lingerie from Penmans Limited.

Shirts, scarf, and pyjamas from John Forsyth Limited.

Ties from E. N. S. Currie Limited.

Keystone toilet ware, Stevens-Hepner Company, Limited.

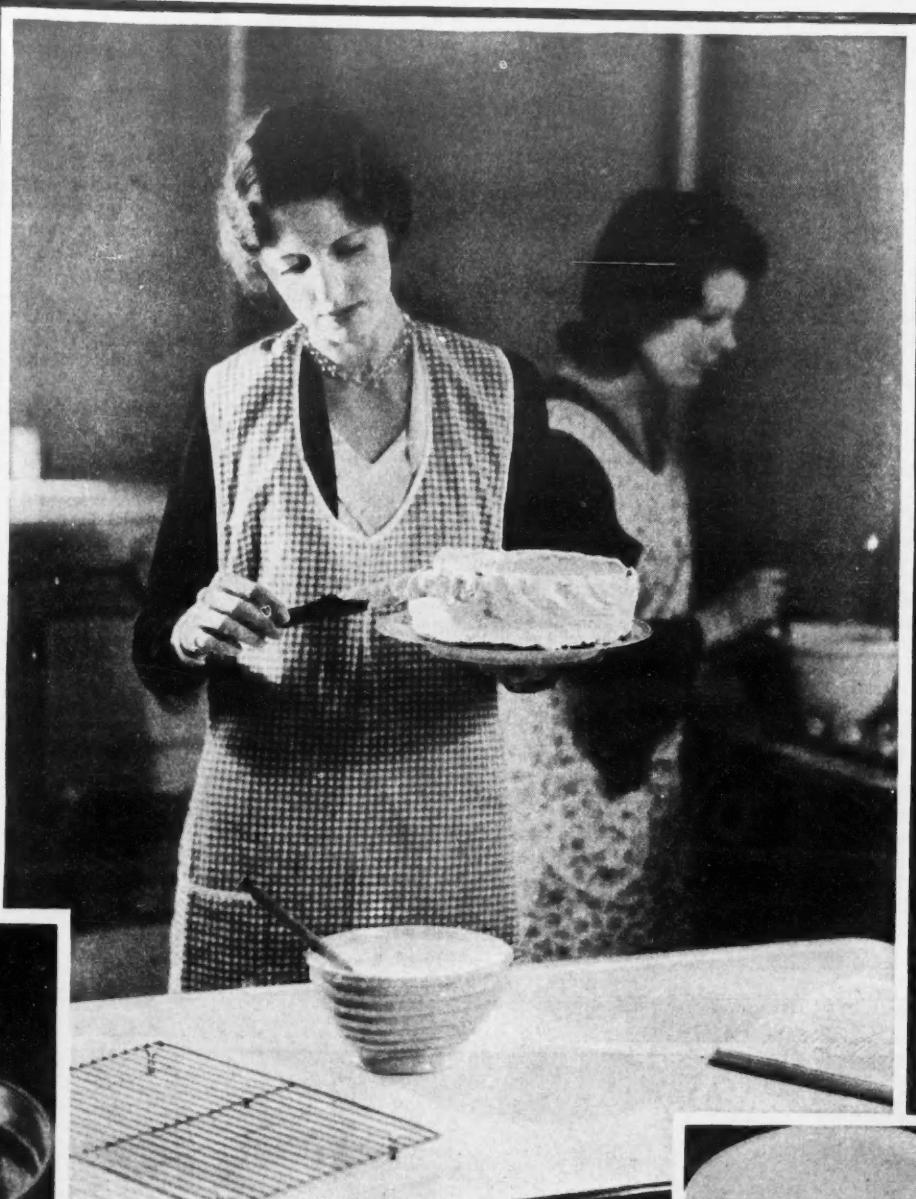
Rouson Lighter, Dominion Art Metal Works.

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

Getting Ready for the Gang

Christmas week is
“open house week”
for the young folk

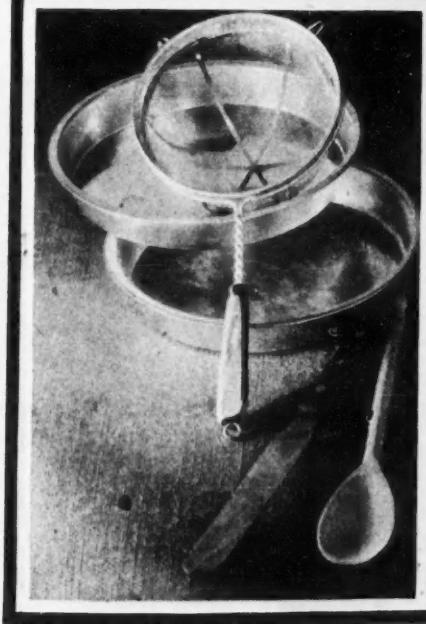


Tested and Approved By
Serial Copy No. 20
The Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
The Chatelaine Magazine

Whatever your form of entertainment, there must be something good to eat as a climax to the fun.

The midnight snack will bear witness to the young folks' proficiency with the mixing bowl.

Breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner, supper—every meal is an excuse to entertain your friends.



by Helen G. Campbell and
M. Frances Hucks

THE night before Christmas is not the best time for a party but the following week is crowded with jolly entertainment for the young folks home for the holidays eager to meet their special friends whom they have not seen for oh, so long! No more classes for a whole ten days—no eight-thirty rush—no “lights out” at ten o’clock! Just home, putting about the kitchen, rushing to answer a telephone call, donning smart clothes for the game of bridge, the theatre or the game, dashing away to a skating party and bringing the crowd back to “our house” for a little smackerel of something.

Mother, bless her, is as enthusiastic as her young son and daughters. Father enters into the season’s glad spirit and everyone is gay and cheerful, hospitable and friendly.

Home entertaining is the fashion just now and any hour of the day or night seems to be just the time for a party. Those who have house guests gather a crowd for a hilarious

breakfast. Set your table in the sunniest room, the dining room, sunroom or even in a bright corner of your kitchen. Use your gayest covers, your colorful breakfast china, your cheery Christmas decorations. Put your electric percolator, your toaster or waffle iron on the table to provide piping hot accompaniments to the main dishes.

Serve your foods with a lavish hand—stacks of bacon, bowls of fruit, jugs of syrup and covered dishes of jam, or marmalades or conserves. A big puffy omelet or a platter of scrambled eggs will soon disappear, so be sure to make enough for “seconds.” Youthful appetites demand no mincing little breakfast but a real meal, bountiful and satisfying, wholesome and fragrant. Linger over your coffee, but not too long, for there are many things that must be crowded into these busy days.

There’s a tea in the afternoon—everybody in their very best clothes, candle-lit tables gayly bedecked, plates and dishes of ethereal food and a happy hum of banter filling the room. The undergraduate in household science delights in a party of this type, or she may display her culinary achievements, her skill in arrangement and garnishing, and her increasing confidence in herself as a gracious hostess.

Christmas colors and motifs rule the decorative scheme. Lay the table with your loveliest cloth, your daintiest cups and saucers and your cheeriest Christmas decorations. Place your food attractively and conveniently and call on a

number of your intimates to assist you in serving. Mother will love to pour steaming cups of tea or coffee and will chat with your guests as their cups are re-filled.

Teas sound very effeminate but the modern young man will be there; the college youth has no objection to a “dish of tea” in the afternoon. He enjoys particularly the small informal gathering around the fireplace, when a group of friends drop in with a gay greeting. Perhaps these impromptu parties are the cosiest of all. Refreshments are easy, for hot crisp toast is quickly made, jam, fruit cake and shortbread and other Christmas dainties are on hand. If you have an hour’s notice you can make your menu more elaborate but even when the company [Continued on page 71]



THE WOMEN MEN FORGET



There was agony in his voice as he pleaded with her, and Fenella knew that the anguish of it was born of a little doubt.

by DOROTHY BLACK

Wa Lee strikes — and Fenella finds disaster awaiting if she cannot make her husband believe her

(Synopsis of preceding installments on page 60)

WA LEE was still there. The dawn had turned to early morning. Out in the compound the birds were beginning to sing, and sunshine sent pale fingers through the branches of the trees. Alistair, his face colorless, knelt beside her, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Better?" he said. His voice was not quite steady. "Fenella, sit up as soon as you can, and tell me I can kick this blackguard out."

He said, "Just say it's a lie. It's all you need say. He has concocted a string of lies. He says you made a pact with him to take fifty thousand rupees and persuade me to let the case against him drop. He says he came here twice and talked to you about it and the final arrangements were made over the telephone. Tell me he's lying. Of course he's lying . . ."

There was agony in his voice as he pleaded with her, and Fenella knew that the anguish of it was born of a little doubt. It was Wa Lee's word against hers. For a moment

she thought of denying everything, but her nerve failed her. Someone might have seen him coming in. Besides, she did not want to lie to Alistair. She wanted to be square and decent about it all.

"It's a lie," she said, faintly, clinging to his hands. "I never took any money, Alistair. Not a penny."

"And you never had him here and talked with him, secretly, as he says. Of course you never did. You've only to give me your word, and I'll have him dealt with at once."

If Wa Lee had any tremors at the thought of being dealt with, none of them showed in his face or his bearing. He stood as motionless as an ivory figure on a Chinese screen. His expression was, if anything, more benign than usual, his voice more ingratiating, as he said.

"Can plitty missis give this word now?"

She closed her eyes so that she did not see Alistair's face. She said nothing for a moment. Alistair went on.

"He says he made an arrangement with you, to telephone at a certain hour, and that you were to think the matter over and then say yes or no. He says you telephoned the word yes, and that he told you where the money would be at a certain time. He says, Fenella, that he knew you would be glad of some money because you had backed a horse at the races, and lost . . . I don't believe a word of it."

By the agony in his voice, she knew that he did.

"Alistair," she said, "send him away that I can talk to you alone."

"Go. I will see you in my office at ten o'clock."

The Chinaman turned and departed, saying,

"Allee lightee. Good mo'ning." He was smiling softly. There was a long silence. Fenella could hear Alistair's breathing, broken and uneven. She could hear, in the eaves, the first sleepy murmurs of the awakening sparrows.

Alistair had left her side. He was seated in an armchair beside the table, his face haggard in the morning light.

She sat up and pushed her hair back out of her eyes, and replaited one of the long braids that fell over her shoulders. It was difficult to know how to begin. If only he had not gone away to the other side of the verandah. It would have been so much easier to tell him with his arms round her.

The silence grew oppressive. Through it came Alistair's voice, harsh and hard.

"Well?"

"Oh, don't speak to me like that. I'm going to tell you everything." Her throat was so dry that she could hardly make the words come.

"Was that fellow lying or was he not?"

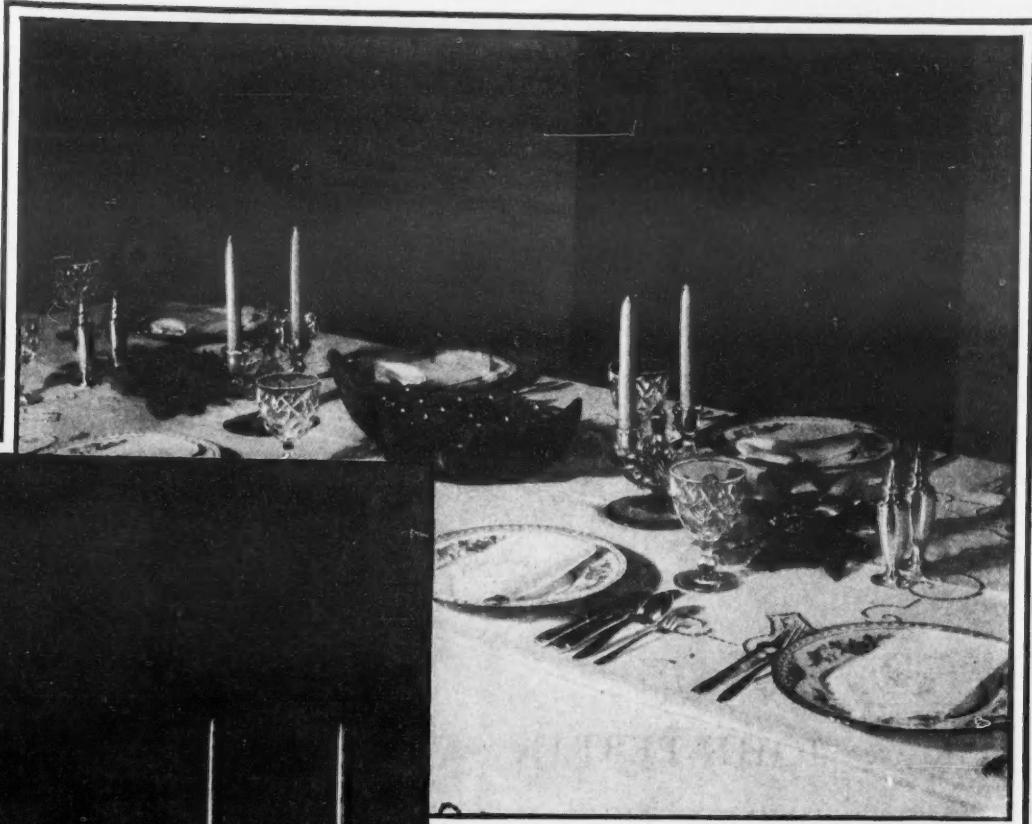
"In the main he was lying, but I've been a fool, Alistair. Part of what he says is true, but not the worst part. I never took the money."

She heard him draw his breath sharply. His face took on a terrible grey tinge. She thought for a moment that he was going to faint.

"Oh, for heaven's sake listen, darling. I didn't do anything. It isn't as bad as that. I got into a fix again. What with sending money home and one thing and another, when I added up my accounts I found I owed a whole lot of money again and I was frightened. I didn't want to tell you. Wa Lee came in just as I made [Continued on page 60]

Three Christmas Tables

Designed and Photographed
in The Chatelaine Institute



A Formal Setting

DIGNITY and gracious charm is the theme of this formal setting. A satiny damask cloth is the perfect foil for the Minton service plates in green and gold colorings, for crystal and sterling and for the luxurious bowl of Christmas fruits reflected in the mirror base. Simply decorated candles and holly leaves add a further touch of brightness, and a sprig of mistletoe on each serviette makes an appropriate favor.

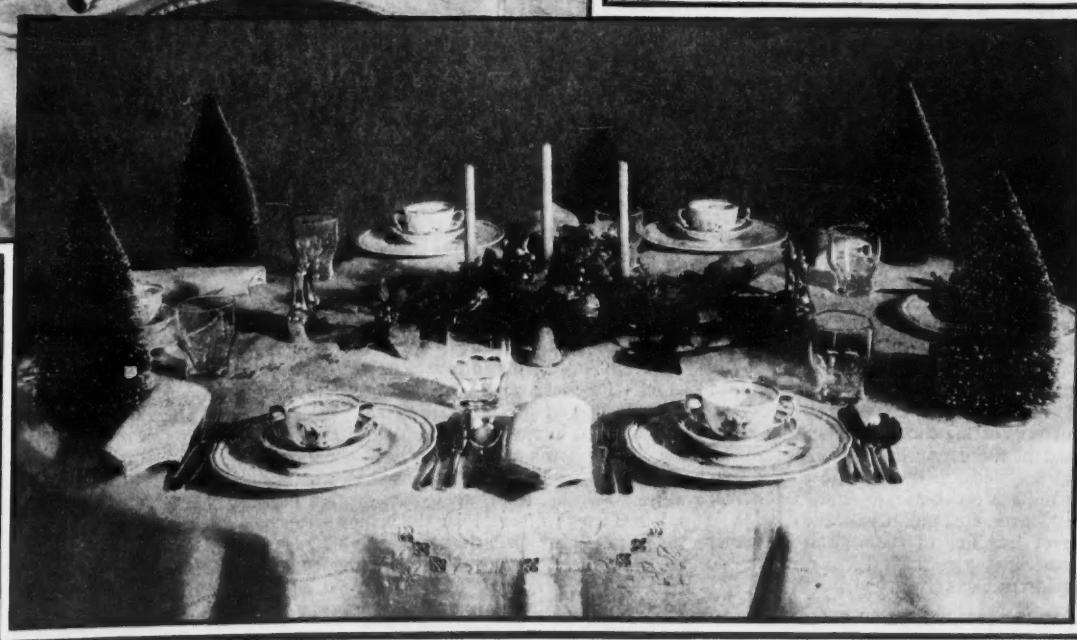
Damask table linen from the Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd., Service plates, centrepiece and candlesticks, Ryrie-Birks Ltd., Crystal goblets and sterling silver, from Roden Bros. Ltd.

Mint Fruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey Chestnut Stuffing
Parsley Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts Escalloped Cauliflower
Tomato Jelly Salad
Cheese Straws
Plum Pudding Foamy Sauce
Nuts Coffee Bonbons

The Family Table
A GAY, informal table this, with its embroidered linen cloth, its brightly patterned china, its saucy little trees, its candles banked by sprigs of holly, mistletoe, and brilliant poinsettias! It is a table where the family gathers for laughter and fun—a background for the jolly Christmas feast.

Table linen from the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Silverware from the Oneida Community Ltd., crystal tumblers, from Wm. Junor's, and china from Ryrie-Birks Ltd.

<i>A Smart Simplicity</i>	<i>Oyster Cocktail</i>
SIMPLICITY characterizes the setting of this table. The centre arrangement follows the same long line of the table—a Lalique bowl with small poinsettias formally grouped, is flanked by candlesticks and two great poinsettias laid flat on the white cloth. Delicately patterned Minton china displays the cheery Christmas colors.	<i>Clear Tomato Bouillon</i>
Table linen from the T. Eaton Company, Ltd. Silverware from the International Silver Company of Canada Ltd., China, centrepiece and candlesticks, Ryrie-Birks Ltd. Goblets from Wm. Junor's.	<i>Roast Turkey Bread Stuffing</i>
	<i>Mashed Potatoes</i>
	<i>Creamed Onions</i>
	<i>French Fried Squash</i>
	<i>Green Salad</i>
	<i>Cherry Mousse</i>
	<i>Fruit Cake</i>
	<i>Nuts Coffee Mints</i>



The Family Table

Cream of Celery Soup
Roast Stuffed Chicken
Duchess Potatoes Carrots and Peas
Molded Cranberry Salad
Steamed Pudding Hard Sauce
Raisins Coffee Candies

A CHATELAINE'S OWN GIFTS

Here are a myriad gift ideas that the "mistress of a little castle" can evolve in her own workshop—the kitchen

by Helen G. Campbell,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

ARE you pondering your Christmas lists trying to decide just what to give, searching for a gift which bears the stamp of your thoughtful selection?

You may have some friend for whom it is so difficult to choose—a young man gone to seek his fortune in a distant city and spending his first Christmas away from home—a business girl too busy to do much cooking—grandfather whose wants are few—a child to whom Santa Claus will bring an abundance of toys and games—or the fortunate person who seems to have "just everything" and is, therefore, such a difficult problem.

Perhaps you cannot spend as much as you would like to, yet you want your gift to be individual and appropriate, attractive and "Christmassy." The busy housekeeper may not have time to join the rush of Christmas shoppers but she may in her own kitchen prepare a variety of gifts which will bring pleasure to her friends. A package of home-made dainties is always acceptable; it is practical, it may be as inexpensive or as costly as you care to make it, and in its gay wrappings is festive enough to befit the holiday season.

If there are several members of the same family on your list, you may decide to simplify matters by sending one gift which all may enjoy. This might be a selection of seasonal delicacies chosen from your own larder and supplemented by ready-to-serve foods from your grocer's shelves. The collection may include jars of jams and jellies, conserves and marmalades, pickles and relishes, made in the summer or fall, but especially appreciated with cold weather fare. If possible, let the jars or bottles be of various sizes in odd

attractive shapes and, to give further interest and novelty, wrap each in a different dress—cellophane of various shades, white or colored tissue, brilliant papers or those with an all-over pattern of typical Christmas design. Decorate with bows or seals or stickers according to your whim.

Bottles of cider, fruit juice, raspberry vinegar and tomato cocktail will be welcome in this package and you may rifle your cupboards for just such tasty oddments. Salad dressings, catsups, cheese spreads and other savory foods have their own place in the Christmas hamper.

Cater to the sweet tooth with an assortment of cakes and cookies—a piece of your Christmas cake, a plum pudding in a plain or fancy bowl and any number of boxes of home-made confections neatly packed in trim little rows.

IF YOU make a specially good mince pie or nut bread, angel food or shortbread, doughnuts or loaf cakes, add one of these to the other "goodies" in your box. Gingerbread men or cookies cut in fancy shapes are sure to please the children who delight in their very own gifts.

Candy and other confections make excellent tuck-away packages to fill in space. These toothsome dainties are always welcome for holiday entertaining and if you wish, you may include several varieties. Home-made candy has a special appeal and caramels, fudge, mints and bonbons are only a few kinds that can be made easily in your kitchen. If you make good fondant, such as is suggested on another page, you can use it for an endless variety of creams with different flavors and colors in keeping with the season's decorations.

There are, too, a number of uncooked combinations, appealing and healthful, which may be made without fear of failure. For apricot squares, a favorite at the Chatelaine Institute, wash three-quarters of a cupful of dried apricots and put them with a half cupful of nuts through the food chopper. Add to this mixture, three-quarters of a cupful of shredded cocoanut, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of grated lemon rind, one teaspoonful of grated orange rind. Mix all together by kneading thoroughly. Then roll out to about one-third of an inch thickness on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar. Cut in squares and roll in sugar before packing. For fruit confec-

tions, wash one cupful each of seeded raisins, stoned dates and prunes. Put these through the food chopper with two cupfuls of shelled nuts. This may be formed into a dough and used for a variety of sweets. To part, add melted chocolate, work in well, cut into balls and roll in powdered sugar. Or form individual pieces and dip in melted fondant. Roll this in powdered sugar and decorate with a candied cherry, pineapple or whole nuts. Or, again, make into a roll as thick as the wrist and cut in thin slices. Decorate with bits of candied peel.

Dried fruits and nuts, stuffed prunes or dates or apricots are delicious additions to your candy box or are worthy of their own container. Candied fruit or peel, preserved ginger, salted, sugared or spiced nuts are other suggestions from which to choose.

ATTRACTIVE packing and wrapping is half the success of the Christmas box. Cardboard boxes suitable for small gifts of food may be bought for a few cents or selected from those on hand. Or you may cover a plain box with brightly colored paper. With paints and lacquers you may do wonders with coffee or baking powder cans and these are ideal for wrapped caramels, nuts [Continued on page 72]

Attractive wrapping and packing is half the success of the Christmas box. This photograph was taken in the Chatelaine Institute, where the gift ideas suggested in this article were prepared. Each idea has proved practical.



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Dan
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Those HEADACHES may mean you are *poisoning yourself*

explains DR. KLEMPERER

noted Berlin Physician



X-RAY Shows typical clogged condition of the intestines. Resulting poisons spread throughout the system . . . cause headaches, indigestion, skin troubles, etc. Fresh yeast corrects this condition, says Dr. Klemperer.

He tells you how to correct that Sluggish Condition of the Intestinal Tract that causes so many cases of ill health

YOU KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH . . . that hot, splitting head means a badly deranged condition somewhere in your system. It demands serious attention.

Generally, doctors tell us, the trouble is a very common one. Poisons are circulating through your body from an unclean intestinal tract!

Here is the way Geheimrat Professor Dr. Felix Klemperer, head of the famous City Hospital, in Berlin, explains it:

"When the system is not properly nourished, a state of auto-intoxication develops, which manifests itself in intestinal disorders, headaches . . . skin troubles, etc.

"Fresh yeast combats intestinal disorders," Dr. Klemperer states, ". . . by stimulating peristalsis (muscular action) of the intestines. It is perfectly harmless.

It is a food-remedy of the highest order."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast literally "tones up" your whole intestinal tract . . . softens the clogging wastes . . . keeps your system internally clean.

Thus, depressing poisons are cleared away, without the use of drugs. The cause of most headaches is removed. Appetite revives. You feel more energetic and alert!

Why not start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today? Write for booklet. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Quebec.

DR. ADOLF BICKEL, authority of the University of Berlin, declares: "Fresh yeast is the ideal corrective for constipation. It combats the self-poisoning that leads to headaches, nervousness, skin eruptions, etc."



Suffered from Sick Headaches for years

Mrs. Edna DuVall (left) writes from Toronto: "From my early days I suffered from bilious headaches. Felt tired and was forever taking laxatives . . . Later I decided to try yeast because I knew doctors advised it. It corrected my intestinal troubles and I am minus my headaches now. My complexion is clearer, too."

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water or any way you like. Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. At drug stores, grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!

These candy secrets from a professional candy-maker include the simple directions for making fondant creams, and chocolates with centres of butter cream, almond paste, preserved ginger, nuts, puff cream, opera cream, cocoanut, butterscotch and peanuts

by
JOHN PERRIN



Every woman finds a real pleasure in making delicious confections, with all the originality and novelty of the professionals.

YOUR OWN CHOCOLATES!



No SWEETMEATS are quite so delicious as home-made chocolates—and they are much simpler to make than you would think. Vary them with your favorite fudge in the Christmas box you will be sending off soon. Or make some for the Christmas bazaar, and see how fast they will go. The following recipes and instructions are from the notebook of a professional candy-maker who is also an instructor in the art of candy making. They are proved and tested recipes, and they are exceptionally easy to follow. Only the correct coating chocolate should be used. This can be obtained in the candy department of any of the large stores that specialize in home-made goods. For most centres dark vanilla sweet coating is desirable, but for covering nuts, dates, ginger, etc., milk chocolate coating is advised. The correct handling of the chocolate is very essential to obtain the finest results, and it is necessary to adhere closely to the instructions given.

To Prepare Chocolate And to Cover Centres

Shred the chocolate finely and place in double boiler. The heat of the water in the outer saucepan must not be allowed to go above 130 degrees Fahr. The heat of the melted chocolate must not go above 110 degrees Fahr., or it will spoil the appearance of the finished candies, and it must be cooled to between 80 and 85 degrees for dipping the centres. The more the chocolate is stirred and beaten while melting, the better. Never allow any water to come into contact with it. When centres are ready for dipping, take one with your left hand and put into the melted chocolate.

When thoroughly covered, lift it out in the large tablespoon which has been used for melting and beating the chocolate. With the thumb and second finger of the right hand, take up the centre from the spoon. Allowing a little time for surplus coating to run off, deposit it on a polished tin tray or wax paper. A little practice will soon show the easiest way to do this, and how to get a nice string decoration on the top of the finished candy with the chocolate which runs from the finger or thumb. When covering centres it is best to work in a temperature of about 67 to 70 degrees.

Cream Centres

A large variety of cream centres are made by using fondant cream for a basis. Vanilla, orange, cherry, pineapple and peppermint flavors are particularly nice. The cream should be kneaded until soft, a hole pushed in it, the flavor and color added, and worked through the cream. Take small portions, roll into balls or any shape desired, dust with powdered sugar and place on a wax paper to dry. In about two hours they should be ready for covering with the dark sweet coating. Fondant cream is made as follows:

1 Pound of granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Pint of hot water

Put all ingredients into a saucepan—two quart size or larger. Put over a good heat, stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon or paddle until it starts to boil. Take out spoon, stir no more and wipe round the inside of the saucepan with a wet cloth or brush so as to clean away sugar crystals remaining. Insert thermometer, which should be standing by in warm water, and boil up to 238 degrees Fahr., which is soft ball temperature. Pour the boiling syrup into a square tin pan or dish, which has been previously sprinkled with cold water. Allow to cool until the finger can comfortably be held on the syrup. Then take a flat wooden spoon or paddle, and work slowly through the syrup, turning it over and over toward the centre of the dish, until it changes and forms into a block of cream. Leave on the dish, or put into a basin, and cover with a damp cloth. Let stand to ripen for several hours, twelve to twenty-five if possible. It is then ready for use, either as a filling for chocolates, or as fondant sweets decorated with walnuts or maraschino cherries.

Butter Cream Centres

Take half pound fondant cream, knead until soft and place on a board or tin. With a knife, work well into it, half teaspoonful of vanilla essence, one ounce of butter, and one

large tablespoonful of breakfast cocoa. Take small pieces, roll into balls, dust with powdered sugar, place on wax paper, and leave to form a crust before covering with the dark sweet coating.

Almond Paste Centres

Take half pound of fondant cream and two ounces of almond cake icing. Knead and mix both well together, adding a little extra almond flavor if desired. Roll into balls, dust with powdered sugar and place on wax paper, leave to form a crust, and cover with dark sweet coating.

Preserved Ginger Centres

China ginger in syrup is most suitable for these sweets. The syrup should be drained off and the ginger cut in irregular shapes and allowed to dry. If crystallized ginger is used it is best to wash off the sugar, and leave to drain and dry. Cover with milk chocolate coating.

Covering Nuts

Brazils, walnuts and filberts should be dropped into a small quantity of milk chocolate coating, lifted out with a spoon and placed in little clusters on wax paper. When cold cut through the centre. Shredded cocoanut should be placed in melted chocolate, worked around until it is thoroughly covered, and then small portions deposited on wax paper using a teaspoon. Bars or cakes of milk chocolate containing nuts, raisins, or chopped dates, can be made by running the mixture into the lids of cocoa or baking powder tins, and leaving to set for a few hours. Lids must be clean and bright and no greasing is necessary.

For coating chocolates it is advisable to keep plenty of melted chocolate prepared. The heat must be thoroughly worked out of it before the coating goes on, or the finished chocolates may be streaky and spotty. It is easier to do this with larger quantities. It is also advisable to keep the inner pan of a double boiler for this purpose alone, as then any chocolate left over can be reheated, and more fresh chocolate added. A larger quantity can then be used without waste, and good results will be more certain. Only the special coating chocolate can be used. This can be obtained at the large stores which run a special candy making department. Dark vanilla sweet and milk chocolate coatings are the most useful kinds.

Fine powdered sugar should be used to prevent stickiness in working up the cream centres. [Continued on page 42]

the children's doctor... asks THIS question FIRST

IN an eastern city there is a famous child specialist. Every day babies and young children are brought to him from far and near. » To every mother he promptly puts one question: "How are your baby's bowels?" » He knows how quickly and easily little bowels get out of order. Too much food . . . not just the right foods . . . then trouble, because the body is not kept clear of poisonous waste matter. » Often in these cases, this famous physician advises an old time-tested remedy. Castoria! » He sends many anxious mothers home with this simple advice: "Give your baby a dose of Castoria tonight. No supper; no food until morning. » "Always," he warns, "when a little fever, a little cold develops, or the stomach gets upset, the first step is to get rid of the excess wastes that clog the body. » "I like the way Castoria acts—just mild enough, just effective enough. I could not write a better prescription." » Castoria is unique because it is made specially for *children's* ailments. For tiny infants tied up with colic pains, for older children with clogged bowels, Castoria is effective. » Another thing—you never have to coax children to take Castoria. They like its taste as well as the comfort of its regulation which they have learned to know. That's why it's always said of Castoria, "Children Cry For It." » As the children's doctor urges, "Don't let simple little ailments develop into serious ones." Keep Castoria always on hand to help. Be sure to ask for genuine Castoria—which always has the name of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package.

A PURE VEGETABLE PREPARATION MADE
SPECIALLY FOR . . CHILDREN'S AILMENTS



Castoria is a pure vegetable product. It contains nothing harmful, nothing harsh; NO NARCOTICS. The formula is printed on the carton. It has no severe purgative action—just the easy regulation suited to a child's delicate needs. It has been used by physicians in their practise for more than 30 years.



Chas H. Fletcher.
CASTORIA

WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THE CHILDREN?

To the child, play is not just amusement, it is his work. Playthings are his tools

by Harriet Mitchell, B.A., R.N.

Director, Division of Parent Education, Mental Hygiene Institute.

THE first frost, the first snow, Thanksgiving—how the autumn days spin by! Then suddenly we are alert to the fact that Christmas is at hand, and again recurs the perplexing question of "What shall we give the children?"

Maybe you were one of the parents who last year put off choice of gifts and shopping until the last moment and then rushed frantically, irritably, and more or less blindly about the toy departments trying to find "something" for Mary and John. Maybe you, too, had the experience of making your choice, exhausted, guided by a harassed clerk or led astray by the "eye appeal" of poorly made playthings, and then found out too late that funny four-year-old John "preferred" his own building blocks to the expensive, complicated, glittery electric train you finally purchased; or that somehow the attractive-to-look-at glued and fragile doll furniture seemed literally to disintegrate under the strong and active manipulation of six-year-old Mary. Probably you, too, along with at least seventy-five per cent of the other parents in the Dominion, determined that next Christmas things would be different.

Next Christmas is just around the corner. If you, as a parent, are anxious to get away from the haphazard, unintelligent buying of unsuitable toys and playthings, now is the time to begin. Now is the time to give unhurried, thoughtful consideration to the play needs of your children, to take an inventory of what they already have in the way of play materials and toys; to decide what they will need during the next year; to make out your shopping list of things you want to provide as Christmas gifts.

The choosing of toys and playthings merits the same intelligent consideration that parents give to providing the food elements essential to wholesome physical growth. Play is just as important to the best development of the child as are food and rest. It is largely through play that he becomes educated. Through the experimentation that goes on during his play—the handling, touching, rolling, pushing, pounding, balancing—the infant learns about the things that make up his world. He finds out what he can do to them, and what they can do to him. Through play the child learns to co-operate with others; leadership and fellowship are encouraged through group play and games. Taking turns and sharing are necessary lessons of living that are learned most easily and naturally through play. By means of play activities a strong and healthy body is developed and muscular coordination gradually perfected.

During the later pre-school period, play interests are largely attempts to reproduce the immediate environment in which the child lives. With his toys and playthings he recreates a little world and by "living through" the home-making, storekeeping, child-caring activities, he learns to understand something of the feelings of others; he becomes able to put himself in another's place—the basis of sympathy and tolerance. Play also provides the child with opportunities for creative self-expression. The child who has suitable materials and toys at hand is stimulated to work out his own ideas, thus exercising initiative and independence and habits of constructive activity and planning. Play is the exerciser, par excellence, of desirable skills, habits and emotional attitudes.

The above brief summary of some of the constructive values of play is sure to give the thoughtful parent a new respect for toys and playthings. Play is not just amusement. To the child it is the most serious business of life. Play is his work. Playthings are his tools.

The child's play needs change from month to month and from year to year. In order to provide planfully for the most desirable stimulators and exercisers in the way of toys at each stage of the child's growth, it is necessary to have a long distance picture of the average child's play development. It is a good plan to budget for toys and playthings, keeping at hand a list of requirements, setting aside a certain sum to be spent each month upon these necessary tools of education. You can thus provide for additions to the child's store, as needed, and there will not be the same tendency to deluge the child with Christmas gifts—a surfeit that too frequently leaves him overstimulated, fatigued and indifferent. By budgeting, the acquiring and cost of good, durable educative, related toys and playthings can be spread over several years, with the assurance that the things purchased now will be of real value during the child's developmental years.



It's a good plan to budget for toys and playthings.

Careful investigation of children's play activities and interests have given us a few general rules that will help in suiting the toy to the child and in planning for his all-round play needs. First, it is important that it be something that the child can "do with." It must encourage self-activity and stimulate imagination. Examples are the Tinker Toys, building blocks and handwork materials—clay, raffia, paper, scissors, cut-outs and so forth. Second in importance, the toy or material should be suited to the child's mental and physical development.

For example, many manufacturers seem to make toys on the principle that the younger the child the smaller the toy should be. The converse is true. Within reasonable limits the little child who has not yet learned to co-ordinate should be given large toys that will exercise the large fundamental muscles—large dolls, large trains, large blocks. Again, the elaborate mechanical toy that will delight the heart of the ten-year-old is merely an invitation to boredom and destructiveness for the toddler. By providing unsuitable toys we are apt to encourage the formation of quite



Their toys must encourage self-activity and stimulate imagination

[Continued on page 40]

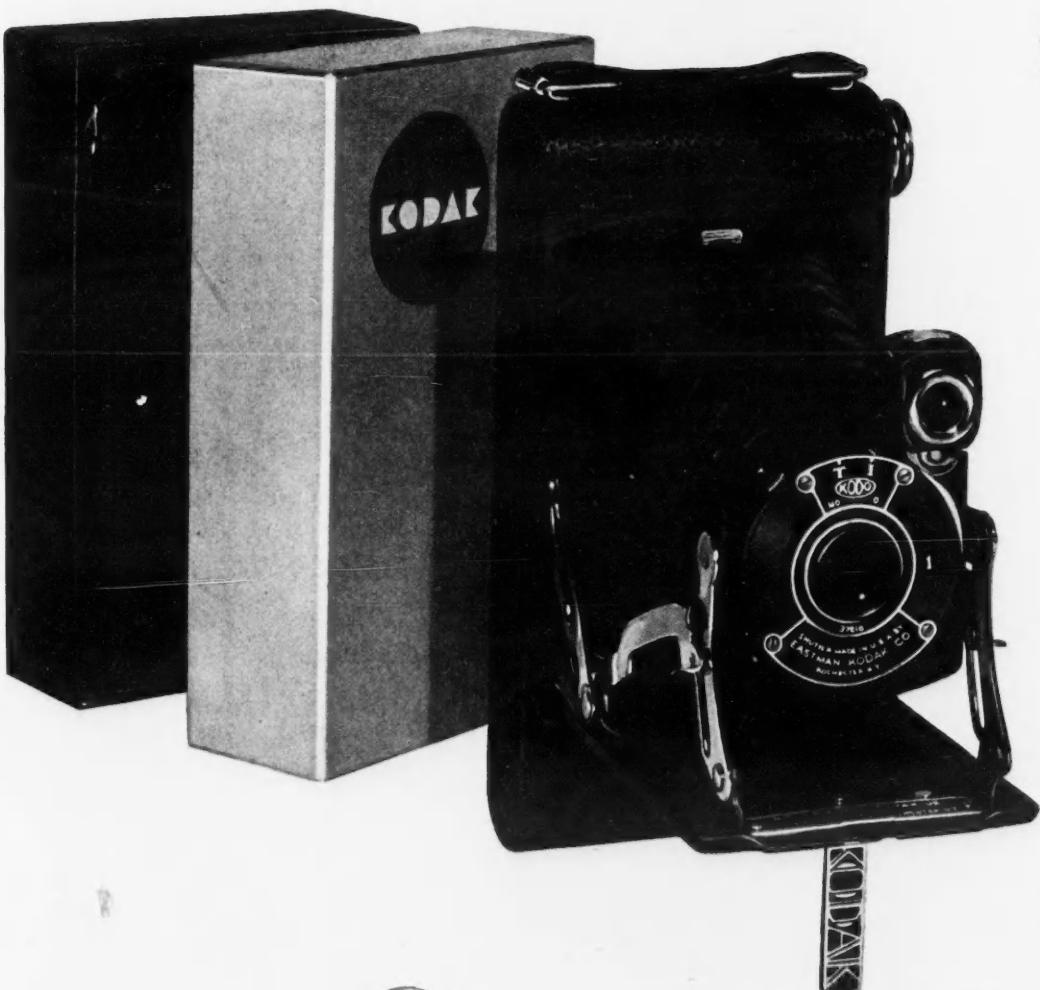
for a Father for a Mother



for a Sister

for a Brother

Who wouldn't want a Camera!



What wonderful presents Kodaks make—how acceptable—how usable for every one. Enjoyed immediately, they are active companions every day of the year and for years to come, for they live forever.

Smart, colorful, durable, easy to take around—true companions, at home, on vacation, on your travels, wherever you may be—whatever the place, the time, the occasion. Here, truly, is the "universal" gift.

Brownies as low as \$2.25, Kodaks as low as \$5 . . . Gifts as modest or as handsome as you wish. See them at your Kodak dealer's. Canadian Kodak Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

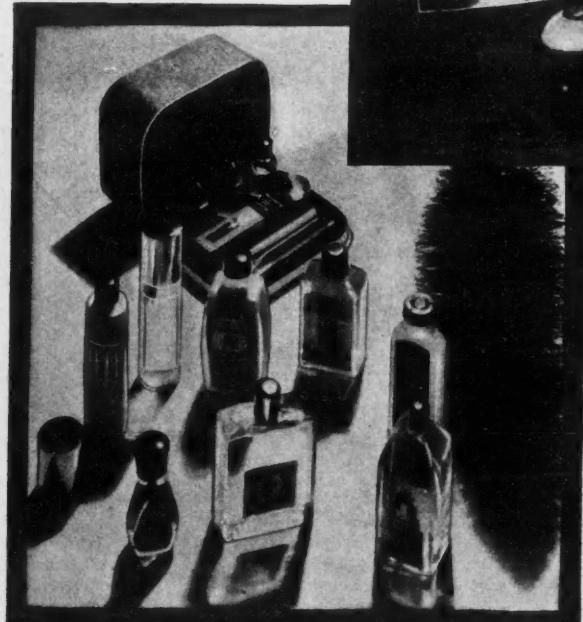
No. 1 POCKET KODAK JUNIOR, one of the simplest, most efficient folding cameras you can buy. In blue, green, or brown, with case to match, \$11.75. Picture size, $2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$. No. 1A size, for pictures $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$, in blue, green, brown, or black, with case to match, \$13.25. A special silver box for holiday giving.

Give a KODAK

The Christmas Gift of Beauty

by
ANNABELLE
LEE

There are many delightful gift boxes prepared by all the manufacturers of toiletries for Christmas gifts. To the right is shown the very lovely Elizabeth Arden gift box, which can be had in various sizes; gift boxes for a man from Woodbury's; bath salts from Harriet Hubbard Ayer; and a trio of toilet water, perfume, soap from Jergens—a popular group.

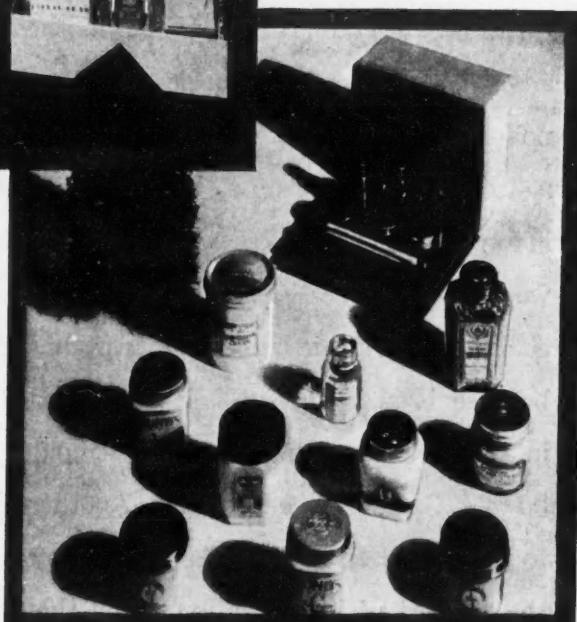


Every woman wants a manicure box to fit on her dressing table. The Glazo box shown above is in dark green and comes in several sizes. Other gift ideas shown are preparations from Pond's, Gourard's, Daggett and Ramsdell, Odo-ro-no, Boncilla, Woodbury's and Campana.

Across the bottom of the page are some interesting suggestions. From left to right are two of the very lovely bottles of "Seventeen" perfume, a gift box of the favorite "Evening in Paris" preparations by Minty, a box of bath salts from Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and one of the Tangee compacts—only a few of many gift ideas.

IT has always seemed to me that in giving one of the exquisite new toiletries, there is a double present—the gift itself, and a subtle compliment. For it is a pleasant thing to be thought of as a woman who appreciates the delicacy and beauty of these creams and powder and lotions. It is satisfying to be known as a woman who knows the value of good grooming and daily care. Whenever a woman unwraps a delightful toilet preparation, watch and see her inner smile of satisfaction!

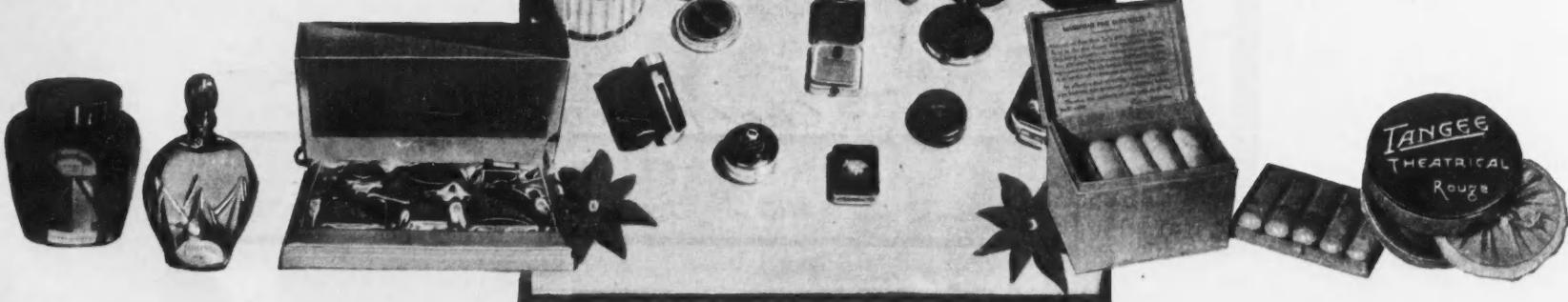
But when you pay a friend the compliment of giving her a beauty gift, pay her the additional thought of discovering what her favorite perfume and make is. So many women buy carelessly and mix delicate perfumes in bath salts, creams and powders with complete indifference. Every woman has her favorite beauty preparations—take the trouble to discover them and bring her more of them. [Continued on page 36]



Cutex is one of the most popular manicure sets and the Christmas gift boxes come in a number of sizes to fit any pocketbook's requirements. In the group above are also included some of the decorative jars of cream from Pond's, Daggett and Ramsdell, Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Pompeian, and Boncilla.



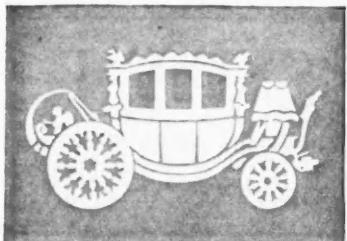
Powders, compacts, lipsticks, rouge—a host of ideas grouped here for your guidance, include those from Armand, D'Orsay, Dorothy Gray, Yardley, Helena Rubinstein, Pompeian, Gourard, Boncilla, and other famous lines—all distinctive gifts.



Your
Beauty Problems

Annabelle Lee will give personal advice to anyone who writes her concerning their own good-looks problems. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a personal reply.

GROWTH OF AN IDEA



Let an idea, however vague, catch hold of a man's mind, and no one can tell to what it may lead. As the ripples from a pebble dropped into water will travel in ever widening circles across the whole surface of the pool, what seems but an incident may produce effects that touch the very limits of human life.

When Watt observed the power of steam to lift the lid of the kettle, he conceived the mere thought that this principle might be put to practical use. But, as a result, came the steam engine; then through variations and extensions, the machine age. In consequence, not only economic conditions but the world's whole social and political aspect has been changed.

Something of this same thing began with the coming of Fisher Bodies. It would be absurd to say that closed-body development ever equalled in importance the development of the automobile itself. But the auto-

mobile without a closed body was but a short-season sporting turnout, not a year-round conveyance needed or even desired by the people as a whole.

Then Fisher, believing that closed bodies were practical, proved its belief. The attitude toward the automobile changed. Thousands who never desired a car before now wanted one. The new demand opened the way to new production methods. Cost per car, in consequence, went steadily down. The lower the prices reached, the larger the market grew; the larger the market, the lower the prices. The endless chain was welded.

So, too, with Fisher itself, one result has followed another. The success of its basic ideas has opened, year after year, new avenues for the development of resources and facilities which, in turn, have again and again advanced the possibilities of Fisher achievement. True to the laws of cause and effect, Fisher Bodies are finer every year . . . and by the same laws you can expect them to be still finer in the future.





What Will a Baby Need?

by MARGARET LAINE

WHEN preparing for an expected visit from the stork, the young and inexperienced prospective mother is apt to be in some perplexity as to what to provide. As far as the actual confinement is concerned, there need be no concern about the matter. If it is to take place in hospital, everything will be furnished, while, if it is to be at home, the physician in charge of the case will give a list of his requirements.

The things that are really necessary to prepare—in addition, of course, to the baby's clothes—are those that will be needed when the mother herself takes charge of that most important of all rites, the bathing and dressing of her baby.

The usual plan is to have a large, flat basket in which to place all the things that will be required. These baskets may be purchased quite inexpensively and can then be lined with some pretty material in either pale pink, pale blue or any other color that may be preferred. If several little pockets are arranged at the sides and a pincushion is included, they will add greatly to the convenience. Sometimes a separate lining of thin, white muslin is placed over the colored material. This is adjusted upon an elastic or tape drawstring and can be easily removed for laundering. When such a covering is used, the pockets would be made in this and not in the colored lining beneath. A lid should also be provided, to exclude the dust. This may be a part of the wicker basket, or a cover may be made of the material.

Having this dainty container in readiness, we will now see with what it should be stocked.

In the pincushion should be placed several needles, threaded with white thread, for use in sewing the flannel binder into position, if the binder is to be sewn—a question which will be taken up later; some safety pins—rustless, strong and of good size—for pinning the diaper, and also some tiny gilt safety pins.

There should be a pair of scissors, a cake of pure Castile (unscented) soap, a square of fine, soft flannel or jersey material for use as a washcloth and a baby's soft hair brush. In a glass jar, which should be kept carefully covered, there should be a supply of plain sterilized gauze or soft linen cloth cut into tiny squares of about two inches in diameter. These are to be used for cleansing the eyes and mouth in a manner to be explained later. There should also be others of a larger size—about four inches square—of linen or lint, for placing over the navel when necessary. A jar of good talcum powder should be provided, with pieces of absorbent cotton to use instead of a powder puff.

A bottle of pure olive oil is a necessity and also one of boracic acid lotion. This lotion is for dropping into the eyes and may be procured from any drug store or may be

made at home very cheaply in the following manner. To one cup of boiling water add one half-teaspoonful of boracic acid. Stir this until it is thoroughly dissolved. It must be kept free from dust in a tightly corked bottle, from which a small quantity is poured into a saucer or other container as required for use. The olive oil should also be used in the same manner.

A rubber apron may be required and also a flannel one, if the mother desires to dress the baby upon her lap. This flannel apron may be made at home very simply by taking one width of wide flannel of the required length and making a half-inch hem at both ends. Into one of these hems a tape is passed and the apron slightly gathered up as it is tied round the waist. A few stitches in the centre of this hem will prevent the tape from being drawn out during the process of laundering.

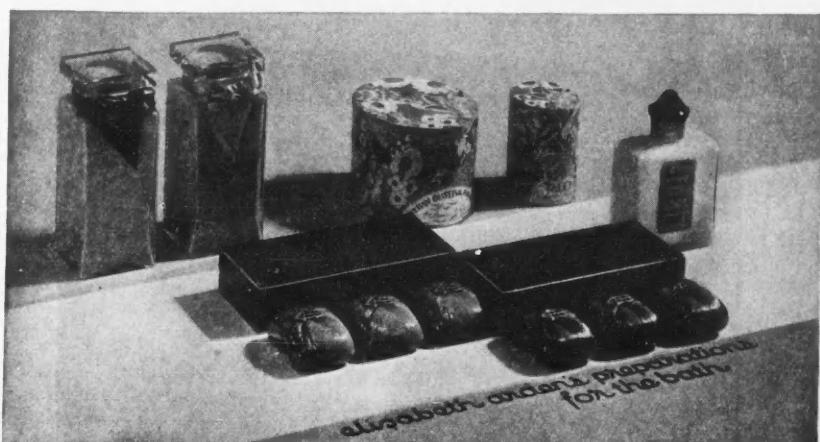
The English method of bathing the baby is to have the bath placed upon a stool of convenient height in front of the mother, while she dresses and undresses the child upon her lap. It is necessary that the chair upon which she is seated should be quite low, so that there may be no sloping of the knees; and if no low nursing chair is at hand it is advisable to have a few inches sawn off the legs of an ordinary kitchen chair. A comfortable padded cushion may then be made and tied securely to the seat.

In the United States, the bath is usually placed upon a table—generally the kitchen table, when there is no room set apart as a nursery—and the baby lies there, upon a padding of folded blanket or towels, during the process of dressing or undressing. If the mother is so nervous that there is the possibility of her letting the baby roll from her knee, the table is the better plan, but when she has become accustomed to the task it is preferable for her to be comfortably seated rather than to remain standing. If no table is available the bed is sometimes used for this purpose, a rubber sheet being first spread over it as a protection.

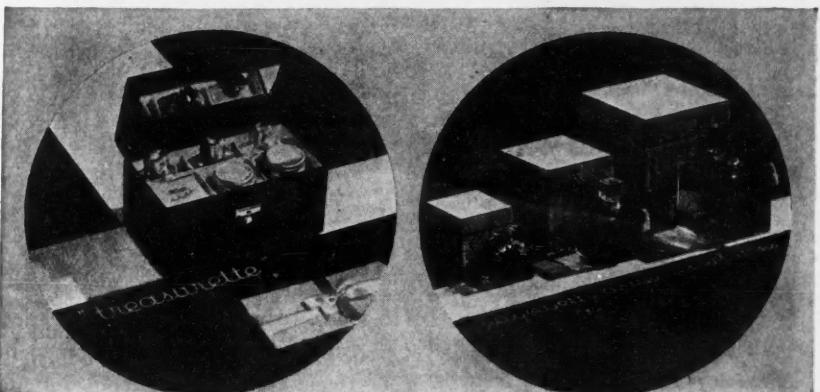
A combined bath and table which has lately been placed upon the Canadian market is very convenient for those who prefer to have the baby upon a table. It consists of an enamel bath raised upon a stand to a convenient height, with a plug and rubber tubing to facilitate emptying—on much the same principle as a washing machine. A square table, made of a frame covered with canvas, is arranged upon hinges so that it may, by the touch of the hand, be spread over the bath to form a table for the dressing or undressing, or may be turned back to stand upright behind it. Being of canvas, it is soft and therefore does not require to be padded and, should it become soiled, can be washed very easily.

a Beautiful Gesture

There is one gift that no woman has ever refused: Beauty. It is not a gift of a day, nor of a season. Beauty is forever cherished.* There is one woman whose name is known the world over. *Elizabeth Arden has made Woman more beautiful.* Her life's work can be found within the bottles, jars and packages which bear her name. To give one of these is to give beauty. A woman could not hope for more. It is the beautiful gesture.

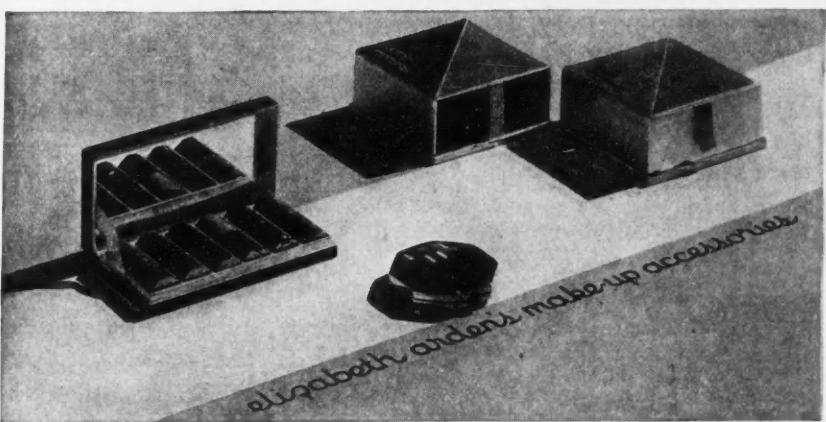


*LUXURIES FOR THE BATH...The two lovely glass jars contain Powdered Bath Salts scented with Ambre, Allamanda, Jasmine, Rose Geranium or Russian Pine. \$5 the jar. In the gaily colored boxes are Venetian Dusting Powder, \$3, and Snowdrift Talcum, \$1. Rose geranium scented. \$3. Three large cakes of delicately fragrant Elizabeth Arden Soap, in a box that will make a charming jewel case afterwards, are a fascinating gift. Jasmine, Allamanda or Ambre scented. \$3 for three cakes.



* TREASURETTE...all the essentials of an Elizabeth Arden treatment in a small leather case. \$16, \$18. Miss Arden's Famous Beauty Boxes, come in a wide diversity of sizes, fittings and preparations, and range in price from \$3.85 to \$135.

* ELIZABETH ARDEN'S FIVE FRAGRANCES ...L'Amour, Le Rêve, Mon Amie, La Joie and L'Elan...are incomparably delightful. In many sizes, priced from \$15 to \$125. The twin box contains a combination of any two of the Five Fragrances. \$6.



* ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MAKE-UP ACCESSORIES...The Arden Lipstick Ensemble, containing six smooth, indelible lipsticks in six smart shades, is the sensation of the year. The Ensemble, \$7.50. Each lipstick, \$1.50. Poudre d'Illusion, in seven becoming shades, is \$3 the box. The Ardenette, in black and silver, is \$4 for the single compact and \$5 for the double.

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ASHES of ROSES

THE PERFUME OF HAPPINESS
★ A BOURJOIS CREATION

As effective as gay music, pleasing colors, or a perfect dancing partner, in charming away sadness, Ashes of Roses is the most tenderly wistful and personal Parfum. Known as the "Perfume of Happiness" it gives one a sense of radiant content.

Dainty French Flacon . . . \$1.00
Larger Sizes . . . \$3.00 and \$4.50

POUDRE ROUGES CREAMS
LIPSTICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors

PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL



Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

SUCH irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and look! That always happens when girls use Blondex. This special shampoo makes blonde hair sparkle with new beauty, new gleam and lustre! Prevents darkening—safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A Blondex blonde is always in demand. At all drug and department stores.

Bewitching EYES



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe, making them appear longer. Harmless and easy to use. A touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids will add depth, beauty and "expression." Form the brows with the clean, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—then you will have re-made your eyes into soulful pools of loveliness. Insist upon the genuine—preferred by millions for over fifteen years.

Maybelline

EVERY CHRISTMAS I explore with delight the new toiletries of the manufacturers. But I do believe this year that they are more fascinating than ever before. And the prices have been designed to be within the spending powers of any woman. If you want to spend just a little—there are exquisite little gifts that bespeak a personal realization of a woman's love of the beautiful. And you can grade your choice up to the fabulously lovely gifts that seem designed for a fairy princess.

I noticed in this morning's paper that Miss Baden-Powell, daughter of the famous Scout chief, on her tour through Canada said that she believed that "Canadian housekeepers were the best in the world. You have such lovely things," she said, "but more than that you know how to take care of them, and you are proud of caring for them to the best of your ability."

We all acknowledge that we are proud of being good housekeepers. I wonder how many of us are proud of being well groomed. How can we take such diligent care to see that our windows are shining in the sun—and let our hands be rough and uncared for? How can we brush our carpets every day—and let our hair become dull and ragged?

Since we feel that the daily care of the skin, hair, hands, nails and general health is of the greatest importance in every woman's life, there is no greater compliment we can pay a friend than by realizing that she is vitally interested in her personal grooming, and by choosing our Christmas gift from among the many available beauty preparations.

But don't do it carelessly. Most of us, by this time, appreciate the value of following the manufacturer's directions and using the same line of toiletries for every phase of our grooming. Who wants to be careless with the delicate perfumes? Why use lavender in the bath salts, an oriental perfume in the creams, and another one still in the powders, and set these fragile perfumes warring against each other?

Add to your compliment of a dainty gift the compliment of taking a little care and finding out what line of toiletries your friend prefers, and what perfumes she uses. Then select your gift accordingly.

What fun you'll have shopping among the new gifts in powders and creams and perfumes! It's a delight just to handle these new beauty aids. Notice how gaily the

bottles and jars are designed. They will make a decorative row on any dressing table. I have a bottle of astringent before me now—a pale rose fluid in a pale blue bottle tied in a deeper blue ribbon. The effect is charming—I want to design an entire bedroom around that single bottle!

Compacts are constantly being perfected. The vogue for loose-powder compacts meant

a great deal of experimenting, but the new ones are very serviceable—and very smart indeed. Those designed for evening wear are particularly interesting. Lipsticks, too, are appearing in all manner of gay guises. One of the new lipsticks introduces a brand new idea in a simple mechanism which makes it possible to open and shut it with one hand.

Another lovely beauty line has designed its boxes in a moss-green that is very distinctive. But the most interesting development is the little roll on top of the powder box, which lifts the lid off with the greatest ease. This same little roll is used on the perfume box as well. A simple "gadget"—but many women will bless the designers for the inspiration.

THE best of choosing gifts from among the many toiletries available is, as I say that they will fit into any scheme of budgeting. Individual jars of beauty lotions, vanishing and massaging creams, make the gayest little gifts on their own; but, in addition, groups in two or three or four pieces have been gathered into gift boxes that make very lovely presents.

A happy thought in a gift box would be to include a toilet soap, powder and jar of perfume. Another might combine an astringent—which every woman should have these days, without fail—and a beauty cream. One of the most famous beauty boxes is a marvel of luxury with every step in the preparation for beauty included. I have photographed one of these boxes among our gift ideas.

They are a dream of delight. I have one before me as I write—designed in rose and white. A square rose tin, with a padlock, opens to reveal every possible beauty need, from layers of white cotton batten tied with broad rose ribbon, through the range of astringents, eye lotions, hand lotions, day and night creams, powders, eyelash darkener and brush and so on. What sheer delight to own one! These boxes come in several sizes.

[Continued on page 54]



The new Dorothy Gray Manicure set has been modelled after an antique Chinese snuff bottle set.



Beautiful Shoulders

soft, velvety to the touch and with an alluring, fascinating appearance that will not streak, spot, rub off or show the effects of perspiration.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

White, Flesh and Rachel Shades

STYLE

has been the predominating thing with women down through countless ages ever since Mother Eve started her fig leaf fashion thousands of years ago. To keep up with the styles of today is an expensive proposition, but the modern girl must be properly frocked for every occasion!

No need to worry about expense!

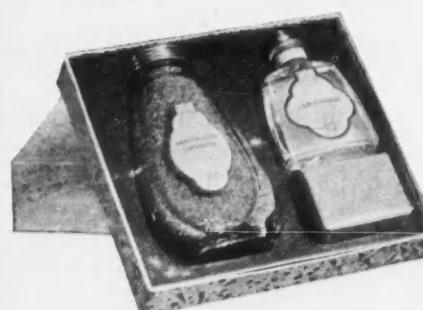
Do as hundreds of other girls are doing—join our Chatelaine Club for Girls today! You will be surprised at the fine income you can earn by pleasant, dignified, part time work introducing Canada's National Magazine for Women, *The Chatelaine*, to your friends. Write.

The Secretary,
THE CHATELAINE CLUB FOR GIRLS,
Room 317, 153 University Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

DON'T Trifle WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you chew it.

Feen-a-mint



Vinolia preparations with the delightful Old English lavender perfume in bath salts, toilet water and soap, are packed in a lavender box.



Pore-deep cleanser, nourishing lotion and astringent obtainable in an attractive box, make up another very welcome gift in the Ambrosia products.

What Does the Congregation Expect of a Minister's Wife?

Continued from page 12

person—her best friend, too—only one person, but it was enough! There were tears and recriminations, a meeting of the session, and general high jinks. No row in a choir ever made more commotion.

The matter of visiting sometimes troubles the placid waters in a congregation. In the old days when the minister and his wife drove out through the country in their covered buggy with a checked lap robe, it was a great occasion for the families visited, and if the minister had the tact to say on Sunday which direction they were likely to come during the week, that intimation ensured a fine supper with boiled ham plentifully studded with cloves and washed with brown sugar, to say nothing of railroad cake, and marble cake, and lemon cookies. And there were reading and prayers after supper, and searching questions asked the younger members of the family.

But now the visiting is a more casual matter, and in a big congregation it is only the sick or strangers who should be visited regularly. I do not think the well people can reasonably expect to be visited. It becomes their privilege to invite the minister and his wife to a meal, and I do not think the minister's wife need feel that all these debts must be paid in kind.

Sometimes it happens that a minister's wife in a country parish feels the lack of the amenities of life, and does not conceal the fact that she is a bit sorry for herself. I knew one who began many sentences with these words: "Before I married a poor parson—." The congregations to which her husband ministered soon wearied of it, and her husband was known as the "Poor Parson." The sad part of it was that she was really a very

devoted and conscientious woman, determined to do her duty, but she had the unforgivable fault—she was a bore; and it is better to be a shoplifter than a bore if you would get on with people.

But I cannot write about the minister's wife without prejudice. I have seen so many of them, and know what they are doing. I know how cheerfully they set to work to fix up the drab little parsonages with their splintery floors, and doors that will not open and shut. (They may do one, but not both.) I know how merrily they accept the uproarious paper the Ladies Aid have just put on the living room. (Pretty paper costs no more, and they might have waited until she came, but they didn't. They said they wanted to have it all done to surprise her.) And if they have put in a new sink which is too low for comfort, she takes it all in her stride and makes the best of it. And she is not envious or unhappy because many of the homes in the congregation are finer than hers, for she knows a home is not made of wood, or paint, or mohair, or brass.

When I think of the minister's wife, I think of these gallant women I have known in the small towns and country places, in whose best bed rooms I have slept and at whose hospitable tables I have eaten. I have seen them comforting the sorrowing, advising the erring, and heartening the discouraged ones ready to quit. I know something of their hopes and their fears and their labors of love, and I know that, though they wear no priestly robes and no acolytes attend them, they are really the High Priestesses of the temple of this young nation—that invisible temple which is rising without the sound of hammer and saw.

These Modern Mothers

Continued from page 13

children because they believe that both the children and parents must have their chance at economic security and happiness. And you must remember that many of them are helping support their homes and having their babies too.

PERHAPS the most modern mother I know of, was a girl who, prior to her marriage, was scientific research worker in the economic department of a bank. She is a society girl, very active socially, and during the years of her social success she was known among her friends as a very independent and free-thinking type of girl. When she suddenly married, it was agreed that her ideas had come to nothing, and that she had simply "settled down."

But both husband and wife are extremely interested in the problem of heredity versus environment—that is, which has a greater influence upon the life of a child, its own upbringing or the background of its parents.

When she went to the hospital to give birth to her first child one of the nurses told her of a baby just born whose unwed mother had died. She immediately got the idea that she would like to adopt the orphan child and bring it up along with her own, and so the arrangement was made and the record kept in the hospital.

At her request she was not to see the record until the children were seventeen years of age. Her husband readily gave his consent, and everyone is interested in the great adventure she has made of her motherhood.

Of course, it is too early yet to know what will happen but this is an indication of how a decidedly modern woman is using the opportunity of motherhood to contribute something. Imagine an old-fashioned woman doing such a thing as this!

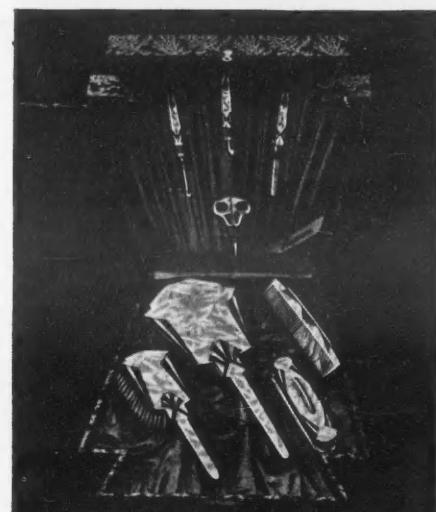
The modern girl knows that she can be a better mother to a few children, and that in this manner alone can both the children and parents have their chance at economic security and happiness. Yet you cannot pin

the small family on the modern girl alone, for my own mother belonged to the youth of the Eighteen-eighties, and she had but one child. Her mother had but four. And that little grandmother of mine belonged right in modern times if leaving her mother to take care of her babies and enjoying herself would put her there.

On the other hand I know one society woman who is very smart, the wife of a really great man, who has six children. They live quite simply and dramatically with those six children, as involved with them as if they were poor and in another age. They have found that this way lies happiness.

ANOTHER extremely pretty young ex-college girl who gave up a successful career and has no maid, has three babies that she worries about and discusses and plans for in exactly the same fashion older mothers did. I really don't see much difference in the young mothers of now and those of another time, except perhaps that the modern mothers raise their children from day to day in a more scientific attitude, more in accord with what the modern physician himself advises and believes. But there again it is—the times. I don't believe there are many girls who are extremists in hospital-like child culture. I know that though I am very careful of what my boy eats, of what he reads, and of the impressions he absorbs, I do not do it by rote, but because that is the way I think. I rocked him to sleep when he was very new sometimes because I wanted to. Now he goes to sleep by himself as easily as if he had never been rocked.

I don't think the modern young mother deliberately thinks of disciplining her baby's routine for the single purpose of obtaining more selfish time to herself. I think she just cleverly manages to accomplish that, and that is the very marvel of her. She manages to get more into a day: time for careers, husbands and babies because the



New Ideas for Christmas Gifts

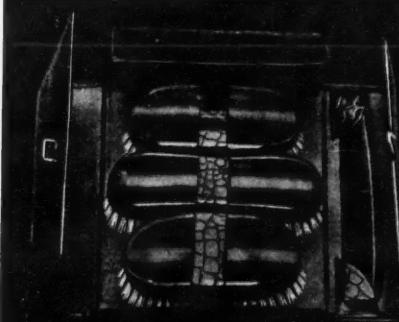
KEYSTONE toileware, in beautiful sets or individual pieces, is one of the richest and most practical gifts you can choose for anyone. At the lower left is the Cleopatra design. Lower right shows a mirror in Ophelia pattern. Two of many beautiful Keystone designs. Made in five subtle shades of natural pearl, rose, green, blue or maize, French plate glass in mirrors. Long, first quality bristles in brushes.

SUGGESTIONS

For her—a complete set, or two or three individual pieces of genuine Keystone toileware. Sets are richly boxed in silk-lined modernistic containers.

For him—a travelling set of Keystone Military brushes, cloth brush and comb, in smart case. A real man's gift. In ebony, or tortoise shell.

See the complete line of exquisite Keystone toileware creations at your jewellry, drug, department or leather goods store, in sets or single pieces.



Keystone

BRUSHES
MIRRORS
COMPLETE
TOILET SETS

Cleopatra Design

STEVENS-HEPNER CO. LIMITED
PORT ELGIN - - - ONTARIO

Ophelia Design

LIKE DIRTY FINGERNAILS

Domestic Hands

MAKE WOMEN SELF-CONSCIOUS



HANDS that are chapped and rough and red with exposure and work speak volumes to the quick appraising eye.

No woman can hide them. No woman who has them can help feeling self-conscious, miserable in the presence of others whose approval she values.

Domestic Hands people call them. But they are really neglected hands.

Why submit to such humiliation when it is so unnecessary? With just a little care it is so easy to have hands as soft, white, and lovely, as a queen's.

A Special Hand Lotion that Makes Domestic Hands Impossible

It is easy to avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands. To keep your hands always young and beautiful just smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times a day.



Trade Mark Registered in Canada

HINDS honey and almond CREAM

Women and their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* mirrors activities of women working for the development of their communities



Madame Blanchard



Mrs. Charles Constantine

IN REVIVING the handicrafts of her Acadian ancestors, Madame Blanchard has added an interesting and profitable industry to the village of Caraquet, N.B. Each year at the Provincial Exhibition in Saint John, the booth occupied by her with spinning wheel and loom, attracts the attention of many visitors.

In 1917 with a spinning wheel and one hand loom she began weaving linen and cotton towels. When placed on sale the curiosity shown concerning them encouraged her to go on, and in 1920 she bought two power looms and three hand looms and started to work on a much larger scale. This year she has ten girls working in her shop and several working in their homes, but Madame Blanchard personally supervises all the work done. Hooked rugs made to order, using any design chosen by the customer, have become an important branch of the business.

Madame Blanchard is a member of the Advisory Board of the Women's Institutes of New Brunswick, and is director of Institute work in the counties on the North Shore.



Olive Isaacs



Mrs. Mary Squire

A YOUNG woman who sailed a mission to China in 1926, has returned to do admirable missionary work in her own country. Miss Olive Isaacs has been in charge of the work among the women and children of the foreign-born congregation at the Church of All Nations, Montreal, for the past two years. There are twelve races represented in her flock, and the task of co-ordinating the interests of such a varied group is no small one. The church services of each racial group are conducted by a minister of the same race.

Patience, sympathy and understanding are characteristic of the young directress. Miss Isaacs is very popular with her young and older charges, and since her appointment the work has progressed amazingly. The church is under the auspices of the United Church of Canada, and under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Katsunoff, has practically doubled its congregation. Incidentally, Miss Isaacs recently became Mrs. C. E. French.

MRS. CHARLES CONSTANTINE is a pioneer Canadian woman. She went out to the Red River district in 1872 as a child with her father, Captain Edward Armstrong, one of the officers in the Wolseley Expedition, who settled in the neighborhood of Fort Garry. When very young she married another officer, afterward Major Constantine, superintendent of the North West Mounted Police, and with him went to the lonely places of the West and North. She was with her husband at Fort Constantine during the gold rush to the Klondyke and has thrilling tales to tell of the great days of the 'nineties.

After her husband's death she went to live at Kingston, Ontario, and did valiant service for her country during the World War. She is a life member of the Canadian Red Cross and a member of the local I.O.D.E., of which she was formerly a regent. Recently she has presented her fine collection of Indian and Eskimo curios to Queen's University. Mrs. Constantine is an active gardener and a member of the Horticultural Society which she represents on the Local Council of Women.

A WOMAN of many interests, Mrs. Mary Squire, wife of ex-reeve B. W. Squire of Norwood, Ontario, accomplishes a wide variety of good works. But besides being a prominent figure in the public undertakings of her town and county, she is also very genuinely a homemaker. Mrs. Squire recently finished her twelfth year as regent of the 40th Northumberland Regiment Chapter of the I.O.D.E., and prior to this served two years as viceregent and one year as secretary. In that time this society raised over twelve thousand dollars for patriotic and benevolent purposes.

Mrs. Squire has also served as secretary of the Mothers' Allowance Board for the County of Peterborough, since its inception ten years ago. She takes an active part in political affairs, being president of the local Conservative Association and vice-president of the county organization. In addition to all these important public duties she devotes valuable time to church work, in which she has for many years been president of the Women's Association.

as great harm can come from too many as from too few playthings. At the different age levels it would be wise to select one or two toys or materials that fall under the following classes:

1. Physical exercisers: (Kiddie kars, boxing gloves, etc.).
2. Sense developers: (Xylophone, sand, colored beads).
3. Toys for make-believe: (Dolls, laundry equipment, etc.).
4. Handwork materials: (Paper and scissors, raffia).
5. Building toys: (Blocks, toys, etc.).
6. Games.

Having carefully made your inventory, check the list of toys and play-materials your child already has against the needs of a child his age, as outlined above. Decide which things are to be purchased now as Christmas gifts, and which are to be gradually acquired on the "budget." Keep solely in mind the child's need and do not let yourself be tempted by what is interesting and attractive to you. Spend largely on raw materials—the materials to make things out of, rather than finished products. By such intelligent, informed and planful selection you can be sure you are providing the essential tools for satisfying and educative play—good toys and playthings.

*A Guide to Toys and Play Materials
for Children*

One to Three Months

Rubber ball and doll
Rattle

Three to Six Months

Rubber toys
Spools
Keys on a ring
Aluminum cup and spoon
Paper to crumple
Small ball

Six to Nine Months

Mirror
Wooden beads on a string
Leather reins with bells
Small hand bell
Pie tins and spoons
Clothes pins
Large ball
Bath-tub toys of celluloid
Tinker toys

Nine to Twelve Months

Small drum or Japanese gong
Basket for toys
Stuffed animals
Wooden and rubber dolls

Toys for the Baby beginning to Crawl or Walk

Large balls to roll on the floor
Small kiddie kar
Rocking-chair horses
Floor toys to push and pull; wooden train, etc.
Several brick-sized wooden blocks to push and lift (2 x 4 x 10 inches)
Toys to pull with strings
Doll carriages

Low swing—low enough to touch his feet
Strong chair to sit on and push about

Toys for the Two-Year-Old or Runabout
Sand-box and colored stones, sand toys, pails and molds
Balls: large, soft, wool, etc.
Wooden blocks (4 x 4 x 4 inches) and also more brick-shaped blocks
Spools, rattle with bells, tambourine
Block nest
Washable dolls—rubber or wooden
Linen and heavy cardboard picture books
Wagons

Toys for the Child Two to Five Years

Board swing
Walking beam
Slide
Sled
Wheelbarrow
Train of cars
Broom and snow shovel
Horse reins
Balls of all sizes
Large floor blocks of different shapes
Musical toys
Hammer and nails and soft wood
Colored beads for stringing
Telephone
Bean bags
Dolls—unbreakable, washable
Cooking utensils for dolls
Doll furniture
Laundry equipment for dolls
Stuffed or wooden animals
Tools—real ones
Sand

Toy animals; Humpty Dumpty Circus
Modelling clay, plasticene, paints, chalks, paper, paste, blunt scissors, blackboard
More books

Toys for Children from Six Years on

A child of over six years needs many of the toys already mentioned and others.
Sewing materials
Tools and work bench
Musical instruments
Gymnasium apparatus
Balls
Boxing gloves
Punching bag
Skis, skates, snowshoes
Sleds, wagons
Dolls
Doll furniture
Real cooking sets
Modelling clay
Handwork materials of all kinds
Electric trains, Meccano and Erector sets
Real dishes
Small sewing machine
Small electric iron and other usable laundry equipment
Typewriter
Printing press
Stamp books
Games of all sorts
Globes and maps
Books



IT IS a mark of good taste—and an indication of good judgment to choose a gift which bears a well known name. McBride Around-the-World Baggage is known for its quality and smartness. Giving a piece which bears the McBride trademark is giving the latest, newest and most up-to-date in baggage. This year a whole host of new pieces offer a choice which covers a gift for every giver and every recipient.

Suggestions: For him—the famous Aeropack for men—holds one or two suits in perfect press and all accessories; the Aerokit, a companion piece, matching the Aeropack; also the gladstone, duffel bag, club bag or overnight brief case. For her: The Aeropack for ladies—holds several dresses, without crushing or wrinkling, and all accessories; the dressing case (fitted or plain).

Before choosing your gifts, write for the illustrated booklet of McBride gift pieces. The L. McBride Co. Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

THE FAIRY BEDMAKER

by Cedric Askew

Pine needle, a pretty fairy thread,
A yard of yellow moonbeam,
A length of starry web,
Gold mosses from where violets bloom,
Perhaps a soft bird feather,
Perfumed with the wild red rose—
Then stitched and put together.

For an eiderdown I'll gather
Flowers lit with jewelled glow—
Red and yellow ladies' slipper,
Forget-me-not, and crimson rose;
Poppy touched with stabbing red,
Or white as elfin toes—
And weave them for the bed.

I will have to find a spread.
That must be a bloom of clover
Flattened out, and to it wed
The waistcoat of the bumble-bee—
Half of gold and browny red—
He, I know, will give it me,
To help me with the fairy bed.

MCBRINE
AROUND-THE-WORLD  BAGGAGE

*a
Cooking
Spoon
for you
FREE*

*from
OXO
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*Just send
50 Oxo CUBE
Red Wrappers*

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*Strong 13 inch Aluminum Spoon
(BRITISH MADE)*

*This offer expires
April 30th 1932*

whole world manages to get more into its day—and she is of modern world.

I think my mother the most extraordinary mother I know, and I cannot think I am as splendid a mother as she, no matter how much I try. But I am just as much in earnest about it. But even in another generation my mother was a wonder because of her personality, her understanding. I

admit that without her perhaps I could not manage a happy marriage, keep for myself a loverlike husband, a well-cared-for baby and a career! But I would strain a good many heart and brain nerves trying—and if something had to go it would be the career, though I love it as any man does his.

And I think that's the average modern mother—even the younger ones than I.

What Shall We Give the Children?

Continued from page 30

undesirable habits that form so very easily.

The third rule is that toys must be well designed and durable. Good toys and playthings are more expensive than poorly made ones. Yet the wringer that won't wring, the hammer that breaks at the first hearty whack, the chair that is incorrectly designed and uncomfortable to sit on, the glued furniture that goes to pieces after reasonable use—surely these cannot be called cheap at any price. Children are active and unskilled. If we wish to build up habits of responsibility for the care of toys and materials, we must provide the kind of playthings that will stand real use.

IN MAKING your inventory of playthings, consider the all-round development of the child, physical and mental. That is, there should be some toys that provide physical exercise, some that stimulate sensory development and make-believe, some that encourage building and construction, some for indoor and outdoor play, some that exercise skill and handwork. Having listed what the child already has under the above headings, make a note of what is required to round out his equipment. A brief summary of the major interests and needs of the child, characteristic at different developmental levels, helps to narrow the choice to what will appeal most to the child of any given age, as well as indicate the habits and attitudes that can best be stimulated and exercised at the time.

Very young children, up to the age of ten to twelve months, need things to touch and handle, toys that provide sensory training, things to feel, to hear, to look at, such as rattles, tinker toys, stuffed animals and rubber dolls. The child learning to crawl or walk needs toys that exercise the large leg, arm and trunk muscles, large blocks to pull about, to lift and carry, large balls to roll and run after, large wagons to push and pull, large dolls with simple clothes buttoned on with large buttons to provide practice in this essential detail of self-help. At this period the little child is interested in manipulation for its own sake. He likes to fit together nested blocks, to pile blocks and arrange them. He will sit for a long time pouring sand in and out of pails and molds. Large wooden beads for stringing provide practice in the finer hand co-ordinations. He enjoys noise makers such as tambourines, bells or a wooden xylophone.

As the child becomes more familiar with the things in his environment and acquires better muscular control, his activities become definitely constructive. He not only builds, but plans to build something. From about two and a half years on, he also becomes very interested in imitating the activities he sees going on around him in his home and neighborhood. He will now want household helps like mother's and father's. Brooms, dustpans, dishes, telephones, gardening tools, doll furniture, are all necessary to help him dramatize his everyday experiences. Now is the time when large blocks are indispensable—blocks with which to construct stations, houses, stores, and other interesting "settings" for the toys he has and the life activities he is trying to reproduce. Of these large blocks the child can hardly have too many. Sets of blocks having as the unit the brick-shaped two-inch by four-inch by ten-inch are now available on the Canadian market, but any father who is handy with a saw can make any number of them by sawing a two-by-four plank into ten-inch lengths. The children themselves will delight in doing the

light sandpapering which is desirable to remove any roughness.

In addition to the above the pre-school child will need plenty of handwork materials such as large sheets of drawing paper (12 by 24 inches at least), crayons, paints, clay for modelling, sand, raffia, and such. It is better to buy handwork materials in bulk rather than invest money in the made-up sets which are usually of inferior quality. In connection with handwork materials, the parents must keep in mind that the aim of handwork is to train the eye and hand of the child and develop imagination and give opportunity for self-expression, not to secure finished products, perfect according to adult standards. Perfection and technique will come later, but in the pre-school period we must be careful not to discourage the creative impulse and the child's self-confidence by adult criticism.

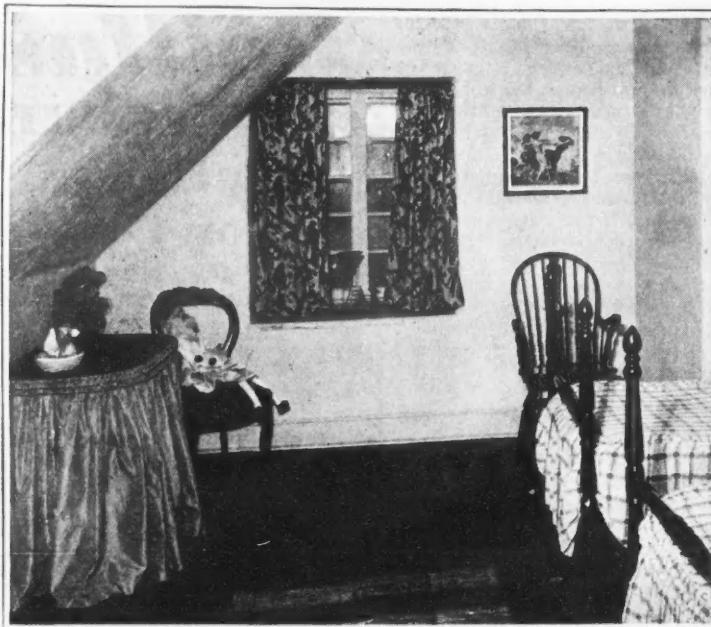
The child of six years and over will make use of the play materials already outlined, but his play with them will be different and he will want other things. The little girl will no longer be satisfied with the bare boards of a house and make-believe furniture. She will now want realistic things to play with—detailed and complete furnishings. She is apt to demand a stove that will really cook, a tub and washboard that she can really wash with. Only durable and worth-while toys should be considered. Choose carefully, buy only a few things, be sure they are good. The growing boy will certainly want some tools like father's, and here again only real tools should be bought. The sets that are offered are usually impractical and a waste of money. Better buy your boy a few good tools at a time and add gradually to the outfit. A camera or scroll saw provides many hours of pleasant and instructive occupation. Musical instruments make very acceptable gifts but only musically good and well-made instruments should be purchased.

THE early school period is a time of competitive play, a time of group interests and of great activity. Provision should be made accordingly. The child will need playthings that encourage physical exercise and provide outlet for his great energy. Punching bags, boxing gloves, gym apparatus for indoor use, and skates, skis, snowshoes, sleds, various wheel toys for outdoor use. Membership in tennis, skating and other clubs is always a welcome Christmas gift. Puzzles and games for group play are quite essential. Collections are popular and often lead to real hobbies and leisure interests later on.

Most boys like mechanical toys and they can be very instructive and a source of real pleasure and interest. The boy who is given an electric train can be encouraged later on to save some of his allowance to buy the many accessories and thus exercise the helpful habit of saving "for something." Meccano and Erector sets encourage ingenuity, planfulness and carefulness.

For the young girl a block printing set to make cards and book plates is a source of constructive pleasure; small but real cooking utensils; a simple cook book; a well fitted sewing-box with book of instructions; dishes large enough to give parties with; a tea set ready to embroider with simple pattern for her doll house; the "makings" of a set of clothes for her doll, with patterns cut to fit; a stamp book for collecting and perhaps two or three rare stamps as a beginning.

It would be very unwise to buy all the toys and playthings listed for any one child,



THE HOME BUREAU

A department to solve our readers' home decoration problems

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I AM enclosing a plan of my house, which is a small one. I have specified the colors I would like to have each of the rooms done in. Could you tell me what shades of each to use and where to use them? What color of curtains should I use? The woodwork is stained a dark brown. The walls will be covered with heavy paper which could be calcimined in plain or stipple effect. I want to re-paint the wood work. The front room will have walnut furniture, and the bed is in walnut finish.

IT IS difficult for me to know whether you have chosen your color schemes wisely until I know the exposures of each room. However, I can tell you what I think of the arrangements you plan on general principles. If you are having the living room in blue, grey and rose, the rose should predominate if it is northern exposure. In this way you might have the walls stippled a French grey, and have your hangings in a bright pattern of rose, taking in blue as a minor shade. Then your rug could be blue. I'd paint the woodwork ivory. It is very smart with French grey on the walls.

Then I think I should try for a little more contrast between the living room and the bedroom. How about green and lavender for the color scheme? Have the walls done in apple green, and your hangings of lavender with a darker green rug. I think I would not have grey here at all.

The yellow and green kitchen would be bright, but I think I would stress the yellow in curtains with the walls a rich ivory, and have linoleum with yellow and green, rather than having another chiefly green room.

Renovating a Bedroom

WE HAVE an apartment and the bedroom is not large, but is a nice size. It holds a four-piece bedroom suite of French walnut. I want new curtains and two small rugs. The windows are casement and I thought of having only the colored drapes and no glass curtains. My bedspread is blue and gold silk, and I have blue and gold boudoir pillows for the bed. I also want to cover my bedroom box, my dressing-table lamp and my bed light.

I WOULD make the following suggestions: A blue and gold stripe artificial silk, either in taffeta or transparent silk effect, in the colors of the bedspread; the bedroom box in ribbed mercerized poplin of the blue shade; two little oddly shaped chairs for either side of the bed in gold, with tie-on

seat cushions of the poplin which covers the box. (By gold I mean the color, of course, not the metallic finish). The lamp could be covered in gold silk bound with blue braid—carrying out the same tones as in curtains, bedspread, etc.

Finish for Floor and Walls

WE ARE planning to paint and decorate our living room, of which I am sending a sketch. What is the best finish for a hardwood floor, newly laid? And I should like an idea on what tint to paint the walls and finish. We have two double windows and a single, but the verandah is wide and we do not get too much sunlight. I think I should like a sunny cream or yellow for walls. And what about the windows? My husband does not like the panels, as he thinks they spoil the view too much. I have just home hooked rugs for the floor.

IN RESPONSE to your recent enquiry to this department, the best finish for hardwood flooring is varnish stain and wax. Several coats of varnish should be applied, two at the least, with sandpapering between each coat. After the final coat, sandpaper again, brush very clean and wax. Polish well.

There is a new product the name of which I am sending you, that is very good for doing walls as it is waterproof and can be washed. I think a pleasant warm tan would be a happy choice of color for the walls, and bright chintz curtains. I agree with your husband that glass curtains spoil the view when there is one. I have none in my country house. Your home-hooked rugs are just the thing for this room.

Blue, Black and Ivory

I WONDER if you could give me any helpful suggestions regarding the decoration of the dining room of my new home. We have a Moorcroft tea set, bright blue speckled with darker blue, which I think should be the chief note in our color scheme. I thought of having ivory woodwork. For the present I will have to be satisfied with a painted drop-leaf table and painted chairs. What color would you suggest? And do you think that tie-on padded seats in color would be nice for the chairs? There will be French doors leading from the dining room to the sunroom, and the only window will be in the south wall. What color and style curtains would you suggest?

Easy as flipping off your apron - - - dessert is ready to serve!

Reach up on your pantry shelf! Take down a can of golden, luscious DEL MONTE Peach Halves. A dessert prepared by Nature herself—with all the fresh appeal of summer.

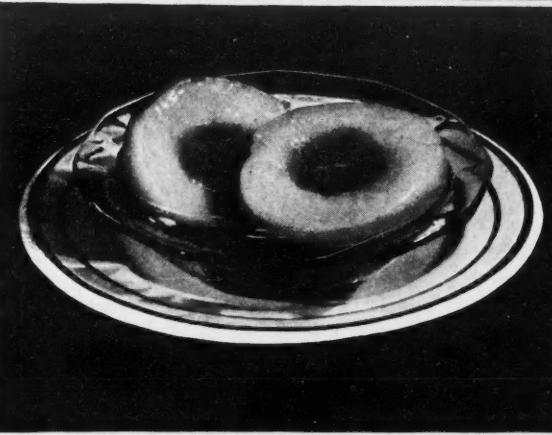
Just remember one thing. DEL MONTE Quality is never a matter of chance. It is the result of scientific care in growing. Of full ripening on the trees. Of exacting selection. Of the most modern equipment, the best in human skill, in every step of the canning process!

Insist on DEL MONTE—for the uniform, high quality your table deserves!



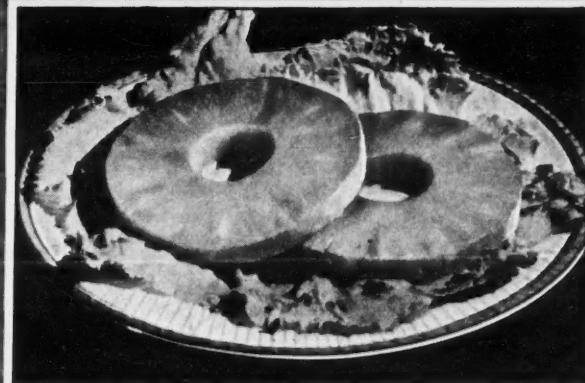
Peach Halves

Packed in 4 handy sizes of tins. In the large No. 2½ can, your choice of Banquet (colossal fruit), Melba (extra-large fruit), or Regular (large) Halves. In the No. 2, No. 1 and Buffet cans, slightly smaller fruit, graded in size to fit the container. DEL MONTE Quality—in every can!



Pineapple

Packed Sliced—for service right from the can, and quick, delicious salads; and Crushed—for instant use in pies, cakes, puddings, sherbets, etc. DEL MONTE Quality—in both.



Pineapple, too!

ONE quality—the BEST

And isn't it really the finer quality and flavor DEL MONTE guarantees—in every can—that makes this tropical delicacy such a favorite on your table?

Here's golden, juicy pineapple at its very best—fully field-ripened, selected fruit—canned, in DEL MONTE's own modern canneries, with all the painstaking care DEL MONTE brings to every operation. A treat you'll enjoy, as often as you serve it. Always delicious, under the DEL MONTE Brand!

Full net weight in
every DEL MONTE
can. One quality—and
only one quality—no
matter where you buy.

Just be sure you get
DEL MONTE



Try THIS CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING old-fashioned in goodness ... easier to make

Better for you to eat, too! This Chocolate Plum Pudding, made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—has every bit of the wonderful old-time flavor of English Plum Pudding. But because it's made the modern way, it's light enough for the whole family, including the youngsters, to eat all they want—one grand feast! Since Knox is gelatine only—free from flavoring, coloring and sugar—all the fruit flavors are there at their glorious best.

You can make this delicious Plum Pudding in only fifteen minutes—and you'll find it surprisingly economical. In addition, there will be enough Knox Gelatine left in the package to make three other dishes on three other days, six portions each. Send for Knox FREE Recipe Books containing hundreds of suggestions.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

(Illustrated) (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling	Gelatine
1 cup milk	½ cup sugar
½ cup cold water	1/3 cup dates
¾ cup currants	½ cup seeded raisins
1 square chocolate	¼ cup nuts
2 egg whites	Few grains salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX

is the real

GELATINE



KNOX GELATINE,
Dept. C., 140 St. Paul St. West, Montreal.
Please mail me, FREE, your two books, "Dainty Desserts and Salads" and "Food Economy".

Name _____
Address _____

Your Own Chocolates

Continued from page 28

To Color and Flavor Granulated Sugar or Desiccated Cocoanut for Decorating

Put into a cup or basin the quantity required, then add a small amount of coloring and flavoring and with a spoon work in the desired amount until thoroughly mixed. Pink flavored strawberry, green flavored peppermint are the most useful.

Puff Cream Centres

1 Pound of granulated sugar
½ Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
¼ Pint of hot water.

Use two quart or larger saucepan, stir until it boils, then wash down sides of saucepan, to remove sugar crystals and boil to 242 degrees Fahr., add one teaspoonful of glycerine, and pour into tin pan or dish which has been sprinkled with water. Leave until it is just warm, then add the white of one egg beaten stiff. Proceed to cream as explained for fondant cream. It should be made into shapes at once as the egg dries out if exposed to the air long. Make up into any flavor desired. May be covered with fondant cream or dark vanilla sweet chocolate.

Opera Cream Centres

1 Pound of granulated sugar
¼ Pound of white corn syrup
¼ Pint of hot water

Use four quart saucepan. Boil to 235 degrees Fahr., then add half pint of fresh cream or one pint of milk. Stir continuously, and boil to 238 degrees Fahr. Pour on tin pan or dish sprinkled with water. Leave until it is just warm, add one teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring, then proceed to cream as before. This takes longer to cream up than the others. Can be used at once. Cover with dark vanilla sweet chocolate.

Peanut Butter Creams

Mix quarter of a pound of fresh peanut butter with three-quarters of a pound of fondant cream; add a little vanilla flavoring, and finish in oblong shapes. Cover with dark vanilla sweet chocolate.

Cocoanut Centres

¾ Pound of white corn syrup
¼ Pound of granulated sugar
¼ Pint of water

Stir until it boils then cook to 238 degrees Fahr. Remove from fire, add teaspoonful of butter, stir in, then mix into it, all the dried desiccated cocoanut it will take. Take small quantities and roll into balls, and lay them in granulated sugar. When firm lift out of sugar and dip in fondant cream, flavored strawberry, colored pink, and when just dipped, roll in granulated sugar or cocoanut, colored pink as above. Do not coat with chocolate.

Maraschino Cherries

Drain as many maraschino cherries as are wanted. Take any quantity of fondant, heat it in a double boiler on a moderate flame. Do not let the water in outer saucepan get hotter than 150 degrees Fahr. Keep well stirred, adding half an ounce of butter or a teaspoonful of pure glycerine. When hot and thinned, add vanilla flavoring if desired. Dip the cherry in the fondant so as to completely cover it. Allow surplus fondant to drain off, and deposit on wax paper.

Leave them until they are set, and then cover with dark vanilla sweet chocolate. The acid in the cherry will soon cause the cream to liquefy.

Chewy Peanut Centres

½ Pound of granulated sugar
½ Pound of white corn syrup
¼ Pint of hot water

Stir to dissolve sugar, boil to 235 degrees Fahr., then add, and stir continuously two ounces of butter, and eighth teaspoonful of salt. Boil to 248 degrees Fahr., then remove from fire and add three-quarters of a pound of roasted peanuts, which have been warmed, stir them in only to mix, then pour into pan well greased with lard. When nearly cold cut in three-quarter inch squares with large butcher knife and cover with dark vanilla sweet chocolate. Quarter of a pound of honey may be used in place of that amount of corn syrup if desired.

Chewy Butterscotch Centre

1 ¼ Pounds of granulated sugar
½ Pound of honey
½ Pound of white corn syrup
¼ Pint of water

Stir to dissolve sugar, boil to 235 degrees Fahr., then add quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir continuously and boil to 248 degrees Fahr., remove from fire and add half a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Pour into lard-greased pan, and when cool cut into squares, and cover with dark vanilla sweet chocolate.

Cocoanut or Walnut Truffles

Dip a plain vanilla centre in milk chocolate coating, then before it dries, roll each piece in desiccated cocoanut, either plain or colored as above, so that it sticks to the chocolate. Walnuts finely chopped may be used instead of cocoanut. Chopped nuts added to the chocolate coating before dipping make a nice finish to many kinds of creams.

Solid Chocolate Shapes

Prepare milk chocolate coating as for dipping. When of the right consistency and temperature, put into a cloth or pastry bag with a small tin rose icing tube in the end. Force the chocolate through on to the wax paper in small fancy shapes, such as buds, roses, or sticks about two inches long, leave until firm. Some of the pieces may be sprinkled with the granulated sugar, flavored and colored as above. If the chocolate seems too thin, a little fine powdered sugar can be added to make it work better.

Chocolate Wafer

Melt three-quarters of a pound of milk chocolate coating in double boiler, then add quarter of a pound of corn flakes, two ounces of seedless raisins, two ounces of desiccated cocoanut. With a table form work this thoroughly in the saucepan, until all is completely covered. Stir as lightly as possible so as not to crush the corn flakes more than can be helped. To vary, chopped dates, walnuts and peanuts can be substituted and puffed rice or wheat may be used instead of the corn flakes. Substituting half bran flakes for half the corn flakes makes this article one of the most nourishing health foods which can be obtained, in a very attractive form.

Finish, by dropping in little lumps on to wax paper, using a teaspoon.



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COCONUT LAYER CAKE

(3 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

A-31M

The Dog Lovers

Continued from page 9

ONE day, about a month after Fangs' arrival, a bomb burst. Thelma, leaning on her elbows after her accustomed fashion at the breakfast table, full sleeves falling back from dimpled rounded arms—Thelma burst a bomb.

"Galt, I've been thinking. I believe we'll have to get rid of Fangs."

Galt dropped his knife and stared at her in stupefaction.

"Get rid of Fangs, Thelma. Fangs!"

"Yes. Oh, the dog's all right and I know he likes you, but he's simply spoiling home for all the others. They're afraid of him. Haven't you noticed it?"

Galt admitted that he had noticed it.

"Well, that can't go on, you know. What is home for if it's not for the puppies?"

"For me, perhaps," suggested Galt with a bitter smile.

Thelma laughed dutifully. Then, returning to the fray, "We can send him over to father's. Then you can see him sometimes, if you want to."

"But, Thelma . . ."

"He cramps the style of all the other dogs," said Thelma, lightly but firmly. "I simply can't have it. I've been intending for some time to do something about it and now I—"

"Thelma!" Galt burst forth, "you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"You—you don't know what that dog means to me. My very own dog. The first I ever had. Your gift!"

"Oh, as to that, I'll give you another, Galt. Don't be unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! What would you think if I wanted to send your dog away? One of them?"

"Oh, that," said Thelma, "would be unreasonable. My puppies. My precious puppies. Muvver's precious, precious, 'ittle puppy-wuppies! Not much!"

"Just so. You'd deprive me of my dog—my one dog; but if I—"

"But, Galt, you know how I love dogs."

"You bet I do."

His words, long held back, poured forth in a torrent.

"You love dogs so that I've become a dog for your sake; and you've treated me like a dog. No thought for my comfort; no casual wonder as to what I might, or might not, want in my home. Just another dog. But one thing you did do for me. You gave me Fangs. And he comforted me and made up to me a little for all that you had promised to be—and hadn't been. And now—and now you want to take even that from me, even that!"

"Have you finished?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said dully.

"Well, then, I'll talk now. You're making a mountain out of a molehill. I'm not taking Fangs from you; you can see him every day if you want. You can take him for a walk after business, just as you do now."

"Oh, yes; that's a nice way to have your dog, isn't it?"

"It's the only way. I like Fangs well enough. But the other dogs don't. He's in the way."

"So am I, perhaps."

"Don't be absurd. And don't let us waste any more time talking about Fangs. He's got to go. It's arranged."

"Arranged!" he said, an ominous note in his voice.

But Thelma did not notice.

"Yes," she said blithely, "I'm taking him to father's today."

Galt rose.

"Thelma," he said, "you can unarrange that arrangement. Fangs stays here."

"What? Galt, I'm sorry but it can't be helped. Fangs has got to go."

"Has he? Then I've got to go."

"You mean to say—"

"Just that."

"You'd leave me for a dog?"

Galt's laughter was hollow.

"You wouldn't leave me for a dog—oh, no. Not for five dogs!"

"Galt," Thelma's voice was exasperated. "I don't know what to make of you."

The door closed very quietly behind her husband of six months odd. Thelma frowned, tapped her foot smartly a few times, rang for the maid.

"Katie," she said pleasantly, "I'll be out for lunch. Fangs is going to stay with my father after this, and I'm taking him over."

"What? Mr. Fanning's dog?"

"Yes," said Thelma, a slight casing of ice filming her voice. "We've decided, but no matter. I'll be back for dinner at seven."

At seven that evening Galt had not put in an appearance. Thelma waited ten minutes, then told Katie to serve.

"Sulking," was her mental comment.

Ten—eleven—twelve—no Galt!

AT NINE, the following morning, Thelma telephoned to her father.

"Well, dad, how's Fangs?" she asked blithely.

"Fangs? Why, daughter, didn't you know? Galt came here yesterday at five and took Fangs away. Said he'd decided to keep him at the lodge."

"At the lodge!"

"Why, yes. Didn't he tell you?"

"No. There was so much else to—Well, see you soon, dear. Good-by!"

She dressed hastily, took her little



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away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you've an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis.

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IT SOUNDS to me as though you are going to have a very attractive little dining room.

My suggestion would be that you paint the dining room furniture glossy black, and have the woodwork ivory as you plan. Then for the curtains, a kind of "Moorcroft" chintz—blue with some tomato and rich henna in it. I'd simply put a long valance across those windows you have sketched, and have two side curtains only. If you do want glass curtains, have them cream or ivory fishnet, quite coarse. Tie-on cushions of blue, the color of the china, would be adorable—particularly if you pipe them with henna or copper color.

The Cellar Playroom

HOW can I "fix up" my children's playroom so that they won't want to play elsewhere when the rainy days are on us? The room is a large oblong one in the basement, with smooth boarded walls and ceiling. There is only one window in the centre of the outside wall, and my worst problem is light. I have had two lights put in, but do not wish to have need of them in daylight. Can you suggest a finish for the walls which I can apply myself? I have blue and white checked linoleum on the floor, and a fine blackboard on the wall facing the window. As the children (four of them) range from four to eight years, it is quite a task to keep them quietly yet thoroughly amused on dull days. The room is unattractive, and I wouldn't stay there myself, if I were one of them!

I SHOULD suggest that you get a new product, the name of which I am sending you, for the walls of your children's playroom. It offers a good variety of colors and can be applied by a home workman. My suggestion for a color scheme would be a yellow or pumpkin tan and little scatter rag rugs of blue and tan. Then cut out interesting pictures from the magazines, covers and so on, and glue them on the wall at a child's eye level, varnishing them over for permanency. They will make an interesting frieze. Get a bright fantastic chintz for the windows, taking in blue and tan.

How about a sand box for amusement? And a little cheap phonograph with unbreakable records? The children can be taught their first music this way. Also did you ever hear of "The Bubble Books?" They are little books with the well-known child rhymes and records that sing them—very amusing.

Removing Table Stains

I HAVE been unfortunate in having hot plates set on my solid walnut dining room table. I would appreciate it very much if you could suggest something I could use to remove the white spots they have left.

IF YOUR table has a high glazed polish you must be very careful with it. Hot vinegar will sometimes remove the white spots on such a finish, followed with a good furniture polish and rubbing.

If the table has not a high glaze, you may apply a very little powdered pumice mixed with salad oil, rubbing the spot gently. Then wax and rub.

These are nasty things to work with, but sometimes they may be entirely eradicated.

MY LITTLE girl's bedroom has blue walls and the woodwork is ivory. She insists on having her furniture in pink. This is where I am finding trouble. I have an old linoleum rug that I want to enamel for the floor and I can't decide on a color. I have thought of blue, but what shade? The floor is varnished, stained in walnut and I would like to leave the border around the rug in the walnut color. What do you think would be suitable for drapes? I thought of plain or coin spot ivory voile for the window facing east, with a valance of the same material as is used on the dresser. Do you think a small patterned print in pink would be suitable for drapes? The double bed is walnut finished and I do not want to change the color. The bedspread is white, but I could tint it to whatever shade you thought best.

I WOULD suggest that you give the rug in question two good paint coats of blue, allow to dry and then varnish. If I were you I would not leave a border, but would have one or two little rugs—crocheted rag rugs, or hooked—one for the dresser and one for the bedside, taking in blue and pink among other pastel colors. If you decide to use a coin-dot in the curtains, do not use an over-drape. However, if the undercurtains are plain a little pink print would be very happy in the room, for plain expanses of pink and blue need some break of pattern. The bedspread could be dipped pink, and perhaps worked around the border with a blue design in wool. This would be broad work and done fast.

Color Arrangement

I AM moving into a small house which is painted a deep cream, more like a pale yellow, with the woodwork brown. I should surely like your advice as to some kind of color arrangement. I thought of a chesterfield in tapestry on a blue color, a carpet, a spinet walnut desk, and a gateleg table. Do you think a color showing green would be nice?

My husband would like one room made as a den, but as I would need an extra room in case of visitors, I thought of getting an oak library set and a couch or some kind of day-bed that I could pull down if necessary.

I SUGGEST that you get a dark blue chesterfield without definite pattern, and use chintz for your windows. If you like green, you can get it in the curtaining pattern, and it will go well with the blue chesterfield, provided it is light and bright enough. Then you can have a number of cushions of the same shade of green. You do not mention your rug, but either a plain camel's hair shade or a pattern that is not too prominent, taking in blue, green and tan, would be good.

As for the den, I would advise a type of day-bed that does not require "taking down." They can be attractive by night as well as by day then, and are far more like furniture.

Your choice of furniture seems ample and suitable. I would advise going in for tan or gold shades for the lamps, with perhaps one in light green parchment.

A Cosy Living Room

WOULD you kindly give me some suggestions as to how I can make my living room cosy and bright looking for the winter months? One window faces east and a small one faces north. Woodwork is dark, walls buff, ceiling white with a white border reaching down to picture molding. The floor is dark oak, and the furniture consists of a piano, taupe chesterfield with two chairs to match, one long narrow mirror, smoking stand, rug with light tan predominating, overdrapes of dark rose velours and panel glass curtains, grey window blinds. Would you suggest two or three small tables or one large one and where it should be placed? I have a wicker chair and table in dark oak color and a walnut stained bookcase. What color cushions should I have? And what do you think about painting the bookcase and wicker a bright color?

IF I were you, I should paper the wall of your living room in a pattern, as the drapes, which I presume you mean to keep, are plain. Then if you can manage it, do the woodwork ivory. Choose a paper with some rose and tan in a not too bedroomy flower pattern—rather something like a bright English chintz. An old-gold silk gauze for undercurtains would be good if you change. You might upholster the wicker chairs in a strong silk twill in stripes, taking in the rose and tan.

As to three tables, a gateleg would be a good choice for the bigger one, a low coffee table for flowers and smoking things, and a console or wall table—all in walnut.

As for the loose occasional cushions about the room, you might have one or two in the same striped material as that used for the wicker chairs, and others in rose and tan of plain material.

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ously in public. They had never been a demonstrative couple. Galt's devotion was taken for granted and Thelma's cheerful acceptance of it.

Galt enjoyed his new life. After the heats and fervors, the heartbreaks and shocks of married life, his sublimated bachelorhood seemed cool and peaceful. Never again the exquisite joys of early love; but, on the other hand, never the agonies and disillusionments. On the whole, yes, he was happy.

Thelma, too, was resigned. True, she missed the doglike devotion of her bridegroom; but not perhaps as much as if she had not had her dogs. The days sped on. Christmas approached.

"I suppose, Galt," she said airily one day, "we had better give one another Christmas gifts?"

"I suppose so."

"People always expect to know what newly-weds give one another, don't they? We'd better be prepared. What would you like?"

He ate beefsteak meditatively, then gave voice. "Suppose we each buy something we really want—something sufficiently handsome, you know, and then send both bills to me."

"Excellent," she said, flushing. "Except that I should prefer that the bill for my present came to me."

"As you like," he said, indifferently.

He bought himself, after some deliberation, a rather attractive set of brasses for his den. She picked out a beguiling little stole of chinchilla with toy muff to match. On Christmas morning they breakfasted together and solemnly thanked each other for the gifts.

"Never," said Thelma, a hint of laughter in the eyes that, one brief year ago, he had compared to brown velvet, "never have I enjoyed anything more than that chinchilla set. Just what I wanted."

"I, too," he said, laughing outright, "cannot sufficiently commend your taste in brass. Priceless."

"In the English sense, not the American, I hope," she suggested, mischievously, "since I'm paying for it."

"Precisely."

THEIR breakfast was amicable. They took the dogs for a long walk in the morning before church; then lunched together and separated for a catnap or two before dinner at the farm.

Thelma looked timidly at him as they started.

"Just for a treat," she said, "I've left the dogs in the hall in front of the fire. They do enjoy it so, and, after all, it's Christmas."

"Oh, quite so," he agreed heartily. "We can take Fangs with us—where is Fangs, by the way?"

They whistled and called, but in vain. Fangs was not to be found.

Galt looked a little anxious.

"I suppose he's all right," he said, uncertainly. "Never knew him to take himself off before."

"Well, there has to be a first time," suggested Thelma. "Come on, Galt, we mustn't keep dinner waiting."

Back again in the big, fire-lit, candle-lit Burr living room; another joyous Christmas party. Galt thought of that evening a year ago—the Christmas dance—his ecstasy when Thelma carelessly consented to be his wife—the changes that a year could bring.

Well, at least he had Fangs.

The dinner was a great success; blazing fire, hilarious guests, a table groaning with abundance, pretty women, cheerful men, holly, mistletoe, Christmas wreaths, paper hats, burst crackers—all the same paraphernalia.

Galt felt as though he had dreamed the past six months.



The "recently-weds," as someone dubbed them when they refused to be classed as "newly-weds," came in for a good deal of chaffing. They were so young and ingenuous, and Thelma, in rose chiffon and pearls, was so very bridelike.

Everybody looked kindly at the young and happy couple with life before them and two good bank accounts at their backs. Everybody envied them. The fair Viking head beside the nut-brown curls and dimpled face. The blue harebell eyes and the earth-brown eyes—the tall, lithe man and the little, vivacious girl. All so suitable and charming.

"I only hope," said Mr. Burr heartily, as they said good night, "that all your Christmases may be as happy as this one."

"I hope," said gentle Mrs. Burr, "that you two will be just as happy and for as long a time as Charles and I have been."

The young Fannings made suitable rejoinders and left lastly, avoiding one another's eyes.

THE drive home through the snowy, silent night was a little quiet. Galt missed Fangs; at least he supposed it was Fangs he missed. He was so accustomed to the dog. Suppose—a cold hand touched his heart—suppose Fangs had been hurt or—or worse—killed. The horror of it paled his face. After the lights and gaiety of the Christmas party the world seemed pretty lonely; and if Fangs went—

Thelma, too, was thinking.

Before marriage she had never thought much about life. Vaguely she had looked forward to having a delightful husband and a few charming children whom she could bring up with her dogs. Now, now something had happened. Life was out of gear. This wasn't the kind of Christmas she had had a right to expect when she chose Galt for her husband.

Whose fault was it that they had drifted apart—hers or Galt's?

Galt, he had loved her so—only a little while ago.

She sighed involuntarily. Instinctively Galt moved closer, then drew away and put his hands in his pockets.

Still in silence they dismissed the taxi, fumbled for the key, glanced about the empty, silent garden.

"Wonder where on earth Fangs can be," Galt mumbled as he opened the door.

She sighed again.

Fangs, always Fangs!

The all smelt deliciously warm and fragrant after the frosty night drive. Only one red-shaded lamp, but that and the cosily burning coal fire gave light enough—light in which to see a tangle of deeply breathing, happily stretched-out dogs asleep before the welcome warmth.

Galt gave a sudden exclamation.

"Fangs!"

Sure enough. Somehow Fangs had found his former enemies. Somehow he had proclaimed a truce.

There they lay—Fangs, Cuddly, Bob, Ripper, Tiny Tim and Lemon Loo! Huddled companionably together in front of the blazing fire, a delicious, pulsating heap of drowsy comfort, a positive medley of warmth and utter content. Galt caught his breath at sight of them. Unbidden tears sprang to his eyes.

Turning, he looked at Thelma.

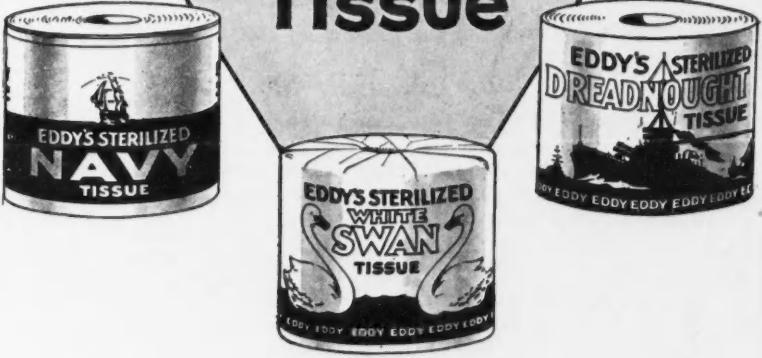
Her earth-brown eyes, large now and pathetic, were filled also. Her mouth was puckered ever so little like a lonely child's.

Silently without a word, Galt held out his arms. And Thelma, just as silently, crept into them.

The fire flickered; broke into a little soft blaze. And Galt and Thelma, hand in hand, crept up the stairs—together!



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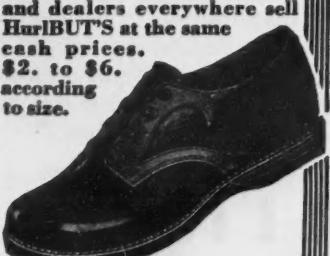
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roadster from the garage, sped smartly toward the lodge.

The "lodge" had been her father's wedding gift to them. It was a sort of glorified log cabin in the very heart of the woods, ten miles from the Fannings' bungalow. Galt loved it even more than Thelma did.

Ten miles away in the heart of the ancient woods. Red and gold and glorious the autumn leaves whirled in her face; the maples were glowing torches, the pines, green towers. At long last, the lodge, and there, his long legs dangling over the wooden balcony, his face contemplative, sat Galt, smoking a pipe.

By his side Fangs; a delicious dog smile in his brown eyes; quivering intensity of joy in his every movement.

He saw Thelma first and came leaping toward her with great, arrowy bounds, his feet scarcely touching the ground; a dog replete with contentment and happiness.

Thelma, acknowledging his greeting, looked up to see Galt's eyes fixed on her, quizzically.

"Lo, Thelma," he said composedly, knocking his pipe on the balcony railings and replacing it leisurely, "I needn't apologize for keeping on with my pipe, need I?"

"Oh, dear no," she said lightly. "But I think you owe me an apology on some other scores."

"As for instance?"

"Where were you last night?"

His face hardened. "With my dog."

"And may I ask how long you intend to stay—with your dog?"

He paused for a moment.

"Indefinitely."

"But, but, Galt—"

"I said 'Indefinitely.' "

There was a longer pause this time. The eyes of husband and wife met like steel clashing against steel.

"Galt, you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Why—why, the talk, for one thing."

His laugh was contemptuous. "The talk will soon be over. We've decided to separate. The thing's done every day."

"Shall I say you're leaving me for a dog?"

"If you like."

"And—and what's to become of me?"

"You have your dogs."

"My—dogs!"

"Five of them," shouted Galt with sudden venom. "Five dogs, every one of which you love better than you love your husband."

"How can you be absurd? What has loving dogs got to do with loving you?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble."

"Galt, do you mean to tell me you're jealous of the dogs?"

Galt was quiet for a little while. Then he spoke still quietly.

"No, I don't care enough to be jealous now."

"What?"

And again there was a little pause. Thelma's face had turned very white.

"And this is your love—your love that you told me would last forever."

"Yes, I was wrong. It didn't last."

"You can sit there and tell me that?"

"Yes, I can. And I got tired of being treated like a dog," he added bitterly. "Got tired of being well fed and well housed and patted on the head when you felt like it and kicked out of the way when you didn't. And when my pal among the dogs was about to be taken from me—well, I just quit; that's all."

"But, Galt, do you really mean to say you don't love me now, at all?"

He rose, took the pipe from his mouth, laid it carefully on the railing, faced her.

"That's what I mean, Thelma."

She stared at him.

"I went on being a dog—loving you like a dog. Even though I knew you preferred the dogs to me, till you were cruel as well as careless. Then, suddenly, everything stopped. Just like a light that's been wavering in a cold wind. Suddenly an icy blast comes, and it goes out. That's the end."

Everything turned very silent. The leaves fluttered to the cold ground so gently that they did not disturb the hush.

At last Thelma found her voice.

"Galt, how dare you!" she exclaimed vigorously. "How dare you tell me I preferred the dogs to you! Such rubbish."

"Was it?"

"I want you to drop this nonsense and to come back with me at once."

"Do you?"

"In fact, I demand it."

Breathless she faced him.

Galt answered only by slowly shaking his head.

"No can do, Thelma. Fangs and I stay here."

"Galt, you can't leave me like this after only six months of marriage. It isn't fair. It isn't decent."

He shook his head.

"I'm not going back to those dogs."

"But, Galt—"

He looked up suddenly. "One moment, please. You say that you don't prefer the dogs to me?"

"Of course not."

"Then prove it. I am your husband. I hate dogs. Will you, in order to get me back, give up your dogs?"

Blank silence. Horrified disbelief on Thelma's face. Stubborn enquiry on Galt's.

"Galt, you couldn't ask such a sacrifice of me?"

"You won't do it, then? Well, I didn't think you would."

She trembled. "You really mean—"

"I really mean."

"And you won't come back unless I do?"

"I will not."

She sank to the ground and buried her face in her hands.

"Let me think," she said in muffled accents.

Presently she raised fierce eyes.

"No, I won't do it," she said. "I love my dogs. I adore them. I couldn't live without them."

"Yet you tried to deprive me of mine."

"I didn't realize—well, never mind. Galt, I have something to propose. We can't separate after six months like this. It would break my father's heart; and he, thinking me so happy and all. No, we can't do that. But I'll tell you what we can do."

"What?"

"We can divide the house."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I'll try to explain. The house, you know, is very, very large. Well, we'll each take one side of it. Your dog shall live with you and mine with me. We'll meet for dinner; and, once in a while we'll go out together; just to show we're on good terms. Do you see?"

Galt smoked in silence, his face clearing. The new arrangement rather appealed to him. He liked his house; it was the only home he had ever known. He liked his neighbors—Thelma's friends and his. He even liked his "in-laws!"

"Very good," he said at last, removing his pipe from his mouth. "If you'll agree to keep your dogs shut up in the morning till I leave and to have them shut up when I return. I'll do my part."

"You mean you'll keep Fangs away from them?"

"I mean I'll take Fangs off with me in the morning and leave him at your father's farm till night. Then I'll bring him home. Your dogs can have the run of the place by day. At night Fangs is king. From six-thirty on he's the only dog to be seen about the premises. Is it a go?"

"What about Sundays?" she asked, weakly.

"On Saturdays and Sundays I propose to absent myself a good deal," he answered drily.

"Very good. Now come home."

He rose leisurely. "Thank you, my dear, I think Fangs and I will finish the week-end here. I'm enjoying the quiet and so is he. Tomorrow I'll take him to your father's."

"And what shall I say to father?"

"Whatever you think best."

She bit her lip; and turned away.

FOR the next two months Galt and his wife lived in apparent harmony, dining together with their friends, entertaining these in turn, accepting occasional week-end invitations, appearing frequently and decor-

those SLEEP-DISTURBING COUGHS of children



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Put one on—the pain is gone!



Edna Best is one of England's best known stage actresses who is making a big success in films.

His Star in the East

Continued from page 17

could but get past the gateman, all would yet be well. Cautiously, he moved back to the gate and took his stand in a dark little corner. It was very hard waiting there quietly in the cold, but after a time the gateman came out to buy hot rice from an itinerant restaurant, leaving the gate open. Little Piper slipped through unnoticed and made his way to the foreigner's house.

"I have come to Jesu Sen Sung's feast," he said to the servant who opened the door.

"Begone, beggar child!" replied the man.

The door closed with a bang and Little Piper stood outside in the darkness, his eyes filled with tears. All the joyous anticipation of many weeks had suddenly vanished, unrealized. It was the wrong house after all, and he was so tired and cold and hungry. Besides he knew not where to seek farther. He knew not even how to escape from the foreigner's compound. The gate he dared not try for fear of the angry gateman. He looked at the compound walls rising black and forbidding around him. They were too high; he was a prisoner. In the morning the gate would be opened, but the night would be cold and dark. As he thought of the chill warmth of his beggar's cave, he crept into a bamboo thicket, threw himself face down upon the ground, and sobbed out his grief and disappointment in great, dry, racking sobs.

WITHIN the great house sat a man, a foreigner. His rooms were richly furnished and a fire burned cheerily upon the hearth, but as he sat alone on Christmas Eve, he felt dismal and lonely. He lit his pipe and leaned back in his chair, thinking of the great, drab, ancient city about him.

He closed his eyes and visioned to himself in contrast the brightly lighted, gaily decked cities of the homeland, the happy, laughing crowds of Christmas shoppers, the theatres, the parties, the Christmas music. Suddenly, the tones of a flute broke in upon his reverie. He listened intently. Flute players there were many in China, but here was one of no ordinary ability. In a few moments he summoned a servant.

"Who is that flute player?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," replied the servant.

"It is someone in this compound," said the man. "Find him and bring him to me."

The servant departed, returning shortly, followed by a ragged, trembling boy.

The man looked up in surprise. "Is it you," he asked, "who have been playing a flute in my compound?" The child nodded.

"Play for me," said the man, and he

listened motionless while Little Piper played for him on his simple reed flute. Then he stepped across the room, unlocked a desk, took from it a silver flute, and handed it to the child, saying, "Now play upon this."

Little Piper trembled with excitement as he took the shining instrument. In all his life he had never seen anything so beautiful, and he was to be allowed to play upon it! He turned wondering eyes upon the foreigner. Perhaps after all he had been mistaken. Perhaps—

"Oh, most honorable foreign teacher," he cried hopefully, "are you Jesu Sen Sung?"

The man started. "Am I—who?" he asked slowly.

"Jesu Sen Sung," replied the child eagerly. "Old Wang, who sits at Tai-ping Men told me of him. He is a very great foreign teacher, and today he gives a birthday feast for all the poor and hungry."

"No," replied the man in a strange voice. "No, I am not Jesu Sen Sung, Little Piper." A tear stole down the child's cheek. "But," continued the foreigner, "it is true that this is Jesu Sen Sung's birthday night. And it is also true that all over the world His servants are feeding the poor and hungry tonight in honor of His birth."

"But you," said the child, hopelessly, well knowing that so rich a foreigner was no man's servant, "you are not his servant?"

"No," replied the man in a low voice. "No, Little Piper, I am afraid that I am not. But," he continued. "I will give you a feast tonight in His name."

Long after the child had left the compound, warm, fed, happy, the man sat with his pipe thinking. And the result of his thoughts was the making of a beginning of things new to him and helpful to the little world in which he moved.

As for the child who had fulfilled once more the saying uttered long ago about little children, he hurried through the dark, crooked streets, eager to find his old friend, Wang, and tell him all the evening's wonderful experiences—little dreaming that Lao Wang's poor sick leg had earned for him his last cash and carried him to rest with his ancestors; little dreaming that his faithful old friend had perhaps already seen, face to face, that One whom the Little Piper had seen only as reflected in the Christ spirit of a stranger.

But even had he known, he could not have been wholly sad, for the joy of a first Christmas was in the child's heart and the radiance of the Star travelled with him through the night.

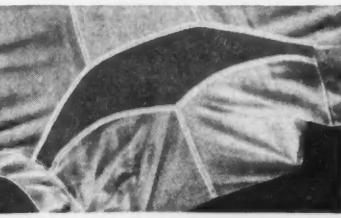
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19



Herbert Marshall, the husband of Edna Best, is one of the leading British actors today.

The British Movie Wor'd

Continued from page 19

possible of the part; others were frankly disappointed. It will be intriguing to see what he does in this super-British production.

At the height of his popularity in London and throughout England, one British film reviewer suggests that possibly Maurice Chevalier's next production will be a free and very liberal translation of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Can't you just fancy the adorable Maurice as d'Artagnan? The cinema would be called "The Gay Musketeer" and probably accompanied by musical numbers.

If movie fans were devotees of the legitimate stage, a few years ago, they will remember an outstanding occasion; the appearance in September, 1921, of Alice Delysia, one of the greatest music hall stars of her own or any other generation. Delysia did phenomenal business and was said to be a close rival of Mistinguette for continental popularity.

With her was Lupino Lane of the famous British stage families of Lupinos and Lanes, clowns, pantomimists, comedians for several generations. Lupino Lane has made comedies since then both in silent and talking pictures in the United States. Just now he is directing a series of what promise to be extremely funny talkie comedies in England.

Johnny Butt, probably England's oldest movie actor, died recently. He was in one of the first pictures ever made: he played the part of a bear in 1896, and was paid five shillings for his work by Robert W. Paul, the producer. Before he died he often received £10 for a day's work which must have seemed like a fortune to him. He was in circus work and variety for years, but never attained anything like the flattering success that others with less ability were able to achieve.

When criticisms began to reach British producers that their stars were not quite so

chic, nor so marvellously turned out as their Hollywood sisters, they lost no time in sending some of these beautiful women to the modern Garden of Eden—to Paris.

There they sought the foremost couturiers, contracted for entire outfits to be created solely for the pictures they were then making. Some of the most attractive clothes ever shown in English pictures have been created and designed especially for Adrienne Allan, Edna Best, Jessie Matthews, and several other stars, among them Benita Hume, one of the smartest of the younger set of cinema actresses. Captain Molyneux, famous for his "clothes for gentlewomen," designed several exclusive costumes which will be seen in pictures to be released in Canada during the next year, and Schiaparelli's swagger sports outfits and fascinating woollens have never appeared to better advantage than on some of the British film stars.

British actresses who will appear in some of the best and newest English product this coming season, are Joan Barry in "Rich And Strange"; Carol Coombe (Australia) in "Four Winds"; Betty Stockfield in "Money For Nothing"; Dorothy Boyd in "Girl In The Night"; "Love Lies" and "The Love Race"; Betty Amann in "Rich And Strange"; Joan Maude in "Hobson's Choice"; Ann Casson in "Carnival"; Belle Chrystall in "Hobson's Choice" and "Hindle Wakes"; Jessie Matthews in "Out Of The Blue"; Kay Hammond in "A Night In Montmartre"; Dorothy Bartlam in "The Love Race"; Kathleen O'Regan in "The Shadow Between" (was also in "Juno And The Paycock"); Vanda Greville in "A Gentleman of Paris"; Elsie Randolph in "Rich And Strange"; and Margot Graham and Jean Moreno in "Stamboul." Sari Maritza is scheduled for several pictures and the rumor still persists that Charlie Chaplin is going to honor his native land by making a picture there and that the alluring Sari will be the siren vamp-de-luxe of the production.

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Raymond Massey, the young Canadian who has made a noteworthy place for himself in London stage circles, has made a great success in the movies. He played in the English version of "The Five Star Final" which is produced as "Late Night Edition"

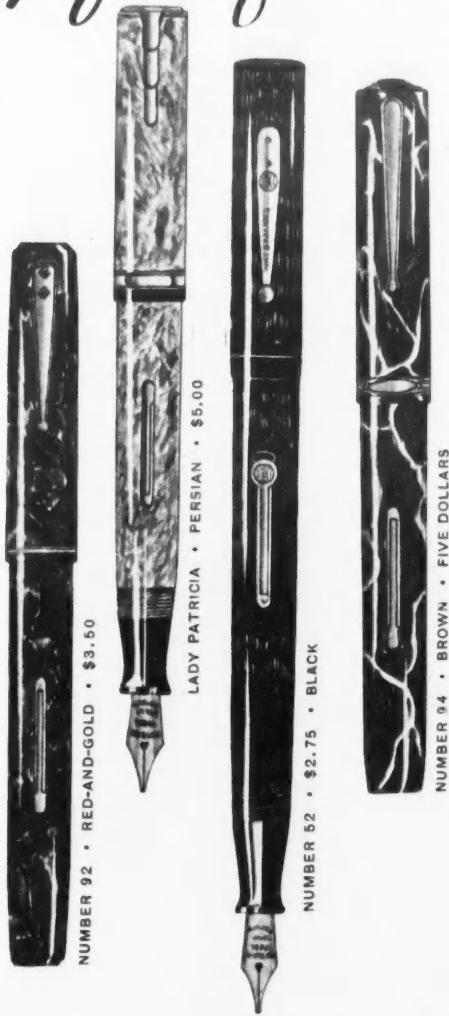


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"Did you ever get your mouth so gloriously clean you can almost taste the freshness of the air?

"Not that momentary exhilaration from some druggy tooth-paste or anti-septic. I mean a mouth even a surgeon would call clean. So alkaline and sweet that the breath is like new-mown hay. So free from acid your teeth and gums feel slippery to the tongue.

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"Look in my mouth. My teeth are white, as you've remarked. And I smoke a lot. See my tongue. It will be just as pink in the morning, and I used to have to scrub it clean. People who don't know this use of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia just think their mouths are clean."

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Get the prescriptive preparation endorsed by the medical profession. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

(MADE IN CANADA)



The Front Page Girl

Continued from page 11

"I was his doctor," said Lister simply. "That, and maybe some other things. He liked me a lot, I believe. At any rate, after I'd had to give him up—it was a long business—he spoke to me one night alone. 'Lister Sahib,' he said, 'I am dying, yes?' I told him he was; he was that sort. 'Poison?' he asked me. There wasn't anything to do but say yes. He knew all right. He nodded. And then he caught hold of me and pulled me down until his lips were at my ear, and told me about these things; he'd hidden them himself, and the stuff in the bank—yes, they were kept in the bank—were fakes. 'Go get them, Lister Sahib,' he told me. 'Hide them until the boy grows. Then put him back here where he belongs.' And after that he died."

Lister's face was a mask, hiding who knew what sentiments. Patricia waited for him to continue.

"I found them," he said, "and that's a long story, too. We needn't go into it here. And then I—came away. I've been here eight years, and the boy in England's fifteen. Another year, or maybe two—"

He paused again, and Patricia spoke. "And these two men—Diggory and Skeggs?" she asked.

"That's the woman," said Lister. "She's wise. No native Indians on the job for her—too conspicuous. But a couple of chaps like these two—there are hundreds of that sort about, although this couple are a good deal worse than they look, I believe. And they're on the trail at last. You saw their polite little note?"

"Yes," said Patricia. "How did you get it?"

"Andries," said Lister, "the skipper of the steamer. He picked it up off a hotelkeeper in Port Moresby I used to know. They must have addressed it through him, being pretty sure Andries would deliver it sooner or later. So—I'm expecting a visit some time; and you may see now why I don't want this place made public. The longer I can stave them off, the more chance there is of the little fellow in England growing up enough to take on."

He stood up. "And that, Miss Wilde," he said, "is the explanation of what must have seemed an odd way of dealing with you. Frankly, you must stop here, for a while at least. I'll get you out as soon as may be; but not with the blare of publicity there'd be if you went out your way."

"I'm a prisoner, then?" Patricia asked.

"I'd prefer to call it a guest," the doctor corrected her. "Prisoner sounds a lot too violent. Now, how about it? Is it enemies or friends?"

PATRICIA had been waiting for this, she told herself. Here was the chance, the heaven-sent chance, to put this man in his place once for all; to tell him that never, never, never would she be anything but his enemy, and that she would escape as soon as might be, and that if he touched her he did so at his peril, and that—Oh, it was a magnificent flood of slashing contempt, bubbling and boiling to her lips, and calculated to wipe this impossible person off the face of the earth and teach him that of all people on that earth Pat Wilde was the last to suffer fools gladly.

And she looked at Lister, standing over her with a queer and disturbing smile, and said feebly, "Friends, of course." And could have kicked herself. Then she heard her own voice meekly asking him to get her out as soon as might be possible and convenient and once more she could have kicked herself for being a quitter. This wasn't the Pat Wilde of legend.

Seemingly Lister realized something of the sort as well, for he let his queer smile expand into a laugh and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't take it so hard," he said encouragingly. "It's an awkward business, I know, and it was a piece of bad luck for you to come down here of all places in the Pacific.

But we'll try and make things as easy as we can for you."

Patricia, as she acknowledged afterward, could have hit the man.

"Don't go out of your way to make it easy for me, please," she told him smartly. "I'm fairly well capable of looking after myself, thanks. The question is, how can I help?"

"By sitting down and being perfectly quiet for a while," said Lister. "That's the first thing. You've had a trying day, what with one excitement and another. You get some rest, and then we'll see what arrangements there are to be made about you here."

"But I don't want any rest," said Patricia stubbornly. "You don't seem to realize that I'm not made of sugar. I can stand a very great deal, I assure you, doctor. If I couldn't—" She stopped at sight of Lister's twitching mouth.

"If you couldn't," he completed the sentence for her, "you wouldn't be Pat Wilde, eh?"

"No," said Pat defiantly, "I wouldn't. And I don't give a— I don't care if you do laugh at me. At any rate I'm not one of these pink-and-pretty, and I don't weep on anyone's shoulder."

"I'll remember," said Lister solemnly.

He took up his rifle again, and glanced out of the verandah. It was falling dark already. The palms threw long shadows on the beach, and the light began to fail on the purple levels of the sea. There was a silence that was doubly oppressive to Patricia, familiar with the shocking uproar of the Bat's engines.

"I'll go out for a while and look round," he said. "I generally do, this time of the evening. You'd better see if Soo's got anything for supper. I'm going to use you, you see—you can be responsible for that end of things."

"And let you take all the risk?" said Patricia. "Not if I know it, doctor. I'm coming with you."

"You stay where you are," Lister told her with a twinkle. "There's quite enough risk as it is. You don't want to run after any."

"I won't stay where I am," said Patricia. "I'm coming with you."

Outside, she looked curiously at the threatening fence of wire. It was clear to her now that Lister was in earnest, both about the secret he was trying to keep and about her own immediate disposition. The place was to all intents and purposes in a state of siege, after all, and she was just another mouth to feed and another life to watch. Lister, walking round his fence, suddenly took on a new interest for her. This was a strange type to Pat Wilde, familiar with the riders of the upper air, the men to whom publicity was a part of their lives, whose courage and daring were upon the lips of millions. But this man was facing murder day in and day out, and every night of his life; and he did not want a song made about it. It was a new kind of fortitude to Pat Wilde.

Lister went about his work methodically, as a routine, much as he might have gone round a hospital ward, thought Patricia. He closed the gaps in his fence, shooting keen little glances about him from under his eyebrows, and scanning the stretch of sea and lagoon through a pair of binoculars. Then he returned to the house with Patricia in attendance.

"And now," he said, "food, and then a night's rest for you."

Patricia demurred. "I'll stand my own trick of watch," she insisted. "It wouldn't be the first time . . ."

"You shall tell me more about that later on," Lister said easily. "Just now you're under orders—doctor's and otherwise. You'll do what you're told."

There was a different set of undertones in this command, and Patricia obediently went out to the kitchen, where Soo presided over his pots and pans. The yellow, withered

man eyed her with the expressionless brown gaze of his kind, and went on with his cooking in silence. To all appearances he approved of stray young women about the place even less than his master did.

They ate in the living room, with the last of daylight still in the sky, and the stars not yet pricked through the blue. Lister began to draw her out on the subject of her experiences, and listened interestedly to her narrative of flying alone in the remote corners of the earth.

"Amazing!" he commented. "I'd no idea . . ."

Patricia laughed. "Oh, we're just beginning," she said. "You wait and see . . ."

She broke off and all at once cocked an ear, intent. Very faintly over the steady diapason of the surf, but perfectly distinct, there floated down to them the drone of engines.

For a moment the two faced each other across the table. Then Patricia got up and went quickly out on to the verandah. Her expert's eye reached for and picked up the machine, flying high and in circles against the evening.

Patricia looked at it thoughtfully. "Seaplane," she said. "Looking for me, I suppose."

"No doubt," Lister's voice was non-committal. "A great pity, I'm afraid—but if he comes down any closer I shall have to ask you to go inside."

"I won't do anything of the sort."

"You're wrong there," Lister told her coolly. "You will."

"I certainly shan't," said Patricia. "There's no need. I'm staying here with you."

"What's that?" demanded Lister.

"I'm staying," said Patricia, her eyes on the plane. "You don't imagine I'd go now, do you? Run away?"

"But . . ." from Lister.

"No bats," said Patricia crisply. "I'm here—and here I stop until we've cleaned up this mess. You can't put me out."

"But why?" asked Lister, puzzled.

Patricia said nothing for a moment. She was still watching the circling machine, a faint line of curiosity on her forehead. When it had finally passed out of sight she looked across at the doctor.

"Some day—I might tell you," she said slowly. "I don't think you'd understand just now."

She went quietly back into the house, Lister following her.

AT SOME hour long after midnight Patricia Wilde woke and sat up. What it was that had aroused her she never knew—the mere unfamiliar surroundings, or some

Continued on page 53



Citizen or Criminal?

Day after day hundreds of boys and girls pass through the juvenile courts of Canada.

What are we doing with them? How are they being safeguarded?

You'll find a rarely human story that will bring a new understanding in "Citizen or Criminal," by Gertrude E. Walker, of Winnipeg, which will be one of the good things

In the January Chatelaine.

HOME DISCOVERIES

When creaming butter and sugar for hard sauce or for cake, add a tablespoonful of boiling water. This greatly lessens the work, produces a fine creamy mixture and makes cake more moist.—M. F., Edmonton, Alta.

When Pressing Trousers

To keep the crease in men's trousers, turn them inside out and soap down the crease with a piece of dry soap, then turn back to the right side and press, using a damp cloth. The crease will remain for a long time.—G. A. McGhie, Arden, Man.

Cardboard Stocking Stretchers

Many find stocking stretchers rather expensive where there are several pairs of little stockings to be dried weekly, and yet they are great stocking savers. I have just recently found out that you can make a pair from fairly heavy cardboard which are just as good as those one buys made of wood, so that the supply may be unlimited with no expense. Lay the stocking on the cardboard and cut out just the size of stocking. When the stocking is washed and stretched on this shape, it will dry and look like new.—Mrs. E. M. Rowlison, Calgary, Alta.

A Remedy for Salty Soup

If you find the soup tastes too salty, this can be remedied by cutting up a raw potato and letting it boil in the soup for a short time.—Mrs. W. E. Calder, Winnipeg, Man.

Mats from Cornmeal Bags

In a few hours, useful mats for kitchens or bedrooms may be made from cornmeal bags. Tack four to six bags together for padding; then cover with dyed sacking both

the back and the front. Next bind the edges with a broad strip, turning in a half-inch edge all round to prevent fraying out. Mats may be in one, two or three colors, according to taste. Cut-out pieces may be sewn on to make a pattern, if desired. When the mat becomes shabby, a new cover for it is quickly made.—Helen MacFadyen, Belleisle Creek, N.B.

Coloring Meat Jelly

When I make veal or pork jelly, I peel a boiled beet and cook it in the jelly for ten minutes or so. This gives a bright appearance to the nourishing dish and the kiddies take to it much better.—M. L., Cut Knife, Sask.

To Prevent Cake Burning

When you are afraid the top of the cake will burn before the centre is cooked, just take a small pan of cold water and set it inside the oven. This will cool off the oven so that it will not burn the cake.—Mabel Maloney, Meadow Lake, Sask.

Instead of Hemstitching

I made a pair of pillow covers and made a pattern of my own choice. I usually do my own stamping, and for the edge I made it in points. Instead of having it hemstitched for the first row of crocheting, I took the sewing machine and using a coarse sewing machine needle, without the thread in it, went all around the points, about three sixteenths of an inch from the edge. When finished it had the appearance of hemstitching. It is a money and time saver, especially for everyday pillow covers or any common fancy work.—Mrs. Harry Lipske, Chesley, Ont.

The Front Page Girl

Continued from page 50

tiny wheel of a sixth sense stirring within her brain. Like all air adventurers she slept hair-trigger light, and woke all of a piece.

There was no sound about the house save the everlasting breakers on the reef outside. The moon threw a great silver square on the floor, latticed and patterned from the heavy wiring at the window. From somewhere or other Patricia imagined she could hear the sound of regular breathing—Soo, no doubt, or possibly the doctor himself. Then a slow shadow passed across the gleaming patch on the floor, and she recognized that Lister was still awake and on guard. Pat slipped off the couch and went to the window.

The tall man was moving up and down inside his fence, bareheaded and alert. Patricia could see him glancing into the shadows, and watchfully along the shimmering beach with its border of phosphorescence; see the glint of his rifle barrel in the moonlight. She followed him for some time, wondering.

What Paris Says About The New Mode for 1932.

Everyone's agog with interest as to the new modes for 1932—are we going to delve back further yet into history for our latest styles?

Mary Wyndham, *The Chatelaine's* own Canadian correspondent who is living in Paris and haunting the fashion centres, is preparing her quarterly letter brimful of information for her Canadian sisters.

The Paris Letter, with information and photographs direct from the Rue de la Paix, is one of the regular features which is making *The Chatelaine* increasingly popular everywhere.

In the January *Chatelaine*.

For how many nights had he paraded thus, guardian of his heritage for the boy in distant England? For how many more nights must his vigilance continue until relief came? Or until—something else happened? Once again Pat Wilde felt a strange thrill at sight of this solitary man facing his solitary peril, remote from the world, from the roar of its wheels and the clatter and jar of its vomiting presses. It was something strange and new to her, this danger stalking unseen, ready to strike at any moment, menacing, secret. Risks she knew herself, plenty of them; they had grown to be part of her being, a spice to existence, almost like a drug; this matching of her woman's body, her woman's nerve, against the chances that were once supposed to be the lot of man alone. Gallant, high-hearted adventure, aloft in the clean air on roaring wings, with a cracked stay, a broken bolt, a flaw in a tensed wire between her and swift oblivion.

But this of Lister's was something different, something cold-blooded, aloof, and with a kind of fascination about it not to be discovered in air-dangering. This remote big doctor, with his imperturbability, his odd, incurious habit of mind, his unimpassionate outlook on things, impressed more than all the hundred roysterings kings of the air. She would stay here until she had shown him that her woman's fame was not a mere matter of newspaper stunts; that she also could stand the gaff.

Yes, he needed teaching, this doctor. Patricia smiled to herself as she watched him, unseen. And as she dropped off to sleep once more she was still smiling.

The moon slid across the heaven, hour by silent hour. Patricia slept, careless of newspapers now or of big doctors that needed lessoning, or of high adventure in the empty skies. Slept—until two hours before the tropic dawn she sprang upright, wide-eyed and trembling in spite of herself, at the sound of a shot, close at hand and reverberating through the quiet bungalow. And then another. (To be concluded next month)



Use Kleenex instead

No laundering—no self-infection. Use Kleenex once and destroy

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

Germs are destroyed

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

The health importance of Kleenex during colds cannot be over-emphasized. Schools, doctors, endorse it. Kleenex is much safer for children than a handkerchief, to be carried all day long. Teach them to use Kleenex and destroy at once.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex. Its unique absorbency assures removal of every trace of cream and dirt.

Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in

caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile. Use Kleenex for wiping spectacles; for dusting; for polishing.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a modern, convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.

COLD VICTIMS . . .

You'll appreciate the softness and absorbency of Kleenex. If you suffer from colds . . . if you know one who suffers . . . invest in a package of Kleenex at once. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort of these dry, gentle tissues. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day.

Kleenex Company,
Northern Ontario Bldg.,
Toronto, Ont.

Please send free trial
supply of Kleenex.



6-12-1

Name
Street
City Prov.

KLEENEX
Disposable TISSUES

The Wedding of **CYCLO** *and* **ETHYL**



Two of the greatest names in the gasoline world were united at the marriage of Chief CYCLO to Miss ETHYL at the McColl-Frontenac Refineries.

Miss ETHYL was attended by her AUNTIE KNOCK and the best man was the Chief's brother MORE-MILES-PER-GALLON.

The QUIET bride and her POWERFUL husband are exceedingly popular and got away to a good start, followed by the best wishes of motorists everywhere.

The young couple will be at home only at Red Indian Stations and Red Indian Dealers. All their friends are invited to drop in for a PICK-UP.

CYCLO

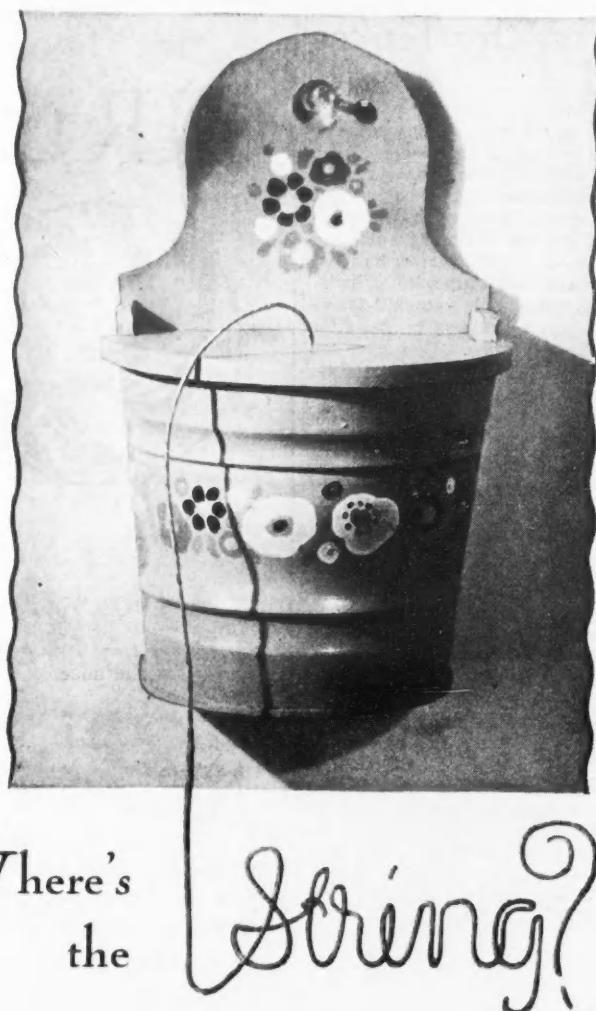
The two greatest names in gasoline history have been joined together to give Canadian Motorists

CYCLO-ETHYL

The World's Greatest Motor Fuel



A McCOLL-FRONTENAC PRODUCT
MADE IN CANADA



THIS string-box can easily be made at home, at a very small cost, and it provides a cheery note of color—as well as string—as it hangs on the wall.

Materials

A wooden salt-box, obtainable very cheaply from any large domestic store.

A tin of orange enamel.

Small tins of enamel in red, royal blue, buttercup, green, black, white and pastel blue.

A flat soft brush about half inch wide for the background painting, and a small one for painting the design.

Remove the little metal plate which is nailed to the front of the box, and smooth over any roughnesses with sandpaper. Bore a small hole in the centre of the lid, for the string to come through, then give the outside of the box a coat of orange enamel.

Wait a day for it to dry, then give a second coat; leave it another day, and you are ready for painting the pattern.

Copy the designs given on this page on to tracing paper, and rub ordinary white chalk

on the backs. Then place the tracings in position on the box—the little posy in the middle of the back, and the strip design running round the curved front of the box—and trace them on to the wood by going over the outlines with a blunt point.

Repeat the design, or parts of it, until there is a band right round the front of the box.

If you can paint a little, there's no need to trace these easy designs. Just indicate their position and outlines faintly in pencil on the box and paint them in with brush and colors.

Stir up the tins of enamel with a match or orange stick. Remember to wipe the brush clean after using the different colors.

Beginning with the small posy, the right hand large flower is white, that to the upper left is royal blue, and just below there is a four-petaled red flower.

The little top flower is pastel blue, and white blobs above and below the royal blue daisy suggest buds. Splashes of green indicate the leaves.

Be careful not to let the various colors touch and run into each other; you must wait until the next day before adding the yellow centres to the flowers.

The Floral Band

Starting from the left-hand side of the lower design, there is first a pastel blue flower, then comes a seven-petaled royal blue blossom; a wee round red one with a yellow centre, and a big yellow one; next a

Continued on page 59

Trace the strip and posy from these designs or copy them straight on to the box in brushwork.



The New Glazo Christmas Sets . . .

DRESSING TABLE SET

with bakelite tray

\$3.50



STUNNING for Christmas giving—the new Glazo Manicure Sets! Yet with all their smartness and their appeal to good taste, they are thrifty and practical gifts as well, for they contain full actual value in famous Glazo manicure preparations.

With each Glazo manicure they confer the gift of lovely fingertips—lovely hands. They reduce the care of the nails to a few minutes a week. And their delightful usefulness extends over many months.

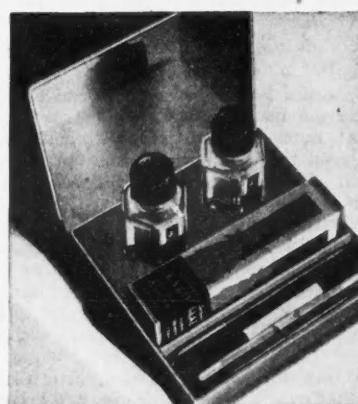
The new Glazo Dressing Table Set, shown above, contains all the preparations needed for the complete care of the nails, inset in a compact bakelite tray. Removed from its handsome green-and-gold gift case, this refillable tray adds a permanent flattering touch to the

dressing table. The bottles remain upright to avoid all risk of spilling.

This set provides a generous supply of each of the highly-prized Glazo preparations—each one the most perfect of its kind.

There's a large bottle of Glazo Natural Polish, preferred by discriminating women for the exquisite effect of natural beauty it gives the nails. Each application bestows on them a natural loveliness that lasts for an entire week or more.

Other famous Glazo preparations included are Glazo Polish Remover, Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, Glazo Nicotine Remover, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream, Glazo Nail Tip Whitener Pencil, as well as other essentials—Emery Boards, Orange Sticks and Cotton.



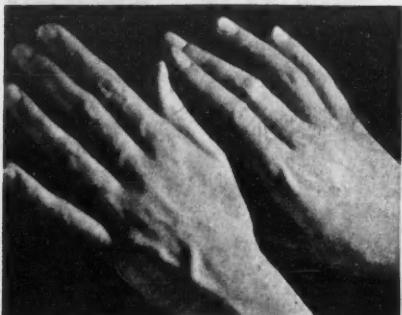
THE NEW GLAZO SET at \$2.00

For Christmas, for a birthday, or as a bridge prize, this handsome new Glazo Set—at \$2.00—would surely win appreciation. Beautifully packaged in a green-and-gold gift case is Glazo Natural Liquid Polish, Glazo Polish Remover, Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, Glazo Nail Tip Whitener Pencil, and Emery Boards, Orange Sticks and Cotton.

Identically



THE SAME AGE



-but WHAT a difference!

Hands need *not* age rapidly. You can prove this to yourself—within a week, by using Italian Balm. This famous skin softener is guaranteed to banish the blemishes of housework, office work and weather *quicker*... than anything you have ever used before. Invention of a world-famous skin specialist, Italian Balm is scientifically correct. Sixteen separate ingredients go into it—many of them imported for the reason that no such soothing, softening agents are made in this country. Remember this—when you use Italian Balm, you are using winter-loving Canada's largest selling skin protector. 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. Or send the coupon for free Vanity size.

**Campana's...
ITALIAN BALM**

**FREE VANITY SIZE BOTTLE
ON REQUEST**

CAMPANA CORPORATION LIMITED
36-38 Caledonia Road, Toronto

Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

Dept. C-7



IT IS interesting to see the developments in the manicure sets. They are more varied in size than ever—and more useful than ever. One of the smart new boxes has black bakelite tops on its bottles which are much more practical than the old corks which used to stick or break. The brushes are attached to the hard-wearing caps which screw on easily and the bristles are always

moist and soft, ready to use. Another popular manicure set has the new nail-tip whitener in the new pencil form that is so much easier to use. Interesting to note the results of constant striving for better service!

Some of the most feminine preparations have a special delight for men, and the Christmas boxes for men must surely please the most particular male in any family.

Here is a compact box with shaving cream, soap, talcum powder and shaving lotion all ready to hand, in manly containers.

Don't forget that if there is any further information about any of these gift ideas I have mentioned, a stamped addressed envelope and a specific request will bring the details from me. But you are sure to find any of them at your toiletry counter.

AT THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Some new recitations for the children to give,

SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT

by Victoria Waring Metcalf

I uster be most awful scared
Of shadows on the wall;
And I hated to go up the stairs,
Or even in the hall.
I didn't mind it in the day,
When the sun was big and bright;
But oh! the awful things that came,
When it was pitch dark night!
In one place I could see a bear,
That stood on its hind feet;
An' I could almost hear it say,
"I want something to eat!"
An' then I saw an elephant,
Lions and tigers, too;
An' almost every kind of thing
That lives within the Zoo.
But then my Uncle come to stay,
An' he could plainly see
Just why I was so scared at night,
An' then he said to me,
"Did you see all the soldiers
That are up against the wall?
Why, they're even in my bedroom,
And up and down the hall!"
An' when I had a look around,
I saw the elephant's head
An' all the other things had gone,
There were soldiers there instead!
So now when I go up the stairs,
I'm never scared a mite;
An' I don't mind a little bit,
Those shadows in the night.

FANTASY

by Edna Alice Boyd

'Tis when our street is lighted,
And babies tucked abed,
We stand inside our windows
And see vast wealth outspread!
Our street's bedecked with diamonds
In mounds of gleaming white
Whose twinkling facets, glittering,
Most nearly blind our sight!
'Tis wealth, in many thousands,
Adrifting down our street—
Ten million sparkling snowflakes!—
Now, isn't that a treat?

ULLABY TO A DOLL

by William Cowls

O, sleep, little dolly,
The evening is here,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
The rest of the toys are
all slumbering near,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Your friend Fluffy Rabbit's
asleep on the chair,
And so is the cat, and the
big Teddy Bear,
So close your eyes tightly
and soon you'll be there,
Sleep, little dolly, sleep.
O, sleep, little dolly,
The long day is done,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
We're through with our laughter,
our games and our fun,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
While daylight is lingering
we two can play,
But starlight is here, dear,
and I cannot stay,
To my cosy bed I must hurry away,
Sleep, little dolly, sleep.

THE TRAIN

by Collen Bran

"Tough-enough, tough-enough, tough-enough,"
The panting engine said,
"Tough-enough, tough-enough, tough-enough,"
The smoke stack shooting red.
"Tough-enough, tough-enough, tough-enough."
Hard struggling up the grade.
"Tough-enough, tough-enough—too
—tough,
Too tough for me I'm afraid!"
"Don't-give-it-up, don't-give-it-up,"
The rattling wheels replied,
"Don't-give-it-up, don't-give-it-up,
"You don't know 'til you've tried,
"Don't-give-it-up, don't-give-it-up,
"If you give up now you're done,
"For the love of Pete don't say you're
beat
"Til your last puff of steam is gone!"

A WISH

by Collen Bran

I wish I were a kitten
With long and silky fur,
I'd lie down by the fireside
And purr, and purr, and purr.

I wouldn't have to tidy up
My toys when playtime's done,
Nor have to put a hat on if
I'm playing in the sun.

I wouldn't have to go to bed
Whenever I am told,
Then in the morning when I'm warm
Get up into the cold.

But mother says she doesn't think
I'd find it very nice;
I'd have to stay up all night long
Hunting rats and mice.

A SMALL BOY'S PROTEST

by Victoria Waring Metcalf

Castor oil is awful stuff,
To give a little boy;
It seems to make me feel so sick,
And takes away my joy.

I never see my Pa with it,
When he has got a cold,
Or even sick in other ways;
He says that he's too old.

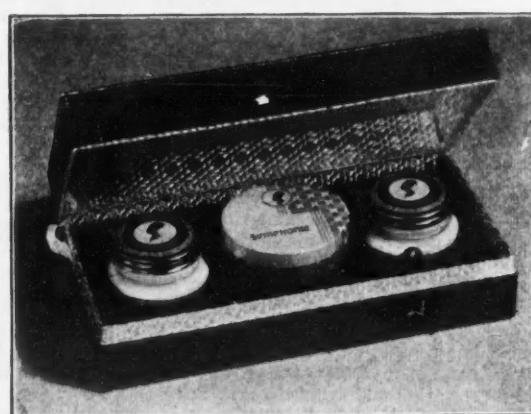
Oh! I think it is a horrid shame
That just because I'm small,
When it comes to taking castor oil,
I have to drink it all.

They surely have an awful row,
When they make me take that stuff;
Pa says that it's the only time
He has to be quite rough.

He holds me by the collar
He holds me by the nose;
And mother holds a great big spoon,
I yell, but down it goes!

But wait, just wait, till I grow up!
I know what I will do;
I'll grab my Pa and then I'll say,
"This castor oil's for you!"

Continued on page 57



jar each of Armand foundation cream and skin and tissue cream. The gift box has a rich blue suede finish and is lined with silver.

The Gift of Beauty

Continued from page 36

At the Christmas Concert

Continued from page 54

VISITING THE ZOO

by Harold S. Wood

When everything is still as still
And I have said my pray'rs,
And mother's tucked the covers in
And tiptoed down the stairs.

I hear a knock upon my door
And say, "It's all right Fred,"
And then a great big giant king
Is standing by my bed.

He stands and bows real low to me,
And then before I know
He's picked me up (my bed and all)
And through the streets we go.

We call on Jack and Bill and Art
And Tom and Harry too,
And when they all get on the bed
He takes us to the zoo.

We feed the monkeys bread and jam,
The tigers hot mince rolls,
And doughnuts to the polar bears
With ice cream in the holes.

And when they've eaten all they can
The monkeys take their spoons,
And while we others dance and sing,
Play captivating tunes.

We dance and sing the longest time
And we have dandy fun
Until the eagle sentinel
Cries, "Here's the sandman! Run!"

And then we bid our friends good-by
And I call out for Fred,
And when the sandman reaches there
We're safe at home in bed!

POSTPONEMENT

by H. Reginald Hardy

The little fellow dreamed his dream
Upon his father's knee:
"When I am quite grown up," he said,
"I'm going to go to sea!"
I'm going to sail around the world
And mark the Spanish Main!
And then his father smiled a bit
And lit his pipe again.

The years slipped by like magic,
The lad had visions still,
And wistfully he viewed the road
That led across the hill.
But there were books and lessons,
And sums the whole day through . . .
Till now at last he was a man
With manly tasks to do!

Yet still Adventure called him,
And Romance marked the way;
But he had learned to love the paths
He'd followed day by day.
And more than once when he had
laughed
And shouldered up his pack
To leave his home and friends behind
Old memories called him back.

At last the hearthstone claimed him,
And he became content
To sit behind his office desk
And take what fortune sent
And so there came a little lad
To climb upon his knee
And boast how in the years to come
He'd sail across the sea!

SHADOWS

by William Cowls

I always go to bed before
The goblins are about,
And I am always fast asleep
Before the lights are out.
Afraid? Oh, no! I'm just, well, just—
Like you were once, no doubt.

Sometimes my mother tells me tales
That thrill me through and through,
Of elephants and polar bears,
Or else a kangaroo:
And then she says, "Just watch me,
John,
I'll bring them all to you."

She joins her hands and fingers, too,
And there upon my wall
Wild animals appear in view,
Some big, some short, some tall.
They're only shadows mother makes
And don't scare me at all.

And when I am asleep, I dream
That I am far away,
Where camels, bears and tigers live
And baby lions play.
A jungle boy, I live with them
Until I wake next day.

THE HOP-TOAD AND THE HOPPER-GRASS

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson

Said the Hop-Toad to the Hopper-Grass
"Will you please hop over and let me
pass?"
But the Hopper-Grass lifted up a wing
And wouldn't move or anything.

"Well won't you just lean toward the
right?
"I've got to get somewhere tonight,"
Said the Hop-Toad blowing out his chin.
But the Hopper-Grass just grinned a grin.

The Hop-Toad made a little thump.
"Let someone jump that's born to jump,"
Said he with his sides all puffed out wide.
But the Hopper-Grass just sniffed and
sighed.

"Get out of my way," said the Toad in
rage.
"I'm twice your size and I'm twice
your age.
"And I've got to get to the woods
tonight.
"I can't abide the broad daylight."

"I've got a wife and a familee
"Over there behind that big pine tree.
"And it's hot out here and it's cool in
there.
"Oh, can't you see it isn't fair?"

"If you can jump as well as I
"Why jump away—or even fly,"
Said the Hopper-Grass with a sly green
smile.
(He didn't know a Hop-Toad's style.)

For the Hop-Toad jumped up in the air
And left the Hopper sitting there.
And as he sailed across his back,
Said: "Leap-frog's good if you've got
the knack."

Dentists themselves A G R E E on one type of dentifrice

A leading research institution has asked practising dentists their opinion as to the most effective type of dentifrice. Over 16,000 dentists have answered. Read the following summary of their replies:

95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. Isn't this real assurance that its formula is correct—that it will protect your teeth and gums?

There are dozens of different tooth-pastes—with countless conflicting theories. But it is significant that dentists agree on one type of dentifrice.

Try Squibb's. Notice how beautifully it cleans. How it refreshes the mouth! Squibb's contains no grit, no astringent—nothing which might injure.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

GUARDS THE DANGER LINE



AT
ALL
NEWSSTANDS



Adventure
25c

THE GLENALLANS ARE COMING

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY'S great story of "the wild men of the hills" starts in the December 1st issue of ADVENTURE . . . "Glenallan of the Clans." For the love of Bonnie Prince Charlie they left their homes and families and undisciplined and untrained, with claymore and battle-ax, they routed the redcoated armies of England . . . Also "The Cone of Fire," a story of the Mexican Border by Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, ex-major of the United States Cavalry, who writes from first hand experience with border skirmishes . . . "For Glory and the Main," a story of the buccaneers by H. Bedford Jones . . . "The Deserters," a story of the Foreign Legion, by Claude Farrere . . . and a host of tiptop yarns. Have your newsdealer reserve a copy for you.

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TORONTO, CANADA

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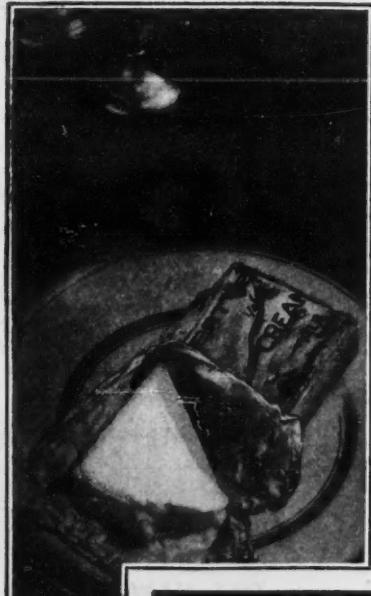
N O W
PUBLISHED
IN CANADA



DO BREAKFAST menus ever grow monotonous?

Serve Baumert Cheese with toast and marmalade or hot rolls and jelly. It's a life-saver to the puzzled housewife, because it adds a new zest to the first meal of the day. Takes away the "sameness" from the commonplace breakfast by reason of its inimitable creamy tartness.

Serve Baumert now. Made in three tempting flavors—plain, relish and pimento—in convenient quarter pound packages, always delightfully fresh.



BAUMERT CREAM CHEESE

Mail this coupon today and get our illustrated booklet which shows you many delightful ways of serving Baumert Cheese. Send to Baumert Cheese, 18 York Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Name _____

Address _____

A Borden Product

The Strange Christmas of Timothy Tinker

Continued from page 21

his seat. Then, "Milord," she said urgently, nudging Lord Muchmudden in a ladylike manner. "My conveyance is in great need of a tinker."

Lord Muchmudden called his steward. "If there is a tinker tinkering about the neighborhood, secure his services immediately," he ordered.

But the guests were just separating themselves for a monster game of charades, when the steward appeared at the servants' door holding a miserable little man by the collar.

"I choose the tinker," announced the lady who was heading one side of the charades.

AND from then on, there was such gaiety, with tinkers and ladies, Christmas bells and mistletoe, that Timothy and Gyp could barely keep their seats. Moreover, Gwendolyn was stepping out with Lord Muchmudden for what looked like a very dignified game of "Step-on-the-line-and-you're-a-monkey."

"Father," gasped Timothy as the poor little man went whirling past his place, "let's get home quick—quick—quick . . ."

His father grasped Timothy's shoulder to steady himself, and then quite beyond the strength of so small a man, it seemed, began shaking him violently.

"Wake up, lad, wake up, will ye?" he was calling joyfully in his ear. "It's Christmas Eve and your old daddy's home from the

roads. And look-a here—look what The Quality have sent ye for the Day . . ."

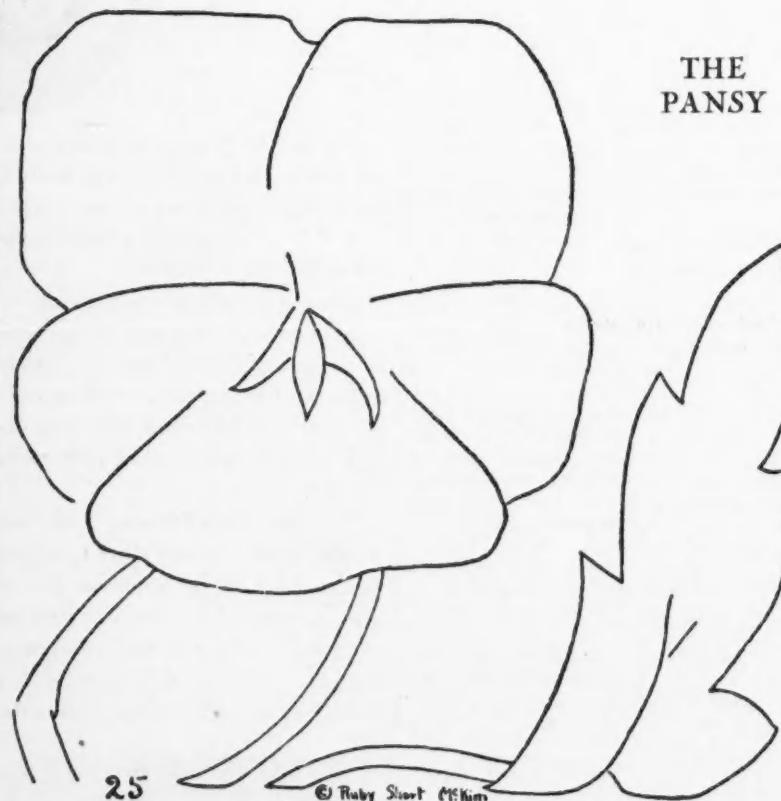
Timothy found himself sitting bolt upright on the fireside settle at home. But what his father was showing him with such glee, was nothing less than a little old-time sledge with a silver-studded leather harness!

"Oh they were good to me at the hall," the tinker was saying. "It seems they have some special grand kindness in them for tinkers at Christmas-time. They gave me the best fare, and all these dudely clothes, and in my sack there is a goose, mind you! And they told me I could have any of the oddments in the cellars that I fancied. So this," he held the little sledge up in the firelight, "this was the special play-toy of the first Lady Gwendolyn of Cassavant—imagine! I hate to think how long ago."

Timothy tried to speak but his father stopped him importantly. "There's some story to it at the halls—that once she strayed away in midwinter and wandered to Muchmudden with the sledge—and that was how the two houses became united. He, though a bachelor and all, fell desperately in love with the child."

Gyp stood sniffing at the harness with the fur standing up along his back. Perhaps he scented Melchior, who knows? But finally, he waved his tail, and with a look at Timothy very much like a wink, went up and nosed the runners knowingly.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN QUILT



THE
PANSY

"Pansies for remembrance"—and so we close the flower-garden quilt. Long and short buttonhole stitch really should be used on this pansy, as it is so large and open. Darker purple top, lavender centre petals with yellow bottom is good. Green seeds flank a yellow centre spot, and green stem and leaf complete the block. Transfer like the others through carbon paper to muslin, silk broadcloth, percale or satin. All flower blocks in the flower-garden quilt are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to a seven inch square of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple, well-known stitches. Some of the blocks previously shown are complete in themselves as designs, and make charming decorations in applique or embroidery for curtains, aprons, pillow slips or tablecloths.

There have been twenty-five blocks in the complete quilt, including this one, in addition to a picket fence border and a quilting design. Readers who have already obtained reprints of the blocks published up to July, can secure the last nine blocks in the quilt—water lily, hollyhock, geranium, trumpet vine, petunia, zinnia, chrysanthemum and pansy—free of charge. The complete set of twenty-five blocks, quilting design and border, complete with instructions for putting the quilt together, will be supplied to those requiring it for ten cents. Send in your order to Editorial Department, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

GIRLS!



**Do You Need
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Party Frock
or Coat?**

NO DOUBT there are lots of new clothes which you would like to buy. Perhaps, you, like many other girls, have not the extra money to spare.

However, we have a plan whereby we can help you get the things you desire!

Hundreds of girls throughout Canada are today earning their own weekly income by pleasant and dignified spare time work. You can, too!

**The Chatelaine
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Can Help You
Do This**

This a friendly organization of girls from all parts of Canada who have joined together in one large friendly organization working for the betterment of womanhood and Canada. Members of the Girls' Club are introducing The Chatelaine, the magazine for Canadian women, and thus bringing entertainment, interesting articles, splendid fiction, and vital topics written by women for women to the women of Canada.

Write at once to

**THE CHATELAINE
CLUB FOR GIRLS**

Room 317

**THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING
COMPANY, LIMITED**
153 University Ave., Toronto

Without Gloves

Continued from page 16

There came no answer, however, and then suddenly, unaccountably, a road lay before her, and not far along, a barren looking house.

It took the people inhumanly long. Lyla thought angrily, to open the door, and when the bolt was drawn, a pale-faced girl peered through an inhospitable crack.

"Let me in, please," said Lyla. "My hands are freezing."

"Who've you got with you?" suspiciously. "What's your name?"

"But I'm lost," said Lyla. "I'm Mr. Stewart's niece."

"You be?" and the girl's face changed unpleasantly. "Then we don't want you in here."

Lyla put her foot in the lessening crack. "You must let me in. I simply have to get warm."

Her tone made the other waver. "I dunno. I'll ask Mom."

Mom appeared. "Mebbe you'd best come in. It's getting to be a cold night." Her smile affected Lyla less agreeably than the daughter's open sour manner.

"Just for a few minutes," said Lyla, stepping into the stale-smelling hall. "Is it far back to *Skyline House*?"

"Quite a piece. Pearl, light a lamp in the parlor for Miss Stewart. Quick now."

"Don't bother, please," said Lyla. "If I can just get warm in the kitchen. Have you a telephone?"

"The wires is still down. You're the girl who plays the piano, aren't you? I'll boil some tea and mebbe you'd play a piece, eh? We've got a piano, now, though it ain't as good as yours, I suppose."

As soon as her fingers were warmer, Lyla complied. It was a mode of payment. She played a few chords. Not very thrilling. Also it made her think. She stuck it out, however, until she felt she had done her part, then went out into the kitchen where her mittens were drying.

"I was afraid my fingers would freeze and I'd never be able to play again. But I am warm enough to start, I guess. This road goes up the hill to my uncle's, doesn't it?"

Neither the woman nor her daughter rose. "You mustn't talk of starting, yet, dearie. Play some more of them pretty tunes."

The old woman's endearment fell horribly on Lyla's ears. It gave her the shivers. The caress of a toad.

"I must go," said Lyla coldly. "It's Christmas Eve and my uncle is probably very much worried now."

"And that's as it should be, ain't it, Mom?" asked Pearl.

"Why should you want to worry Mr. Stewart?" Lyla turned indignantly on the girl.

"I'd reckon he'd know if you was to ask him!"

"Ain't that the truth," chimed in the old woman. "You ask him why he jailed Jake Jiggen when others go free?"

Lyla started. "Are you Mrs. Jiggen?"

"That's my name." She looked defiantly at Lyla.

"I'm sorry you think that Mr. Stewart could be unjust."

The woman sniffed. "I don't have to think. Why don't he go for them other

fellows over to the Corners instead of picking on my family and me a widow? Take that Tod Dalesford who lets on to have been a policeman onct. That's his bluff, and him running off on skis all the time. You can't tell me he's not up to something."

"Yes I can," said Lyla warmly. "Mr. Dalesford's no bootlegger."

"Ain't he now?" and the widow's gums showed. "Then what's he and Mr. Stewart thick as hops for, tell me that?"

Lyla pressed back an hysterical laugh. She could, indeed, tell Mrs. Jiggen that. Fortunately the woman was going on. "If them two don't know a lot more than they're telling, I'll be surprised. It ain't the poor people, it's the rich you have to watch out for. My Jake . . ."

Lyla dared not speak in her anger. She was looking for her mittens. Lyla heard a snicker from Pearl.

"I guess you'd better not try to go at all tonight," said Mrs. Jiggen. "It's getting awful cold. Set down to the piano and give us a tune. I guess Aunt Jen won't ever take it back now, poor thing. She died this morning. She wa'n't ailing long, neither."

A blast of wind shook the frame house. Lyla steadied her voice. "Do you mean that Mrs. Dalesford died this morning?"

A snicker from Pearl was smothered.

"That's what I said. Funny you didn't know . . ."

Lyla bit her lips. "Did you see where I put my mittens?"

"You ain't thinking of going?"

"Where are my mittens?" asked Lyla. "I thought I left them . . ."

"How should I know where you left them?" The woman began to poke aimlessly about the clutter of things. "Hey, Pearl, Miss Stewart's lost her mittens. Did you see 'em?"

"What should I do with her mittens?" asked Pearl, not rising.

"I didn't ask you what you'd do. I said has you seen 'em?"

"I must have them," said Lyla, furious. "I can't go out in this cold without them."

"Must seem like you was in jail," said Pearl, snickering.

Lyla looked at her, pale, dirty, and hard. "You know where my mittens are."

"Give the young lady her mittens," said the woman to Pearl.

"How can I?" she retorted "when I ain't got 'em. Let her have a taste of jail, too."

Lyla crossed the floor. As if mittens could stop her, or anything, now that she knew. How small she had been, accusing him of negligence, when his only near one was dying. She saw him isolated by the storm, attentive, in anguish, and a glow that no cold could extinguish filled her. She put her hand on the knob.

"You ain't going, really?" The woman sounded anxious.

"Thank you," said Lyla, "for everything."

It was not as dark as she had feared, the road was quite plain. She heard a voice from the porch, a frightened voice. "*Skyline's* up the hill, Miss. You've took the wrong way."

Lyla smiled; for she knew better.

Where's the String?

Continued from page 55

large white one, and an eight-petaled royal blue one, a four-petaled red one and, finally, a round pastel blue one.

In between the different flowers there are green leaves, and odd spots in various colors to represent buds.

Next day, paint in the yellow centres. The yellow flower has a black centre, and the white one next to it has wee black spots added, to represent stamens.

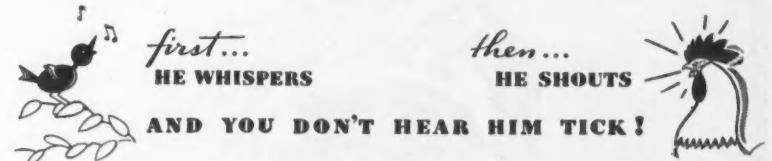
Put a ball of really good string inside and the box will be welcomed in any household at Christmas!

Its happiest position is hanging up on the wall close to the writing table or desk, where tying up of parcels, is usually done. Some folk may prefer to add the string box to the equipment of a bright little kitch enette.

A New Thought for CHRISTMAS Giving

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INTRODUCING, ladies and gentlemen, the first *polite* alarm clock in history—an alarm clock that gently "nudges your elbow" before he firmly orders you to get out of bed.

This new Big Ben has two voices. FIRST, there's a series of soft chime-calls to wake you without also waking everyone in the house. But if you fail to shut off the alarm during the first warning, he lets you know he means business with his long, loud, reserve call. This new clock is thoughtful all through the night too—for you don't hear him tick.

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LAZY GLANDS

Foul the Scalp!



WHEN lazy glands won't open, the hair is starved and faded.
WHEN lazy glands don't close, scalp is fouled by secretions.

Danderine to cut through that hard crust and penetrate the pores—and do this daily. One treatment will settle the dandruff. One week will find your scalp as clean and wholesome as any child's. The second week will have the glands wide-awake and working. That is when your hair begins to live and begins to grow!

Scaly scalps that make you turn away in disgust began with "just a little dandruff." The next commonest sign of gland trouble is when the color of the hair begins to fade, or becomes streaked with gray. There is only one thing that will ever help heads in this state of stagnation; you must stimulate the tiny glands that feed the hair and give it color. Massage will do this. Use the fingers, dipped in

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DANDERINE 35¢

Hand-Made Gifts

Have a Charm All Their Own

Marie Le Cerf presents her final showing of Christmas handicrafts designed in The Chatelaine's studio

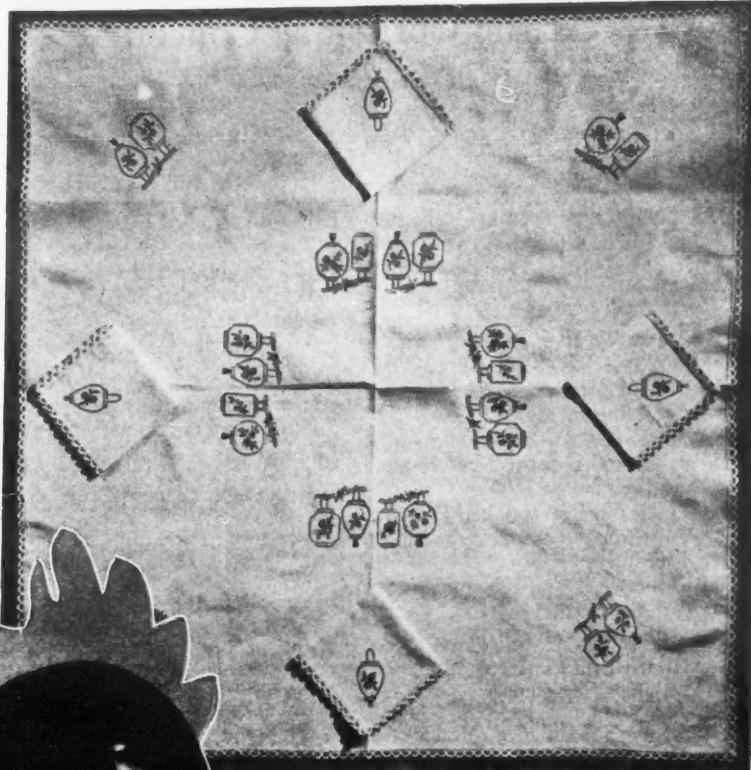
HERE'S no use denying it, Christmas is coming—already you can feel it thrilling in the air. Santa Claus has started on his long trek from the Pole, and we've got to work quickly if we are going to be ready for him with all the hand-worked gifts we vowed we would make this year. Because there are only a few weeks left—and busy weeks at that—our studios are showing this month only handicrafts that are easily and quickly made. There's not one of them, though, that doesn't make a charming gift. Orders for these handicrafts will be filled promptly in order to allow as much time as possible to make them up. Send your orders to Miss Marie Le Cerf, *The Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Shopping Bag No. C63—A bag that will stand hard wear, either for shopping, needlework or darning. The graceful spray of laburnum is worked in yellow and gold French knots, and the leaves in deep green satin stitch. Stamped on heavy black or brown art felt the price is 70 cents; stamped on brown Irish linen it is 45 cents. Cottons for working come to 20 cents, and a good strong lining can be supplied for 15 cents.

Apron No. C64—The apron shown last month proved so popular that we are showing another now. It is stamped on the same fine quality English apron cotton and at the same price—55 cents. Cottons for working amount to 15 cents, and a dainty little diagonal striped bias binding can be supplied for 15 cents.

Rag Doll No. C65—There is nothing so cuddlesome as a rag doll. This one is a big beauty, 24 inches tall, with a

The Chanticleer cozy and his tiny yellow chick egg-cozies are colorful novelties for the breakfast table.



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pretty little dress that can be taken off. Stamped on factory cotton, for doll and dress, the price is 45 cents, and the cottons to work are 10 cents.

Crib or Carriage Cover No. C66—Isn't this a most adorable design? Stamped on heavy blue flannelette to be worked and bound in pink, or on pink flannelette to be worked and bound in blue. Size 27 by 36 inches, price 70 cents. The cottons for working and ribbon for binding come at 30 cents.

Teddy Bear No. C68—A funny little Teddy bear to amuse the small boy, 18 inches high, stamped on heavy tan drill. Worked in rapid chain stitch, it can be completed in half an hour. The price is 30 cents and the cottons for working are 5 cents. Sawdust makes good stuffing for these toys.

[Continued on page 72]



her knuckles in her anguish, half minded to throw her pride to the winds and go to him. If only he had believed her, and shown her he was going to stand by her and help her out of this. But he had gone over to the other camp right away. He had set himself up in judgment over her.

She straightened her shoulders and went into her own room to dress. What an end to a night of romance! What a finish to a love story! She felt different. She felt years older. She felt as if where her heart had once been, there was now a large lump of stone, and in one way she was glad of this. Alistair would never again be able to hurt her so much.

HE WENT to his office, leaving breakfast untouched. One final effort she made before he departed.

"If you would only believe me," she said tremulously.

He turned and looked at her, and in that look there was frank horror.

"You plotted behind my back with this Chinaman," he said. "You have owned to that. Even if there was no more to it, I think that would be enough."

"All right," she said. "Then this is the end between us."

"It is probably the end of me altogether."

She stood watching the car disappear down the road, her heart dead. She thought, "When he discovers I didn't have it, he will be sorry, but it will be too late. Nothing could ever be the same between us after this."

She went over the events of the whole affair, drearily. Wa Lee said he had rung up. Where had she been that morning? Slowly it came back to her. She had run over to help with the sick baby, and Jill had been on the verandah alone. Suddenly Fenella gave a little gasp. Jill, directly after that, had bought Madame Alinette's business and started to do the whole place up regardless of expense. Wa Lee said he had rung up and told someone where the money would be.

Jill, everyone knew, had been desperately hard up. What if she had got on to Wa Lee—perhaps said "yes" down the telephone just to see what would happen—as Fenella had first gone into the thing herself, from curiosity? And then—she reconstructed the possibilities of the thing—Wa Lee would have told her of some place where there would be a parcel, and Jill, perhaps, had gone to see what was in the parcel, and when she found out, thought it too marvellous an opportunity.

Fenella shivered. Was it likely Jill would do such a dreadful thing? Yet how else had she suddenly come by so much ready money. Fenella remembered how, when she had asked about it, Jill laughed and said, "I am not at liberty to tell you."

The more she thought about it, the more obvious the solution was. Yet it left her pretty helpless. She could not suggest very well even such a possibility to Alistair. That would not come within the bounds of what he thought the proper thing to do. Besides, if it wasn't Jill, it would be pretty awful having accused her of it.

But where was the money? It must have gone somewhere. The innocent, Fenella reassured herself, always come out top in the end in a thing of this sort. She hadn't done anything, and so there wasn't a single thing anybody could prove against her. Deep in her heart the resentment grew and grew, because Alistair, instead of helping her, was against her. She thought, "That's all a woman gets for loving a man, and for trying and trying to be a good wife and thinking about no one and nothing else."

Alistair returned unexpectedly at lunch time just as Fenella, feeling unlike food, was sitting down to a banana and lemonade. When she had finished he called her upstairs.

"Sit down. I want to talk to you."

She sat down at her bureau and began drawing cats nervously.

"I will not have you treat me as if I was a criminal and you the judge," she said.

"This is a serious business, and I am afraid what you feel like, or don't feel like, does not come into the picture. You have

got to answer my questions. Until this matter is cleared up, I, with you, am under suspicion of having accepted a large bribe to interfere with the course of justice, a thing which could not possibly have happened to me—"

He paused and she finished his sentence for him:

"If you had not married into a family like mine."

He said nothing.

"I want you to account for your actions on the thirteenth. Where were you?"

"Here, sewing all the morning. I expected Wa Lee to telephone. I've told you that. But he never did."

"Can you prove that you never went out at all?"

"But I did go out, Alistair, just at the end. I never meant to, but Dollie Morency came running in to say the baby was very bad, and I went along there. I wasn't gone more than half an hour. I hurried, because I've told you I expected Wa Lee to telephone."

"You were out at the Morencys, and they have gone off somewhere, and no one has their address or can get hold of them to verify this. Does it not strike you how difficult it is all going to be?"

She said nothing. She realized what a web circumstances could spin around you, however innocent you might be.

"When I got back, Jill was here. She was lunching with me." She said it slowly. It might perhaps strike Alistair, as it struck her, that it was odd the way Jill had suddenly come to have plenty of money, that there might be a connection between the disappearance of Wa Lee's money and Jill's windfall.

Alistair saw nothing. Apparently it was only his own wife, among women, that a man was prepared to suspect of the very worst.

"Did you ask Jill if anyone had telephoned?"

"Yes. She said they hadn't. Alistair, isn't it possible Wa Lee is just pretending this money has been taken?"

"He wouldn't dare. He must be very sure of his position to mention it at all. He knows he can ruin me by this suggestion. He probably still thinks by this means he can force me to drop the case and suppress evidence. If it comes out, there will be plenty of people ready to believe I agreed to accept his bribe, sheltering, perhaps, behind you."

She looked at him, horror stricken. It had never entered her head that her two short conversations with Wa Lee could have such sinister and far-reaching results. She had never for a moment imagined it would affect Alistair even if she took the money. But she hadn't taken it. No one could prove a thing against her.

If only Alistair would believe her.

"Listen to me, Fenella. If you will make a clean breast of it and tell me where this money is—for you can't possibly have got rid of all of it—I will make up the balance and return it to Lee, and we can get things straight. I shall find a way out of it. For that matter, we can run him in for offering a bribe. If you will only be frank with me, we'll get things straight."

"I have told you the truth, Alistair."

He sprang to his feet, and shouted at her in his rage.

"Then, confound you, where did you get the two thousand rupees to pay those bills with? You hadn't a sou of your own in the bank at the time."

She said, "If you talk to me like that I shall refuse to answer you at all. Where I got that money is my own affair, and I am not forced to confide in you. What is the use when you don't believe me?"

He sat down and covered his face with his hands. He said, "I'm sorry. I'm nearly driven crazy over this, and you don't appear to realize. Fenella, get this clear. Wa Lee has the number of one of those notes. Do you realize what that means? He can go ahead and trace it, and so discover without a doubt who had the money."

She said, "Then let him go ahead and trace it. It's the best thing he could do."



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by CUTEXPERT

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like perfectly soigné fingertips—provocatively gleaming.

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Good Will Toward Men!

... that glorious Christmas message will soon be ringing in our ears, and this year, more than ever before, can that phrase be borne out.



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... can do a noble work by aiding in the relief of those in need; by providing a little Christmas cheer to those whose outlook on life has been darkened by unforeseen circumstances. What a joy it is to be able to relieve distress, to warm somebody's heart, to see that needy ones have a "Merry Christmas," and all through the unselfish and untiring efforts of your Ladies Aid, or other church organization.

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The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 24

this tragic discovery. And he did ask me if I would help him by persuading you to drop this case. At least, he didn't put it like that, but I knew what he meant. I remembered you had said the case would go against him anyhow—and for a bit I did think—I mean it did seem to be an awfully easy way out of it. And I let him think I would consider it; and I did tell him he could ring up."

Alistair said, "You plotted, behind my back, with a criminal Chinaman."

"It sounds beastly when you put it like that. I never thought of it like that. I just wanted to see what he would say—for fun."

"My stars! For fun."

She cried, "But I didn't take it, I tell you! He never rang up. I waited and waited, and in any case I meant to say no. At least, I think I was going to say no. But he never rang up."

"Let me see your cheque book and accounts."

She said, crying, "Yes, you can see them all. I don't care. Honestly, Alistair, I never had a penny of that money."

He went through her muddled account books, the sheaf of receipted bills all covered with cats—lean cats, worried cats, stout happy cats, according to her state of mind. He looked at the three hundred and sixty rupees put aside in an envelope, the nucleus of the fund that was to repay Sir Raymond for his timely aid. He said, hoarsely:

"What have you done with the rest of the money?"

She gave a little cry, and looked at him, horrified.

"Alistair, I didn't—I never had it. Don't you believe me? I tell you he never telephoned. I never had even to make up my mind, and when I heard how the case was going, I was devoutly thankful I hadn't had it. I swear to you—"

He said hoarsely, "What have you done with the rest of the money?"

She threw herself down on the sofa. Something snapped in her heart and she began to cry. He didn't believe her. He thought she was lying to him.

"We've been through this sort of thing once before, Fenella." His voice was as the voice of a stranger, deadly, quiet. "Better be honest with me."

She lay strangled with anguish. She could not speak. Her heart hurt so that she felt giddy and sick.

"It's in your family. I was warned what it would probably come to. Apparently it has come. We must face it together. What have you done with the rest of the money?"

She screamed, "I never had it."

"Please don't get hysterical. It will only make things more difficult for both of us. If you did not have it, can you explain how you have paid, in the last seven days?" he paused and looked at the receipted bills again, "almost two thousand rupees worth of debts?"

IT WAS broad daylight now. The sunshine streamed in on them in Eastern glory, and minahs clacked and chattered on the lawn. The purple blossoms of the bougainvillea hung heavy with dew over the verandah side. Far off a coolie passed down the road, singing a mournful song, "*Arriya Arriya Ai*," through the quiet of the morning.

If he did not believe her when she told him about Wa Lee, was it likely he would believe the fantastic fashion Sir Raymond had come to her aid—in the arrival of that mysterious envelope with two thousand rupees inside it? Was it likely he would believe that Sir Raymond would behave as he had behaved, and not try to be flirtatious after it? No. The chances were that even if he believed the money came from Sir Raymond, he would infer the very worst from the fact. The mess they were in now could hardly become any deeper, whatever she did. She pulled herself together, controlled the sobs that tore her, and after a while, spoke quietly.

"I could explain it, but as it is obvious you wouldn't believe me, why worry?"

"Do you know that this is serious; that if Wa Lee proves we had this money, I am ruined?"

"How can he prove it when I didn't touch it? And in any case, even if I had, it's me, not you."

"Unfortunately, the law makes a husband responsible for his wife's mistakes, my dear."

Again that silence enfolded them. Fenella sat staring in front of her, her mouth set in a hard line. She wouldn't tell him. He could not make her. If he had been kinder, not gone miles away from her and been against her from the beginning, she would have told him everything.

But he didn't believe her. He believed what his mother had said. All this last year, while she had been so happy, he had sat, afraid. Waiting for something like this to happen. That was all you got for loving a man, for trying so hard to go straight. When the pinch came, he did not believe you. He believed his mother.

The heart of Fenella was suddenly hardened within her. She was grimly thankful because it did not hurt so much any more. She looked at Alistair, sunk in the chair at the other side of the verandah, and realized the great truth that love is not very far removed from hate. In that moment she almost hated him.

He got up and went to his room. She heard him being very sick and stood, biting

What has gone before in "The Women Men Forget"

FENELLA MARCHMONT, the beautiful young daughter of an English gambler, elopes with Alistair Farquhar and goes to India with him. Alistair, who is a civil servant, is tracking down the work of Wa Lee, a Chinaman who is strongly suspected of smuggling drugs. Fenella who is very inexperienced finds herself deeply in debt for extravagances and tries to recapture some money on the races; but only loses more heavily.

While Alistair is away seeking evidence to condemn Wa Lee, the Chinaman comes and tries to bribe Fenella and persuade her to make her husband stop his investigations. She refuses, but Wa Lee tells her he will telephone the next day at twelve and tell her where the money is hidden.

At noon, next morning, she is waiting for the telephone to ring when Dollie, the daughter of a half-caste woman, rushes in and begs her to go to her mother. Fenella hurries off, and when she comes back, her friend, Jill, tells her there was no telephone call, but that Dollie was hanging around the house.

In the morning, Fenella gets a letter enclosing a large sum of money, and she takes it for granted that it is from a friend, Sir Raymond, who had offered to help her. Just before Alistair returns she hears that the half-caste woman and Dollie have suddenly returned to England.

Fenella feels that her difficulties are over, that she can repay her debts and begin to save money to pay back Sir Raymond, when Alistair returns. On their first evening home Wa Lee is announced. Fenella hears him telling Alistair that Fenella has taken the bribe; that she answered the telephone, and that the money has gone from the hiding-place. He insists that Alistair drop his case. Fenella faints. The story continues from this point.

her any more. He made an excellent and polite excuse. He "was sleeping so badly that he would disturb her. She laughed drearily at the thought, she who turned and twisted all night long, trying both sides of her pillow, almost afraid to go to sleep because of the hideous dreams that came to her, of Wa Lee, and Jill crying, of Alistair walking away from her down some labyrinth of streets where she had to search and search in vain for him, never to find him again.

Alistair came to the doorway after she was in bed. For one wild moment she hoped perhaps he was going to say something kind, make some sort of amends. But it soon died.

"I've thought things over, Fenella, and must ask someone else's advice about this business. We shall want someone to help us with it. I propose, if you have no objection, to talking it over with Cheney. He's a man of the world."

"I don't care—anyone you like."

What did it matter with whom he talked her over?

ALISTAIR was already at breakfast when she came down the following morning. He looked wretchedly ill, and had certainly not slept much. She scanned his face anxiously.

"Is there any news?"

"No. There can be nothing more now until they trace the marked note. The English mail is in early this week. I've put your letters on your desk."

She looked through them listlessly. One from her mother, in that vague meandering hand; a thin envelope that looked extremely like a bill, and a long fattish envelope that suggested a circular. Not much of a mail. She opened her mother's, glad to have something to read, so as not to have to sit in oppressive silence—silence in which every masticating chew stood out, to her overwrought nerves, like a thunderclap.

"... Of course I hate asking you, but if you could let me have twenty pounds, dear, it would be such a help. I have many troubles and many calls upon me, of which you know nothing, and I am sure my charities are legion. Lion has not been at all himself of late. I cannot think what is wrong, but have sad suspicions. May they prove groundless! I bought three heifers to eat up the grass, and imagine my surprise when one of them produced a fine calf not at all what I meant, but still, now it has arrived, we are all very fond of the little creature and I think of starting a dairy."

"She would," mused Fenella, "with one cow and a calf."

"I tried a paying guest last month," Mrs Marchmont went on, "but she had to go in a hurry for I found her not what she should be. She crept about noiselessly, like a heavy mouse. I was at my wits' end how to get rid of her, but I have my stand-bys. I said to her,

Home Truths From a Husband!

Next month, wisely taking refuge behind the pen name "A diplomatic husband," a man will give a sample of male egoism in its most delightful form in an article,

"WHY I LET MY WIFE SPOIL ME."

This husband's frank revelations of his whole philosophy of a happy marriage, will set chatelaines from one end of Canada to another thinking—for there's a vast amount of truth in what he says, as the most furious woman will have to realize.

"WHY I LET MY WIFE SPOIL ME."

In the January Chatelaine.

'Can you read Greek?' Of course she couldn't. 'Then I fear we must part company immediately,' I said. And she went. I feel sure she had something to hide. There was a terrified expression in her eyes occasionally when she looked at me, more especially when I came upon her unexpectedly."

Fenella had seen her mother through more than one episode of paying guests. Mrs. Marchmont had a grandiose fashion of phrasing her advertisements. "Lady, with large country estate and competent staff . . ." And they came, those poor women at a loose end, drifting around looking for somewhere to anchor, and found the muddle in the music room, and the abandon, and the cobwebs. And Lion, so willing, but so far past real work. No wonder, when they regarded Mrs. Marchmont, there was terror in their eyes. Sudden laughter bubbled to Fenella's lips. Alistair regarded her, surprised.

"It's only mother."

He went on with his own letters. She had chosen an ill moment to laugh about her mother. Alistair regarded most of the goings on at Cairnforth matters for tears rather than mirth. She said, defiantly,

"You needn't look so disapproving. It's nothing bad. Only more paying guests, with the usual result. And another demand for money."

She had never felt like this before. She was almost frightened at her own audacity. She wanted to hurt him, to annoy him. She didn't care. She opened the long fat envelope that looked like a circular.

There were two typewritten pages and a sealed envelope inside. Surprised, Fenella opened and read them. Then re-read them, the print dancing before her eyes, her face suddenly flushed. Her throat ached. For a moment she thought she was going to burst into tears. She sat very still until she had control of herself, then looked up at Alistair. He was reading his mother's letter. Fenella recognized the neat, scholarly handwriting. He was quite engrossed in it and had noticed nothing.

THE telephone bell tinkled through the stillness so suddenly that Fenella jumped.

"I'll go," she said, and left him to his letters. She slipped the long envelope into her bureau drawer as she passed.

"Yes; all right. You'd better speak to Mr. Farquhar yourself. Alistair, your office ringing up. They say the note has been traced."

He jumped to his feet, sending his chair over in his hurry. Fenella stood by her bureau. She wasn't thinking of the old note. It did not seem to matter any more. She saw Alistair looking at her, closely. Possibly she did look a trifle flustered but it wasn't because of the note, now. She stared at her bureau, thinking of the letter there. Hardly able to believe it yet. What would Alistair say, if she told him? But she had no intention of telling him. She had already made up her mind about that.

Alistair was speaking.

"Yes, I'm here. You've got it? Yes, I'll have the particulars, please." She could see the hand that held the receiver trembling. Poor Alistair—he had suffered a good bit over all this. But her heart was hard. He should have stood by her. She had suffered, too. All alone.

The telephone crackled and clacked, as someone talked into it at the other end. There seemed to be a lot of particulars, for Alistair sat there for some time, listening.

"Yes," he said, "Yes—I've got that."

There was another silence, broken only by those cracklings. Then Alistair stiffened suddenly, and almost shouted. "What? Do you mind saying that over again?"

Evidently they said it over again, for he put down the receiver, and rang off, then sat very still, staring in front of him. For an instant she thought he had fainted.

"Alistair, what is it?" she said, anxiously.

"The note was paid by Jill Lancing into her bank."

Continued on page 69

A Lifetime's Peace of Mind

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TORONTO CANADA

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN

The Canadian Kindergarten Institute desires a large number of women to conduct kindergarten schools in their own homes. A booklet entitled: "Opportunities in Kindergarten" will be sent free on request to any woman over 17 years of age, who desires to establish herself in a dignified profession at very small cost.

The Canadian Kindergarten Institute (Dept. C), Toronto 10, Ont., or (Dept. C), 401 Kensington Bldg., Winnipeg

It will prove to you without a doubt that I didn't have anything to do with it."

His tired eyes searched her face.

"If only I could believe you . . ."

She looked so little and helpless, standing there twisting her handkerchief in her white fingers. There was something changed about her, something he had never noticed before. Her face had taken on a hard expression, and it gave her a queer look of her mother. Her mouth was closed in a small straight line. If only he, looking at her, could have seen just Fenella. He saw the whole Marchmont family, beginning with old A. V. and going on to Mrs. Marchmont, and Jo. He shivered in the hot Eastern sunshine.

"If only I could believe you."

"Yes, it's a pity you can't, isn't it?" she said, quietly.

She went slowly to her own room and sat down in front of the looking glass. She stared at herself in the mirror and the face that looked back at her was as the face of a stranger. She was conscious of feeling immensely tired. Of course, she had not slept at all the night before. Neither had Alistair.

She could not believe it was as serious as he said. How could she have ruined him when she had done nothing. Her thoughts went back to Jill. Jill must have had something to do with it.

"I'll go down and see her tomorrow morning. Perhaps when she knows what a mess it's got me into, she will own up. And, anyway, when she hears that there is one of the notes that is going to be traced . . ."

How did you trace a note? She hadn't any idea, and her tired mind turned the thought round and round until, with a sudden jerk, she stumbled upon a new train of thought entirely. A train of thought that made her go cold in the heat of the morning, and shaky about the knees.

She had inferred Sir Raymond sent that two thousand rupees to her, out of tactful kindness, to help her out of the trouble she had told him about. But what if he hadn't sent it? What if Wa Lee had sent her that envelope containing two thousand rupees in hundred-rupee notes—and one of them marked. He knew she wanted money. Out of his artfulness, he might easily have concocted a scheme like this to get a hold over Alistair.

She jumped to her feet in sick terror and began pacing the room. Alistair had gone. She ran to the telephone and rang up Sir Raymond's bungalow. She would ask him to come and see her at once. He was a kind old thing. He would come.

"I'll tell him the whole thing. He'll help me out."

She stood, trembling, waiting for the voice at the other end. Presently Sir Raymond's butler spoke.

"Master gone out shooting, mem-sahib, up river. Coming back after four five days."

Fenella rang off. Four or five days. She doubted whether she would be alive after four or five days of this sort of thing. Supposing Wa Lee had laid this trap for her, and she had fallen into it in her stupidity, there would not be much left for her to live for. It was pretty obvious that Alistair would think she was lying all the time. When he wouldn't believe the truth about Wa Lee, is it likely he would believe in that anonymous envelope?

JILL was in the back regions of her now elaborate show rooms, apparently preparing to go out. She greeted Fenella hilariously.

"I'm taking an afternoon off, what do you think of that? And I'm going out to play golf with Gilbert Cheney, my dear. I had practically to ask him, of course, to take me, but he did not definitely refuse," said Jill, powdering her nose. "So that it looks almost like a success on my part, doesn't it. I've caught what I was angling for, for once, instead of getting another conger eel on my salmon line. Do you like my dress, Fenella?"

She wore a white flannel golf suit, and with it a smart navy blue coat, and a beret

cap to match. Jill looked Le Touquet come to Rangoon.

"My own design," she said, pirouetting before the mirror. "I'm going to make it one of the season's successes, madam. Now why not let me copy it for you in . . ."

She broke off, suddenly noticing Fenella's expression.

"Is anything wrong, old dear? You look all bad-news-from-homeish."

Fenella sat down on one of the rich, elaborate chesterfields that Jill had imported, all among the expensive-looking cushions. The place simply shrieked money, and a week or so ago Jill hadn't a bean. The more Fenella thought about it the more obvious it was that Jill must have had something to do with Wa Lee. But it was extremely hard to tell her so.

"Everything's wrong," said Fenella, and began to cry.

Jill threw aside her beret, and sat down beside Fenella, putting an arm round her.

"My dear old thing, what in the name of fortune—Tell me. I know. You're going to have a baby. But that's nothing to cry about, honestly. Even if you don't much want it in the beginning, everybody says when you've got it, it's the greatest fun."

Fenella shook her arm away impatiently.

"It's nothing like that. Something awful has happened. Oh, Jill!"

"Well? What . . . you know I'll do anything I can to help you."

"Jill, where did you get the money from for all this? Do be honest about it. Do tell me, if there was anything queer about it—if it had anything to do with Wa Lee."

Blank amazement chased the laughter out of Jill's eyes.

"The Chinaman. My dear Fenella, what on earth are you getting at? And why should how I got my capital have anything to do with your present trouble?"

Fenella was too miserable to care about anybody's feelings just then.

"You were on my verandah that morning. The money seems to have gone, and I never had it. And here you are, suddenly able to start all this—on your own."

"So you think I snatched fifty thousand rupees off a Chinaman. That, roughly, is what your opinion of me is. Thanks frightfully, Fenella."

"What else can have happened? I mean, the thirteenth was the morning Wa Lee was going to ring up."

"Then you'd got as far as arranging that with him?"

"I was an almighty fool. I just did it for curiosity. I wasn't going through with it, only I was in a fix, and it did seem an easy way of getting out of it. Only then Alistair had said the case was going to fall through anyway. And when I heard it hadn't fallen through, you can imagine how glad I was that I hadn't taken the money; and now it wouldn't have mattered if I had, for Alistair couldn't be more awful to me. My whole life is ruined."

Jill's pointed face had grown very white. Her lips were not quite steady.

"Very well. I will tell you."

"If you want to know, Sir Raymond financed me. He has been a brick. He put up ten thousand rupees to get me going, and I'm to pay him back out of profits, in my own time. It's all properly fixed up with a lawyer in a businesslike manner. But we did not want a soul to know, because you know what people are like and what they will say, and none of it is true, anyhow. He has just been a ripping friend to me. He did not want anyone to know—but you've got to understand."

Fenella went on crying. It did not help matters very much. She could not go and ask Sir Raymond if this was true, and Jill might quite well have invented the story to clear herself. Jill, watching her, read her doubts easily enough.

"You don't believe me," she said, quietly.

"Oh, I don't know what to believe. I'm so miserable, I'm half off my head. All I know is that Wa Lee says someone telephoned from my verandah and was told where the money would be, and went to get it. And it certainly wasn't me."

"Listen, Fenella, I can't bear this. I'll

get permission from Sir Raymond to show you the papers. When he comes back in four or five days—unfortunately he's out shooting—then perhaps you'll believe I didn't come by my capital through stealing. I always thought you liked me."

"I do like you. I'm sorry about all this, but I couldn't see any other solution."

Jill turned away and powdered her nose angrily, and then jammed on her blue cap without paying much attention to the angle. She said in a choked voice:

"Gilbert's car has just come for me. I must go. Darn it, my eyes are all red. I hope to goodness he won't notice. Sorry Fenella, that your opinion of me is such. I can't talk about it any more."

Gilbert Cheney was waiting for her, standing beside his car, a little bored if anything. He hated the competent modern young woman of whom, to his mind, Jill was a typical example. He was a little surprised to see this crushed and rather tearful girl, with red eyes.

"I say, is anything wrong?"

"Yes." She had never meant to tell him. She could not tell him everything, because it meant giving away Fenella and Alistair. She cried a little, to his intense discomfort, and then tried to laugh it off.

"I'm suspected of committing a felony. Isn't it awful? Come and see me when I'm in prison, won't you. I have few real friends."

She thought, miserably, "Just my luck. The last person I wanted to see me like this is Gilbert. This will finish any chances of friendship between us for ever. A slightly hysterical woman, with swollen eyes and a red nose."

"No," she said, "I can't tell you any more, because it isn't my story. But it's pretty beastly, that's all."

He looked at her, with more interest than he had felt for any woman for many years. She was a plucky kid, and she was pretty much alone. He wondered what the trouble was. This brother of hers was not much good to her, one way and another. A selfish young blighter, to all appearances.

"I wish you'd confide in me," he said.

She shook her head. "I can't—at least not yet. Let's think of something else and enjoy our afternoon."

He did his utmost to make her enjoy her afternoon. More interested in her than he had ever been.

FENELLA and Alistair spent another nightmare of an evening together. Alistair returned from office looking like death, and hardly spoke. If she had been prisoner at the bar, and he the judge, he could not have treated her more coldly and distantly. Once she burst out:

"You've no business to treat me like this."

He turned his tired eyes upon her.

"How have you treated me, Fenella?"

"I loved you," she said. "I have been a fool, but because I loved you, I tried awfully hard. I was nothing but a fool—not the awful things you suspect me of. Never any of them. But you can't get away from all your mother said. All these months you have just been waiting to prove she was right. I loved you terribly, but I don't think I shall ever love you so much again. I can't go on living with you, if you feel like this about me, think so little of me."

"What do you propose doing, may I ask?" He spoke very quietly, not looking at her. She knew what he was thinking. Unless she had taken this money from Wa Lee, how was she, who was penniless, to get away? She said, breathlessly,

"I haven't considered that yet. I suppose there are things a woman can do."

She said, "I won't go on living with a man who hates me."

If only he would say that he did not hate her. If only he would come and put his arms round her, and say, "This is a beastly business and you were a fool, but you and I have got to get it straight together."

He said nothing.

She went to her own room and left him. The room had already a widowed appearance. Alistair's bed had been moved into his dressing room. He did not sleep with

following facts are enlightening at least. At Elstree, England's largest studio, now equipped to make sound pictures, only fifty-six full-length features have been completed since its inception in 1927—these figures were published in the fall of 1930. In view of this fact, I think Canada has done very well to have actually shown seventy-three pictures made in England during the release years from 1929 to 1930 inclusively."

It is true that the talking film industry in the United Kingdom is of recent development and that, not unnaturally, production began on a small scale. Nevertheless, there has been a most remarkable increase in production during the past year and by the end of 1931 there will have been produced at a conservative estimate 105 feature talking films, a considerable number of which will doubtless be suitable for display in Canada. The estimated production for 1932 is 130. I would further add that it must not be thought that the studios at Elstree represent the entire British film industry. The following extract from the Annual Report of Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, published in the *London Times* of September 29, 1931, is interesting in this connection: "Within the last year our studio at Shepherd's Bush has been enlarged to three times its original size, and is now one of the largest studios in Europe, and its equipment the finest and most modern. At the same time, the studios belonging to Gainsborough Pictures (1928) Ltd, which is in association with your corporation, have been reconstructed and enlarged and now represent a production plant, also of the very finest order."

The authoress then goes on to quote an article which indicates that the exports of British pictures have been steadily declining, that Canada has doubled its importations, and that more British pictures have been shown proportionately in Canada than in any other part of the world. May I suggest that the official statistics of imports and exports of film do not tell the whole story? It is quite true that the exports of "positive" film, or film ready to be shown in a theatre, are declining, but on the other hand, the exports of negative film—film from which positives can be made—are increasing. The declining exports to other parts of the world are due to the fact that arrangements have been made in many countries for the printing of "positives" in those countries. This is not yet being done in Canada though arrangements to do so are now being made by one large English producer. When they are completed, instead of six "positives" of each film being sent to Canada from the United Kingdom, only one "negative" will be sent and the positives will be produced in the Dominion. The effect of this will naturally be a decline in the import figures of positive films, but it will not mean that less British pictures are being shown. The imports of "negatives" are not specifically mentioned in the statistical returns.

Reference is made in the article to the British quota and to Mr. C. B. Cochran's complaint that he could not procure a sufficient number of first-class British talkies for display at the London Pavilion.

From October 1, 1931 to September 30, 1932, the quota of British films required to be shown by exhibitors in the United Kingdom is ten per cent. This figure is again increased to 12½ per cent on October 1, 1932. The maximum percentage required under the Cinematograph Films Act of 1927 is twenty per cent and this will be reached in 1936.

The majority of exhibitors apparently did not experience Mr. Cochran's difficulty, for official figures show that for the last quota period ninety-six per cent of exhibitors in the United Kingdom complied with the regulations, and that, of the total footage shown during the year, fifteen per cent was British. The London Pavilion is at present controlled by British International Pictures, Limited, and a financial success is being

made on an undiluted programme of British feature films.

A report recently received from the Department of Overseas Trade of the British Government reads as follows: "In general a great increase in the popularity and the financial success of British films can be recorded during the past year or two. It is noteworthy that the big circuits in particular are showing considerably more British films than required under the quota, and, according to press reports, circuits are showing up to twenty-five per cent and in one case even forty per cent of British films. This can only mean that it pays exhibitors to show British rather than competing foreign films. It may be asked why the figure of fifteen per cent given above for the total showings of British films in the United Kingdom is not larger if the bigger theatres are supporting British pictures so extensively. To this question the answer appears to be that the smaller theatres cannot show more British pictures because the big houses are taking so many."

This statement is amply borne out in the recent annual report of Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, mention of which has been made above. This company, in addition to being important producers, also control the largest line of theatres in the country. In his report the chairman states: "The people who are in the best position to judge the British film are those who have had the experience of exhibiting it to the public. Your directors, with the experience of the largest cinema interest in the country behind them, know the British film to be soundly established so conclusively that our renting houses have actually changed over from a product mainly American to a product substantially British, and thanks to our many years' interest in British production, this change-over has been accomplished with complete success."

Yours sincerely,
A. M. Wiseman,
His Majesty's Trade Commissioner.

The Fallacy of Helpful Extravagance

Dear Editor:

Are folks justified in "decrying the fact that a Canadian mother is spending lavishly on a party for a young girl, when men and women are starving?" Is it a fact as things are at present, that her waste means good fortune to others? Does it? Is this true? The leading masters of the science of political economy say emphatically, "No!"

The nature and extent of this popular fallacy—that it is all one how we spend money, that all our apparently selfish luxury is, in reality, unselfish and is doing just as much, if not more good than if we gave the money away—is clearly stated in "A Joy For Ever" by Ruskin. I quote in part: "Not cheat yourselves into thinking that all the finery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths for those beneath you; it is not so; it is what you yourselves, whether you will it or no, must sometimes instinctively feel it to be—it is what those who stand shivering on the streets, forming a line to watch you as you step out of your carriages (or limousines) know it to be; those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their mouths."

Now we women of Canada may help solve this problem by literally and practically accepting the simple principles respecting wealth laid down in our Lord's parable of the talents, namely, that we are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to us and that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money.

The key to the whole subject lies in the clear understanding of the difference between selfish and unselfish expenditure. Elsewhere Ruskin says: "You ladies like to lead the fashion—by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly—lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, dress everybody else nicely. Lead the fashions for the poor first; make them look well and yourselves will look, in ways of which you have no conception, all the better."—Alice M. Rainnie.

Vacation Dreams

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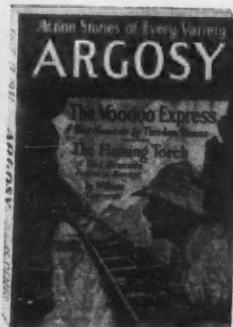
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Printed in Canada



— for DECEMBER 5th: starts a mystery novel of the Louisiana swamps, "The Tavern of Terror," by Kenneth Perkins; also complete novelettes of circus trickery (by Thomson Burtis) and of a coal mining race against time and enemies.

— for DECEMBER 12th issue: features two strong, complete novelettes — W. Wirt's "Aztec Treasure," with the popular Jimmie Cordie, Red Dolan, the Fighting Yid, and their fellow adventurers, now in Central America; and Theodore Roscoe's "Red Dice," a Havana gambler's life-long man-hunt.

Every Tuesday
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DECEMBER 1st Issue Presents:

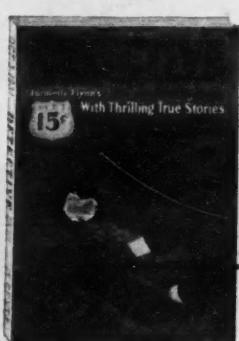
"The Golden Pheasant"—
by Ethel LeCompte.
"Three's Not a Crowd"—by Evan Sands.
"Susan for Short"—by Ethel Donohoe.

DECEMBER 15th Issue Brings You:

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"Written in Her Palm"—
by Betty Bennett and Lois Thompson.
"Christmas Carol"—
by Nanette Lane.

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In the LETTER BOX



(Owing to space limitations, only interesting excerpts from the many letters received can be published)

Midwives In Canada

Dear Editor:

In the October issue of *The Chatelaine*, the article "Should Canada have Midwives" attracted my attention and you request suggestions from some of us—so I submit a few thoughts. Being the fortunate possessor of two certificates, i.e., that of R. N. and C. M. B. (Central Midwives Board, Eng.) I do not agree with Dr. McCullough. I firmly believe what Canada requires is a proper midwifery school or schools established from east to west.

By the way, does Dr. McCullough know the living conditions of the rural women of the West? On coming to Canada 23 years ago, I followed my nursing profession for a few years in one of the Alberta cities. My experience was that when the medical men for whom I worked got to know my qualifications and work, I had always cases booked well ahead and owing to my midwifery training I saved those busy men many hours of tedious waiting. When called to a case I notified the doctor in charge. He waited until I reported the progress of the patient, and was guided accordingly; this alone means a great deal to busy practitioners.

Again I have seen cases handled by some medical men absolutely wrongly according to my midwifery training and with, oh, what dire results to the patients. There are medical men who would never be good at this work if they practised for a thousand years; they have not grasped the work, do not like it—it's just naturally not their work, just because they hold an M. D. certificate does not prove they can do this work better than a properly trained midwife. My experience is that some of the medical men are inclined to hurry cases along.

I firmly believe a midwife requires a complete nursing training. Canada does not want women with just a few months' training in midwifery. It is too vast and too important a work, and all so-called maternity nurses ought to have midwifery training. Why object to midwives when today we have all kinds of women going out to maternity cases, and young girls who have put in a few months training in some hospital or other but from some cause or another have not completed their training, undertaking the nursing of mother and child?

For twenty years I have lived in a rural community and have been blessed for my

midwifery experience when the doctor was not available or miles away. More than one neighbor woman has passed on to some expectant mother the word, "Don't worry if the doctor isn't in time, get Mrs.—she is just as good" and not once in all the four years has any woman suffered wrongly from my midwifery knowledge.

Admitted midwives have not the authority to deal with complicated cases, they are protected by law so that a medical man has to attend such a case when sent for by a midwife and a qualified midwife would not want to undertake a case beyond her power.

Most patients prefer a woman around her in the early stages of labor.

If proper midwifery schools were established and some of the training given in the homes of the poor in the larger centres as in England, we would be turning out something worth while without encroaching on the medical men's field.

Today there is no hue and cry against the untrained midwives, and unqualified nurses who are practising everywhere and charging fees far beyond their qualifications, some even running small nursing homes.

There is no doubt in my mind but Canada needs qualified midwives and the outlying districts need them badly. One question: Just how many experienced medical men go to outlying districts? Isn't it more often the new and rather raw graduate who has to go to these same districts and gain his experience at the expense of the rural women? How much better an experienced qualified midwife under government Public Health.

It is high time the women's organizations looked into this all-important question more seriously.—M. W.

British Films in Canada

Dear Editor:

I have been much interested in the articles appearing in your September and October issues on the film question. In particular, certain statements in "This Movie Rumpus," which appeared in the October issue, have attracted my attention, as I have in my possession somewhat more complete and up-to-date information regarding the film situation in the United Kingdom than appears to have been available to Miss Laura Elston when she assembled her material for this article. She writes as follows:

"Statistics and figures are not very interesting to the lay mind, but the

green cotton No. 5 using a No. 3 bone hook, 4 balls will be required and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of ribbon.

Chain 3, join, and work 16 double crochet into the ring, drawing the loop out a little longer than usual, before working off two loops on hook. Turn. *Chain 1, 1 double crochet in each stitch of previous row, taking up only the back loop of stitch. Turn, and repeat from * till there are 48 rows, or a strip long enough to reach to hook of hanger. On the 49th row work 7 double crochet, chain 2, to make opening for the hook, skip 2 stitches, work 7 double crochet in remaining stitches of row. Next row, work 1 double crochet in each stitch, including 2 chain stitches, and work 47 more rows, making 24 ridges each side of opening. Next row, chain 1, insert hook in back loop of stitch as before, and draw thread through. Now pick up the thread and draw through the first loop only, and keep the loop on the hook. Take up all the stitches in this way, being careful not to draw the loops any longer, than when working double crochet in the ring at beginning of strip. Now take up the thread and draw through all the loops at once. Then draw thread through the loop left on hook, and draw this new loop out long enough to slip the ball through and draw tight. Insert hook in end of first ridge and pick up the thread and work sides of bag as follows:

1st row—Chain 2, single crochet in end of next ridge. Repeat across strip, and work single crochet in both ends of last ridge together to make the end round. Work other side of strip in same way catching both ends of last ridge together. There will be 47 chain loops on each side. Fasten and break thread.

2nd row—Fasten thread in 16th loop from end, chain 2, treble in next loop, (chain, treble in next loop) 14 times, chain 2, single crochet in next loop. Slip stitch to next loop. Turn.

3rd row—Chain 2, treble in first space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 8 times, chain 2, treble in same space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 8 times, the last treble will be in same treble where first row started. Chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first row. Turn. Single crochet in first space, chain 37 for pocket opening, single crochet in last space of previous row, chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first row. Turn.

4th row—Chain 2, treble in 2 chain loop, chain 1, treble in first stitch of 37 chain, (chain 1, skip 1 stitch, treble in next stitch of chain) 9 times, chain 2, treble in same stitch to increase in centre, (chain 1, skip 1 stitch, treble in next stitch) 9 times, chain 1, treble in the loop of first row where previous row ended, (chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first tow) twice. Turn.

5th row—Chain 2, treble in 2 chain loops, (chain 1, treble in next space) 12 times, chain 2, treble in same space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 12 times, (chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first row) twice. Turn. Continue working in this way till all the loops of first row are taken up. There will be 16 rows of treble in

centre of bag, and 74 treble in the row. Fasten thread and break off leaving about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of thread to sew or crochet edges of ribbed strip together over hanger after the other side of bag is finished.

To work the other side fasten thread in 16th loop from end of first row and work 2nd row thus:

2nd row—Chain 2, treble in next loop, (chain 1, treble in next loop) 14 times, chain 2, single crochet in next loop, slip stitch to next loop. Turn.

3rd row—Chain 2, treble in first space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 8 times, chain 2, treble in same space to increase in centre, (chain 1, treble in next space) 8 times. The last treble will be in the loop from which the previous row started. (Chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first row) twice. Turn.

4th row—Chain 2, treble in first space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 10 times, chain 2, treble in same space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 10 times, (chain 2, double crochet in next loop of first row) twice. Turn. Continue working from the 5th row of other side, and when beginning 16th row slip stitch into last double crochet of other side. Then work row and at the end slip stitch to first double crochet of other side, and continue working on around thus: *Chain 2, treble in next space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 36 times, chain 2, treble in same space, (chain 1, treble in next space) 36 times, chain 2, double crochet in 2 chain loop, also double crochet in loop of other side. Repeat from *twice, then chain 2, treble in first space, slip stitch into last treble of other side, (chain 1, treble in next space, slip stitch into next treble of the other side) twice, then work row as usual.

Next row—**1 double crochet in 2 chain loop of the other side, (chain 1, slip stitch into next treble of both sides together) 3 times, slip stitch into space, chain 2, treble in next space, chain 1, treble in next space, and work across row as usual. When beginning the row on the second side join 3 treble together as before and repeat from ** till there are 22 rows of treble and spaces all together.

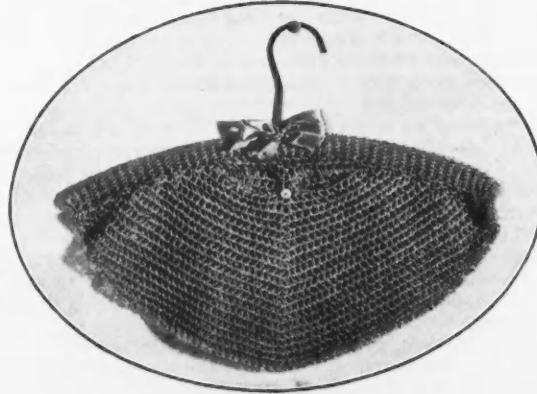
Work an edge of (chain 3, 1 double crochet) in each treble around pocket opening, making 6 chain for centre loop of top edge for button-hole, and sew a small pearl button to lower edge. Now slip the cover over hanger with hook through the tiny opening made for it, turn back the sides and crochet or sew the two edges of ribbed strip together over the hanger. Then holding the side with opening toward you, join the thread to the first row of bag, and work an edge of 3 chain loops fastened with double crochet at end of rows, and over each treble, as far as the sides are joined together. When opening is reached chain 3, double crochet in treble of both sides together. Continue around in same way. Make a bow of the ribbon and fasten to cover at opening for hook.

A Crocheted Ensemble for Miss Dolly

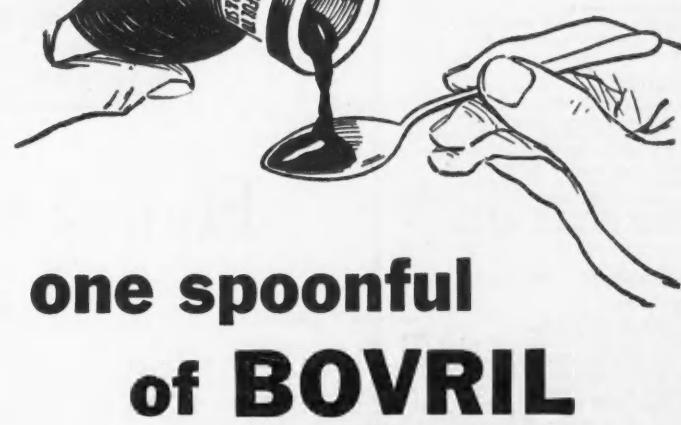
THIS up-to-the-minute outfit for her doll will delight the heart of any wee maiden, when it is left by old Santa on Christmas Eve. This doll stands nine inches high, and measures six inches around the body, but

Continued on page 74

This crocheted hanger is provided with a pocket for the frock or coat accessories.



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That one spoonful will make an immense difference in taste and in the nourishing value.

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No doubt there are lots of new clothes you would like to buy, but, no doubt, you, like many other girls, have not the extra money to spare.

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is a friendly organization of girls from all parts of Canada who have joined together in one large friendly organization working for the betterment of womanhood and Canada. Members of the Girls' Club are introducing The Chatelaine, the magazine for Canadian women, and thus bringing entertainment, interesting articles, splendid fiction, vital topics written by women for women to the women of Canada. Write

THE CHATELAINE CLUB FOR GIRLS
Room 317, 153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favorite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

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The loose weave of this pastel-scarf gives a lacy effect that is very charming.

A Lacey Scarf and Novelty Hanger for Christmas

Dainty gifts that are quickly made with wool and cotton.

by ELSIE GALLOWAY

VERY effective is the loosely-knitted

scarf illustrated—and it is equally smart for sports wear if made of slightly heavier wool. It can be worked out in any desired combination of colors, that illustrated being of white with a delicate mauve, yellow, green and pink. Last month we showed a smart little "roll-your-own" hat which can be made from the same amount of wool as is given here, and, for a young girl, the hat and scarf would make a charming ensemble. Materials required are balls of white Iceland wool and one ball each of mauve, yellow, green and pink; a pair of No. 7 bone knitting needles 12 inches long, and a small bone crochet hook. The scarf is 25 inches wide and 58 inches long, but for sports wear a scarf 8 or 10 inches wide and 48 inches long would be more suitable, and would be made in the same way, using fewer stitches—about 35 would be sufficient.

For the wide scarf cast on 100 stitches of white wool. An excellent way to do this is to crochet, rather loosely, a chain of 100 stitches, and picking up the back loop of each stitch, draw the wool through and slip the stitch on to a knitting needle or it may be picked up with the knitting needle. This gives a firm, even edge. Knit plain for 24 rows, making 12 ridges which correspond to a hem.

25th row—Knit plain.

26th row—Knit 4 stitches, then purl all except last 4 stitches, which are knit. These 4 stitches on each side are knit plain in every row to form a border. Repeat these 2 rows 8 times, making 40 rows of white all together.

41st row—*Join the mauve wool and knit 4 stitches, (wool over needle, knit 2 together) 46 times, or to last 4 stitches which are knit plain.

42nd row—Knit 4 stitches, purl 92 stitches, knit 4 stitches.

43rd row—Knit plain.

44th row—Same as 42nd row. Repeat 43rd and 44th rows 3 times, making 10 rows of mauve.

Then with white repeat 41st and 42nd rows.*

Now work 10 rows of yellow and 2 rows of white, repeating from * to *. Then work first a green, and then a pink stripe in the same way. Continue with the white wool repeating 43rd and 44th rows until there are 30 rows of white. Then work the colored stripes again in the same way as before, excepting that there are only 8 rows of each color, with 2 rows of white between. Then 30 rows of white and the stripes of color again, working only 6 rows of each color. 30 rows of white, then reverse the colors and work to correspond with the first half thus: 6 rows of pink, 2 rows white, 6 rows green, 2 rows white, 6 rows yellow, 2 rows white, 6 rows mauve, 30 rows white, 8 rows pink, 2 rows white, 8 rows green, 2 rows white, 8 rows yellow, 2 rows white, 8 rows mauve, 30 rows white, 10 rows pink, 2 rows white, 10 rows green, 2 rows white, 10 rows mauve, 16 rows white, then 24 rows white knit plain, making 12 ridges. Knit across again and bind off loosely on wrong side of work.

Turn to the right side, and with the crochet hook work a row of double crochet around the edge, putting 1 double crochet in each stitch of ends, and each ridge of sides.

Covered Hangers Make Novel Gifts

A COAT or dress hanger with a crocheted cover will make a useful and very acceptable gift to any lady, and also prove a good seller at a bazaar.

The soft, silky covering prevents the garment from slipping off the hanger, and there is nothing to catch the finest fabric. When there is a pocket provided for the gloves, scarf, purse or other accessories worn with coat or dress, well—just what more could be desired? For use with a raincoat, the rubbers may be kept in the pocket where they will always be handy and a hanger of this sort will be a comfort to the girl who goes to school or business.

The crocheted cover was made of nile

Devon to find the home of his half-forgotten ancestors. He finds he is heir to it, finds a mystery attaching to it, finds lots of excitement in finding that out, and finally finds himself settled down in the old homestead with a lovable wife and an adorable baby. The story is well and pleasantly told, and the breezes of "Dartymoor" waft the fragrance of heather and gorse to the reader throughout the book. Mr. Phillips knows the West Country, and the book will be read with pleasure by "Dartymoor Dag" and foreigner alike.

HOW TO SPEND YOUR MONEY, by Ernest McCollough. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.

Now that the depression is over, and we shall all have money to spend it is of importance to know how to spend it. And Mr. McCollough writes this timely book to tell us just this. He writes for the poor—"those who are in low income classes, and may never attain an income exceeding \$10,000 a year" as he calls them. If such people will only follow his simple rules they will never be poor. He proves his point by graphs, and by the results of researches by graduate students of American Universities, who have examined hundreds of cases, and can tell to a dollar what the average doctor or lawyer should be earning at sixty. Anybody belonging to the low income class of, say \$8,000 a year, who reads this book, will agree with Andrew Carnegie that "Poverty is a blessed heritage." Those who haven't any money should buy the book now, and keep it handy for reference when they have completed the simple preliminary of obtaining some, for Mr. McCollough makes it clear that you must have money before you spend it.

I WENT TO RUSSIA, by Liam O'Flaherty. Jonathan Cape. \$2.50.

A young Irish writer's impressions of Russia, as he saw it last year. Mr. O'Flaherty is not a student of social or economic questions, but went to Russia, as he says frankly, because he earns his living by writing books. So he sailed to Leningrad in a Russian ship, went on to Moscow, and tells us about some of the people he met. There were some who liked the existing state of affairs, and some who didn't; he found dreamers and drunkards, a woman who was serving as an officer on a merchant ship, and another who thought it impossible to be happy in Russia. It takes all sorts to make a world, whether under Communism or Capitalism, is the impression he leaves. Perhaps he leaves also a tiny impression that he thinks he could have shown the best of them how to do things better, if he had thought it worth while, which he evidently did not, but

anyone wishing to view the game, as played in Russia, through the eyes of a somewhat casual observer might do far worse than buy this book.

ENDURANCE, by F. A. Worsley.

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$4.

Commander Worsley was the friend and companion of Sir Ernest Shackleton in two voyages to the Antarctic, and is moved to write this book by what lawyers term "natural love and affection" for a gallant comrade. With sailorlike simplicity and vigor he writes of the loss of the ship in an ice-floe; of twenty-eight men stranded on the ice, miles from everywhere, and of Shackleton getting up at dawn to make tea for all hands; of the hazardous voyage in a ship's boat to procure help, and the rescue of the marooned men, and then, after some service in the World War, of his leader's last voyage and untimely death. It is a book to keep you awake at night, if you take it with you to read in bed, for all who admire courage and consideration for others exhibited under trying circumstances will find it fascinating.

MAID IN WAITING, by John Galsworthy. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$2.

We have waited four years to read the first book Mr. Galsworthy has written since "Swan Song" terminated his enthralling chronicle of the Forsytes. "Maid in Waiting" presents the same scenery; the same background of English social life, but the characters are different and the plot invades entirely new fields. There are times when echoes of the Forsytes reach the readers' ears. Fleur and Michael Mont, for instance, cross the stage once more. But theirs are only walk-on parts.

The principal rôle is that of Dinny Charwell, in whom the author has typified all that is best in English breeding and culture. She is the pivot upon which events in the novel turn, her own life, remaining strangely untouched throughout. Mr. Galsworthy's characters are always real: the American professor, big, shrewd and "he-manny," in love with Dinny, the sister of a man he has unwittingly wronged; Hubert, inarticulate and emotionally highly strung; Jean, "like a leopardess with a cub around the corner;" Uncle Hilary, the fine, ascetic clergyman; Adrian, in love with Diana, whose domestic tragedy forms one of the most dramatic episodes in the novel—All these characters are living persons, their problems are universal; their thoughts and actions reflecting the broad philosophy and kindly humor that is Galsworthy's.

Although the author has not so intimated, it will not be in the least surprising if a further book dealing with the same human, likeable people, follows "Maid in Waiting."

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 63

"Yes," she said. She did not look at him. Why had it never struck him that Jill had been on the verandah the day Wa Lee rang up? "If it had been me, he'd have thought of it soon enough," she told herself bitterly. "Well!"

"What a filthy business it is. I shall have to go round and see Jill. I suppose. To think of being mixed up in a show like this."

"If you had only believed me . . ."

He turned to her. "If you had never had anything to do with Wa Lee, all this would not have happened. I can't believe that Jill would do such a thing."

"You had no difficulty in believing it of me."

"You still haven't told me how you came by that two thousand rupees. You did not win it at the races. I have had enquiries made, and know you lost money there."

The color drained from her face. He had had enquiries made about her. He had been spying on her behind her back. Little had she dreamed things would ever come to this between them. Marriage, after all, was not as easy as she had at one time supposed.

"I shall tell you about that in my own

(To be Continued)

time," she said coldly. "If you had been kinder to me, I would have told you in the beginning, but I know now that you put on every action of mind, the construction your mother would put on them. You call my every little foolishness by some terrible name. I'm beginning to understand."

He went to the telephone. She heard him ring up Gilbert Cheney. They made an appointment to meet at Alistair's office at ten o'clock.

"I must be off," said Alistair. "I'm going to ask Cheney's advice. This affair is getting too much for me. I don't know where I am at all. I have got to tell him your share in the business, Fenella, but as you are evidently innocent, you won't mind that."

This was the only acknowledgment he made that he realized perhaps, after all, she had not the money. She looked after his retreating form, hating him.

When he had gone she went back to her bureau, opened the little drawer, and with flushed cheeks and quickened breathing, read the two typewritten sheets of letter over again.

in Authorship,
Theme and
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These brand new books deserve your interest

THE TRAIL OF THE KING'S MEN

By B. Mabel Dunham

The author of "The Trail of the Conestoga" and "Towards Sodom" reveals some little-known but highly interesting Canadian history in this romance set in the days of the American Revolution. It pictures strikingly the reasons for the trek to Canada of the United Empire Loyalists. \$2.00.

THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS

By Henry J. Moore

Specialized adapted to our Canadian climate and conditions, this book is free from the disabilities of similar imported volumes written for England or the United States. It is mainly intended for the amateur who is enthusiastic about his garden. Beautifully illustrated with half-tones and coloured plates. \$2.50.

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How I Choose Books for Christmas

One of Canada's noted Novelists
discusses Christmas books

by NELLIE McCLUNG

IT IS some years ago now, since I determined to give books to my friends at Christmas, nothing but books. Glass breaks, silver tarnishes, linen wears out, silk stockings run, but a good book remains steadfast and true.

One year, I began to select books for my friends in January, determined I would be ready and waiting when Christmas came. I would have my parcels all wrapped in silver paper, tied with tinsel, and dotted with red Christmas candles, candles being emblematic you see; fly-leaf written upon, not hastily or carelessly, nor in conventional words, but painstakingly, with meaningful phrases—the gift without the giver being bare, as you know.

In October I had six books selected and put away, ready to be put into their silver wrappings, and with an original verse on each. A glow suffused my heart, when I placed them on the high shelf in the linen closet comparable only to the self-approving hour which settled down on young Mr. Horner as he sat in his corner long ago!

One friend, among my six, is a minister, the up-and-coming sort who preaches on the problems of today, reads ten magazines each month, and has a question box wherein any one can place a question, and once a month, hear them dealt with by him at the evening service. For him I got a book which was making a commotion that year, hailed by the left wing of society as a great book, and as a piece of heresy by the more conservative element. I knew he would like it, and would preach on it.

I carefully composed the words of greeting. I wanted to embody the thought that the men and women of today were as important to God as the people of old, even if we didn't hear the voices, or see the Burning Bush! So I wrote my greetings in the metre of a hymn, beginning,

The men and women of today
Are precious in God's sight
As precious as the chosen ones
Who looked from Pisgah's height.

And in the succeeding verses, I made liberal quotations from his sermons which I know, always go rather well with those who speak in public. We all like to know that we have been listened to!

One night, in December, after the evening service, we were sitting around a fire, talking. The minister was in that expansive mood that comes on Sunday evening, when the labors of the day are over, and he said something like this:

"There is one disadvantage in being a preacher. People have a fixed opinion of us. No one really believes that a preacher needs a relaxation or fun, or excitement. When I go home, even my mother has the idea I need nothing so much as drawn blinds, and a muffed door-bell. It's the same about the books people give a preacher. Last year I got ten books, wonderful books—the kind I can't afford to buy but all serious, and all along the line of sociology. I would like to be able to forget unemployment and disarmament, and youthful depravity, and all problems once in a while. I would like to step through a door, and find myself in an enchanted garden . . ."

I thought of the carefully written verses in the book, on the high shelf and suddenly sensed that they would have to be abandoned—Pisgah's height and all!

So I got a copy of Benvenuto Cellini, and wrote a plain prose inscription on a card.

One other of the six was not so well received as I thought. It was for Miss Coulter, the dressmaker, who loves to make wedding dresses, and carries her pins in a heart-shaped velvet cushion. To her I gave a sweet story of the old school, where the lily-like heroine died of a broken heart, when her true-love married another. She frankly told me that in her opinion women that die of broken hearts are poor fish, with ingrowing emotions, and anyway she likes stories better that are written since the war. So the next year I gave her Mrs. Salverson's *Viking Heart*, and she liked it well. It was about real people, who took their blows, heads up and without whimpering.

I BELIEVE in giving books that are not too good to be loaned. Books were never made for bookshelves, they should be in circulation and pass from hand to hand. They are living things—the heart's blood of the writer, and we do no honor to the writer when we hoard a book. But I do think every book should carry a few words of advice as to the treatment a book should have. There are still the odd rough-necks who will double back a book, or lay it face downward to save the place.

Let us never forget that Christmas is the children's day, and that we should put books into the hands of children everywhere. One of the most heart-warming sights I saw in Toronto when I was there in October was the children roaming happily through the Book house, carrying books of their own choosing. Books for children, well written, well illustrated, full of "marvel and surprise" will surely do much to form character, and

direct ambition and hold young feet in pleasant and safe paths.

I try to read every book I give, to young or old, and in this endeavor I have two or three good friends who read for me, and tell me their findings. I like pioneer stories, and stories of families, who may be hard on each other, but close in, in mass formation, when trouble comes, and I like tales of adventure, where people overcome the hardships of environment. Sex stories, and morbid stories are terrible to me, and I am glad I do not have to read them. Love stories clean and convincing, where the people act naturally, are a delight. I like stories of normal, everyday people; the sort you would like to meet—the sort of people Marian Keith, and L. M. Montgomery write about, and Miss J. G. Sime in *Our Little Life*.

And I like Canadian stories. I like to smell the piney odors of British Columbia's forests in books and see the rippling grain of the western prairies, through some other person's eyes; and I thrill to the scarlet of the maple in Ontario; the pleasant remoteness of Quebec, and the apple blossoms of the Maritimes.

I HAVE not spoken of poetry. But I must. For concentrated beauty and pleasure a book of poems stands supreme. I had a little volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay on the train when I returned from the East two weeks ago, and I read it all day long, and was very happy with it. Outside the sun lay on the fields, heavily golden. The leaves on the trees were brightened unto death and the whole earth was fair, even though the hearts of men and women were burdened. I thought of all the comfort that had come to humanity from books, and of how the very souls of writers cry out of their volumes to us asking us to read what they have written and I read Miss Millay's appeal to the world not to let her die. I was glad I had seen this little grey-bird of a book on the long table full marked down to forty-nine cents.

"Women at your toil," she writes
Women at your leisure
Till the kettle boil
Snatch of me your pleasure
Where the broom-straw marks
the leaf.
Women quiet with your weeping
Lest you wake a workman sleeping
Mix me with your grief."

THE HOUSE OF SECRETS, by Lawrence Phillips. Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. \$2. Gerald Narracott goes for a hike through

place in a cup and add a few drops of green coloring. With a spoon mix well until the cocoanut is a pretty green, turn out on a plate, and allow to dry. With a pastry brush and cold water slightly dampen the top of the icing wherever you want the "grass," then sprinkle the colored cocoanut on the cake. Allow the cake to stand three hours before cutting.

YOU may have some of the sugar dough left over after icing your cake; and this you might turn into some rather nice candies. Cut up very finely some walnuts and almonds. Take a piece of sugar dough, knead the nuts and some cocoa well into it, and roll out to a half-inch thickness. Roll out to a quarter-inch thickness some pink, yellow, or lavender sugar dough; dampen

with cold water and place a piece on each side of the piece with nuts. Leave all night to set; then, with a sharp knife, cut into squares.

If you prefer, you may roll out all the pieces you have left to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; dampen with cold water and place one upon the other; press together, allow to set, then cut into squares.

With this doily icing many novelties may be made for birthday or wedding cakes and all kinds of designs molded or cut from the same sugar dough. It is a really delicious and soft kind of sweet, so that even if it were merely cut into squares, rounds, or oblongs you would enjoy eating it. How much more tempting it is then, when it is daubtly colored and molded into quaint shapes.



Getting Ready for the Gang

Continued from page 25

is unexpected, ingenious young folks can always be depended on to produce satisfactory "eats."

Informality is the keynote of the Christmas season, but formal entertainments have a place in the holiday plans. A dinner-dance is an event of paramount importance and here is the excuse for evening finery and the formality of service so dear to the hearts of teen-age youth. The menu is a more or less standardized affair but permits of considerable variety. It may, for instance, begin with a clear soup, a fruit cup, a tomato juice or shellfish cocktail or with a canape. Meat or fowl may be the main course and the markets offer a wide choice in accompanying vegetables. Salads which follow should be light and crisp and the dessert may be anything from plain fruit to the most ethereal concoction. There will, of course, be a Christmas touch to the decorations and the garnishing of the dishes.

With the return to home entertaining, games of all kinds are regaining their old-time popularity as a form of amusement. It is true that bridge has a never failing interest for many, but charades, treasure hunts and other games are as much in vogue now as they were in the gay 'Nineties. Whatever your form of entertainment, there must be something good to eat as a climax to the evening's fun and you may serve anything your fancy and sense of fitness dictates.

But parties in the kitchen are the most fun of all. What about a candy pull, with everybody in aprons and nobody idle? Make quantities of taffy guaranteed to stretch, pair off your guests and offer a prize for the most successful candy. Set out a variety of flavorings, colorings, nuts, fruits and cocoanut and let them choose what they will. Refreshments for such a party should be savory, tart and tangy to offset the sweetness of the earlier feed. Cold meats and pickles, tomato juice, crisp fresh celery, luscious fruits and fragrant coffee are just the thing to round out the evening's jollity.

The kitchen is also the rendezvous of the after-theatre crowd or the "gang" which comes trooping in after the hockey match or evening of sport. Turn all the young folk loose in the kitchen. Give them some eggs, some cheese, a bottle of milk and a box of crackers and see the dishes they evolve in less time than you think possible. Cater to the modern flair for domesticity and the midnight snack will bear witness to the young folks' proficiency with a mixing bowl. Rarebits and omelets, steamed dishes and toasted sandwiches appease lusty appetites and are eaten with the enthusiastic approval of all.

The Christmas season is all the merrier, and home is all the homier when the house rings with glad young voices and a rollicking crowd partakes of your hospitality. So invite your friends to any kind of a party and make this holiday week a time to remember.

Party Menus for Christmas Week Afternoon Tea

Star-shaped open Sandwiches with Cream Cheese and sliced stuffed Olives
Rolled Celery Sandwiches
Tiny Cranberry Tarts
Christmas Cake
Candied Peel Salted Nuts
Coffee Tea

Fireside Tea

English Biscuits with Comb Honey
Cream Cheese and Currant Jelly Sandwiches
Tea Dark Fruit Cake
Bon Bons Candied Ginger

Evening Bridge Refreshments

Individual Chicken Pies
Celery stuffed with Pimento Cheese
Olives Lettuce Sandwiches
Cranberry Whip Shortbread
Coffee
Red and Green Mints

Midnight Supper

Cranberry Cocktail
Creamed Oysters on Toast
Mixed Sweet Pickles
Ginger Wafers and Cream Cheese
Grapes Coffee

Breakfast Party

Grapefruit and Orange Juice
Cherry Garnish
Cooked Cereal with chopped Figs and Dates
Parsley Omelet
Toasted Scones Strawberry Jam
Coffee

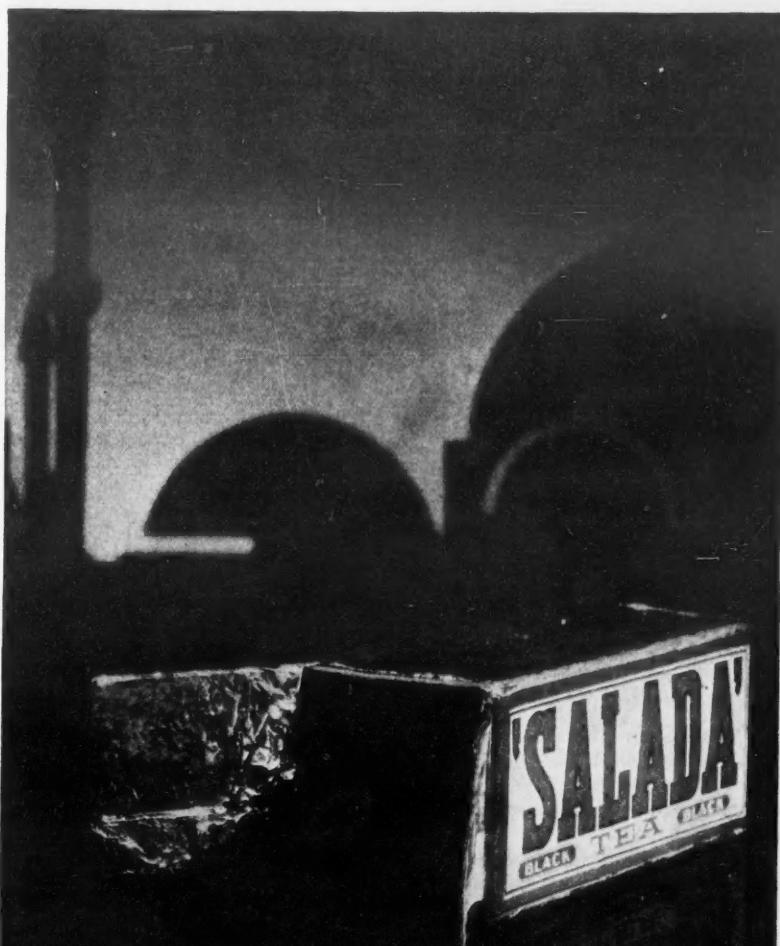
English Biscuits

2 Cupfuls of flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
1 Tablespoonful of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of milk

Mix and sift the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt and work in the butter. Beat the egg slightly, add the water and the milk and combine with the dry ingredients. Mix lightly, turn on to a floured board and roll to about half inch thickness. Cut with a small biscuit cutter, place on a lightly greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (425) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

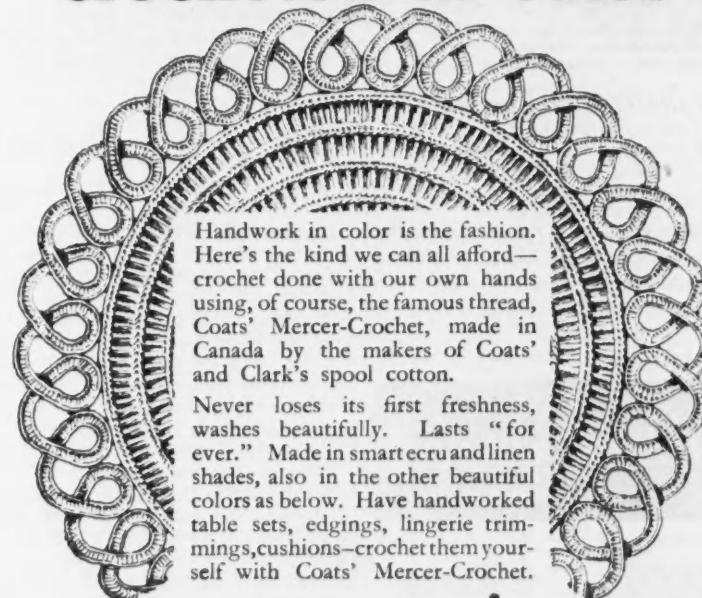
Individual Chicken Pies

Line tart tins with flaky pastry, and fill with diced cooked chicken and thickened stock. The stock should be the liquid in



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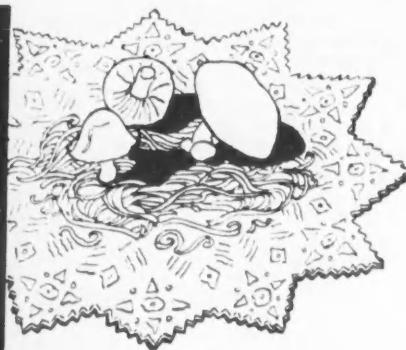
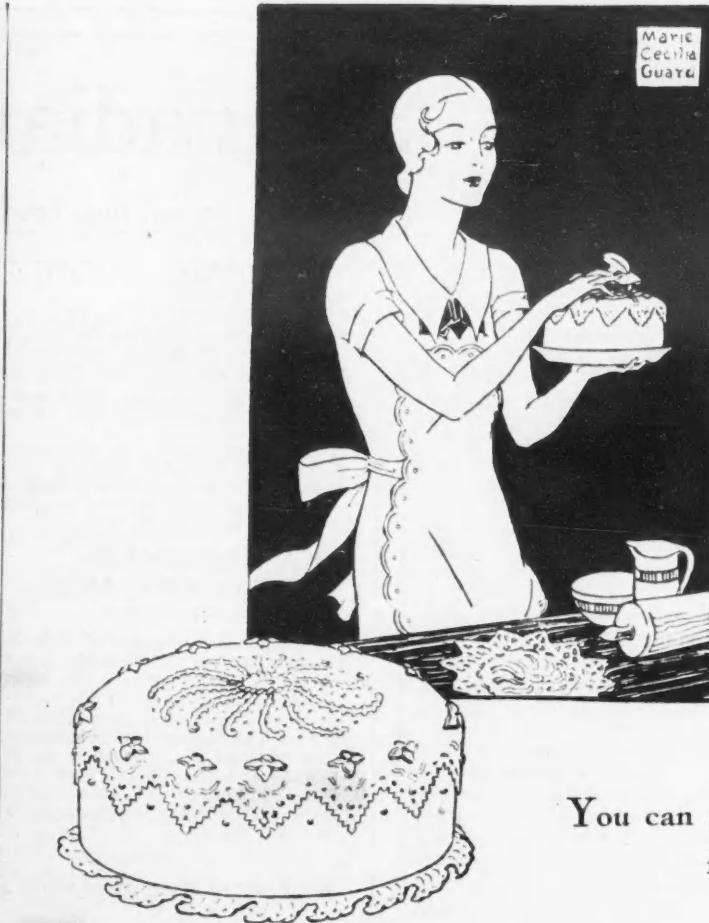
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Doily Icings

by
BESSIE E. PRIOR

You can make the gayest party icings
in the simplest way

ICING is fascinating material to work with, but it requires a great deal of patience and no little artistic ability to achieve the delectable creations one sees in confectioners' windows—that is, when the official icing tubes and instruments are used. There is, however, a certain type of icing that can be easily molded into the most charming designs simply by using paper doilies. It is quite different from the usual kind of icing, as it is kneaded and rolled out like dough for pastry. But with it one can not only cover a cake with icing but make all sorts of decorations to give the party cake a festive air. The icing with the fairy mushrooms on top, for instance, would delight the hearts of the little folks. This doily icing is not expensive to make. Only icing sugar, a little gelatine, essence, coloring, cocoanut, cocoa, silver cachous and maize syrup are required.

Take two pounds of the best icing sugar, roll it free from lumps, and sift through a fine sieve. Place this in a large, wide basin or in a mold upon your kitchen table. In a small basin place two level teaspoonsful of powdered gelatine, and to this add two and one-half tablespoonsfuls of cold water. In a saucepan place one-quarter of a pound of crystal sugar, one-quarter of a pound of maize syrup, and one-quarter cupful of cold water. Place on the stove and boil, without stirring, to 240 degrees Fahrenheit; or, if you have no thermometer, until a soft ball is formed when a little is taken out on a spoon and plunged into cold water.

When the syrup has reached this stage remove the saucepan from the heat, add the soaked gelatine, and stir in well with a wooden spoon. Flavor to taste with vanilla, almond, or lemon. Now add some of the sifted icing sugar—about two cupfuls—to thicken the syrup and to cool it for handling. Make a large hollow in your mound or basin of sifted icing sugar and pour in the thickened contents of the saucepan. Knead the icing sugar well until it makes a firm, tough dough. Now remove it to a pastry board dusted with icing sugar, dust your hands with icing sugar and continue kneading.

Unlike pastry, the more you knead this the better it becomes. Have your cake ready. Cut off a piece of sugar dough, dust the board and rolling-pin with icing sugar,

and roll out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. With a pastry brush and cold water dampen this strip, fit it around the side of the cake and press firmly on. Cover the top of the cake in the same way.

NOW roll out another piece of sugar dough one-quarter of an inch thick, the size of your doily—have your doily pressed but not starched—and with your brush and cold water dampen this piece and place your doily on top. With your rolling-pin roll the doily firmly into the sugar dough; let it stay there for a few minutes, then with a pastry wheel cut the sugar dough carefully all around the edge of the doily, following the pattern.

Next, lift the doily very carefully from the sugar dough. Dampen the icing already on the top of the cake and place the sugar impression on top, having the points hanging down the sides. Slightly dampen each point with cold water, and with a silver cachou press firmly on to the side of the cake. Take a little of the sugar dough you still have left and color it light pink, yellow, and lavender.

Four small petals are required for each flower. To make these, take a small piece of the sugar dough, and with the finger and thumb roll and pinch it into the shape of an orange pip; dampen these small petals and arrange four to each flower with the thin part toward the centre. The centre of each flower is a silver cachou, or, if you have no cachous, a small ball of yellow dough will do. These flowers are placed on top of the cake in alternate colors.

A very pretty effect is made by having the band of icing around the side of the cake tinted pale pink, yellow, or lavender, then having the white lace doily icing hanging in points over it.

To make the mushrooms take pieces of the sugar dough, roll them round with

the finger and thumb, and shape as illustrated. Some are usually flat, some cup-shaped, while others are only round balls; the last named are rolled and the base is pinched into a stalk. Place a little cocoa in an egg cup, moisten with just enough cold water to make it a liquid. After shaping the mushrooms paint the inside with a little liquid cocoa. Now place the mushroom in the palm of your left hand, and with a knife make cuts in the cocoa-coated part, cutting from the edge to the centre. The cuts must not come through to the outside of the mushrooms.

The stalks are pieces of the white sugar dough rolled, the end dampened with cold water and pressed into the centre of the cocoa-coated inside. Stand them with the white side of the mushroom on the table and allow to dry well. When dry they are attached to the doily icing by dampening the end of the stalk, and pressing it on to the icing.

Green grass is sprinkled around and between the mushrooms. To make this "grass" get some rather coarse cocoanut,

A pastry cutter is the only tool you need to make the original "mushroom" icing shown at top of page.



THE PANTRY SHELF



A Directory of Food Products and Their Place On The Menu.

THE VOGUE FOR APPETIZERS

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

LET the prelude to dinner be an appetizer—a gay, zestful, little morsel of attractiveness, that will win for you a reputation for originality and artistry. These tasty tid-bits are gaining immense popularity, serving as they do the double purpose of awakening interest and appetite for the following courses and adding color and charm to your menu.

The appetizer may be any fruit or fruit juice cocktail, the colorful tomato juice or fish with a highly seasoned sauce. But probably the most intriguing type is the canapé. This convenient little hors d'oeuvre appears in countless forms, but is invariably dainty, highly flavored and decorative. If they are served in the living room before dinner, they have a substantial base and are dry enough to eat with the fingers. If they are the first course at the table, they may be somewhat larger and are eaten with a fork. Often tiny assorted canapés are placed on the plate at the base of a fruit or vegetable juice cocktail.

For the preparation of such accompaniments, the pantry shelf should yield a variety of spreads and garnishes. Little bits of a number of things will make possible an interesting assortment—anchovies, sardines, crabmeat, lobster or salmon mixed with other materials or seasoned and worked to a paste form the topping for many canapés. Cheese, nippy and creamy, is colorful and offers a wide range of flavors. Potted meats and meat pastes, seasoned vegetable butters, chutney and other suitable relishes are further suggestions for spreads. If you want your canapé to be especially luxurious, you may use such delicacies as caviar, pâté de foie gras, and other more expensive little items.

The art of garnishing is not difficult to master when materials for the purpose are at hand. Here we find pickles to be cut in fancy shapes, olives green, ripe and stuffed, pearl onions, pickled walnuts, pimientos, pickled beets, capers, salted nuts—all of which are most effective garnishes when used cleverly. Cream cheese or mayonnaise may be piped from a pastry bag to form a border, or a dividing line between different toppings on the same canapé. Green and red pepper, hard cooked egg, water cress or parsley, radishes and other more perishable garnishes supplement those mentioned and their individual color notes.

Seasonings are important. Worcestershire sauce and other sauces, tabasco, cayenne, paprika, mustard and of course salt and pepper and lemon juice are needed to season and give the dash that makes the canapé.

The base also is an important factor in making the canapé attractive. Bits of toast or sauté bread are frequently used and must be crisp, nicely browned and cut in a variety of pleasing shapes. Fresh, flaky biscuits may be purchased all ready for use. These are small and dainty, come in varied shapes and keep in excellent condition on the pantry shelf.

The final note in the preparation of these canapés is the arrangement on the serving platter. By the grouping of different shapes

and colors, very decorative patterns can be made to show on the platter, and whether the canapés be simple or as elaborate as materials and art can make them, they present a tempting array of hors d'oeuvres whose purpose is to please the eye and whet the appetite.

Canapé Suggestions

Cover a lightly buttered crisp cracker with finely chopped pickled beet. Cross two anchovies in the centre and garnish with slices of pearl onions.

Toast two-inch rounds of bread on one side. Spread the other side with butter which has been creamed and mixed with chutney (one teaspoonful of chutney to two tablespoonfuls of butter). Over this arrange tiny sardines lattice fashion as a garnish.

Cut sauté slices of bread in fancy shapes and spread with the following sauce:

1 Egg yolk
1½ Tablespoonfuls of cream
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of paprika
¼ Teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce
Few grains of cayenne
¼ Pound of cheese cut in small pieces

Beat the egg yolk, add the other ingredients and cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Mix finely chopped lobster meat with heavy cream and spread over the sauce. Garnish with lobster meat forced through a strainer and slices of stuffed olives.

Spread fancy crackers with the following mixture:

6 Tablespoonfuls of flaked salmon
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of chili sauce
2 Hard cooked eggs
Mayonnaise
Pickled walnuts

Mix together the salmon, lemon juice and chili sauce. Mash the egg yolks and add mayonnaise to moisten. Garnish the canapés with this mixture forced through a pastry tube. Cut the hard cooked egg white and the pickled walnuts into fancy shapes and arrange decoratively on the salmon topping. Spread bell-shaped pieces of toast with meat paste which has been mixed with finely chopped green pepper and seasoned to taste. Garnish with finely chopped parsley and pimento cut in fancy shapes. This color scheme is particularly suited to the Christmas season.

Star shaped canapés may be spread with white cream cheese and garnished with tiny stars of pimento and green pepper, or they may be spread with lobster or salmon paste, with cheese colored red with chili sauce or with a thickened tomato mixture. Border with white cheese or parsley butter forced through a pastry tube, and garnish with decorative bits of hard cooked egg white, slices of stuffed olives, sweet pickles, pearl onions or green pepper. Here again the Christmas color scheme is developed.

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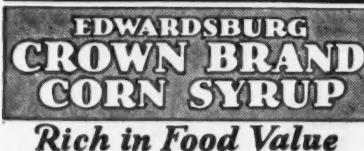
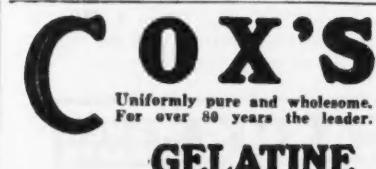
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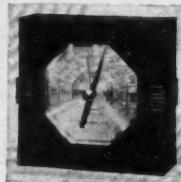
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BROWNATONE
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which the chicken was cooked. To thicken, add one-quarter of a cupful of flour to one-quarter of a cupful of chicken fat or butter, blend thoroughly and add the hot chicken stock (three cupfuls). Season to taste and cook gently until thickened. Cover the tarts with flaky pastry, trim the edges and bake in a hot oven until the crust is browned.

Cranberry Whip

1 Cupful of cranberry pulp
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of powdered sugar
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 Egg whites
Strips of sponge cake or lady fingers

Force cooked cranberries through a sieve to obtain the cupful of pulp, add the sugar and the lemon juice and let stand for about

half an hour in a cold place. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the cranberry mixture and continue beating until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Line serving glasses with strips of sponge cake or lady fingers, and pile the cranberry mixture lightly in the centre. Serves twelve.

Cranberry Cocktail

4 Cupfuls of cranberries
4 Cupfuls of water
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of granulated sugar

Cook the cranberries and water until the skins pop open. Strain through cheesecloth. Bring the juice to boiling point, add the sugar and boil for two minutes. Set aside to cool, and serve thoroughly chilled. This may be put into sterilized bottles corked and sealed and stored for future use.

A Chatelaine's Own Gifts

Continued from page 26

or candied fruits. Little wicker baskets may be stained in any shade and will be useful for other purposes when the contents are no more. Inexpensive pottery bowls and covered dishes might be filled with confections and will serve later to remind the recipient of your thoughtful gift.

The container for all your packages may be an ordinary fruit or market basket stained red or green, a hamper or a small clothes basket. It may even be a pail or can which will do duty in your friend's kitchen. Or it may be a large wooden or cardboard box, ornamented with the Christmas motifs. Have it large enough to accommodate all the gifts and if you are mailing or shipping the parcel, leave plenty of room for protective packing between the individual packages.

Of course the contents will depend on the amount you care to spend and the number in the family for whom it is intended. Be sure to include a special gift for everyone, with perhaps a few things which all may share.

Sometimes the small remembrances are hard to choose—something just a little more than a greeting card to carry your good wishes to a neighbour, a shut-in friend or one who has shown you some special kindness. Food gifts are a happy choice—a single jar of your preserves or mincemeat, a box

of assorted cookies, candy or fruit, a square of cake, individual frosted cakes, a pie or a dozen home-made buns. If they are made from your own special recipe, you might copy it neatly and paste it on the outside of the container.

In our Christmas giving this year, we shall not forget the needy and perhaps you will want to send a basket to those less fortunate than yourself and your particular friends. Our suggestions are mostly such staples as cereals, cheese, cocoa, canned fish, dried fruits and vegetables, with some of the fresh varieties to aid in preparing appetizing and well-balanced meals and enough of the little extras to carry a message of real Christmas cheer.

The shops abound with suitable food packages to supplement your home-made offering. If time is short for the preparation of your gift, add to those you fashioned with your own hand, a box of fancy biscuits, a cake or pudding, a package of figs or raisins, a bottle of fruit syrup, olives or relishes, a tin of marshmallows or some special little luxury. Many of these are in Yuletide wrappings with a greeting from the manufacturer.

The opening of your treasure chest will make a happy hour as one by one the gay parcels yield their appetizing secrets and bear evidence of your kindly thought.

Hand-Made Gifts

Continued from page 58

Bag No. C69—We have procured this bag for our readers who admire such things but have no time, or perhaps no inclination to do fancywork. The love birds are motifs, embroidered ready to stitch on, so that you have only to bind the handles and make up the bag. Size 18 by 15 inches, in heavy black silk taffeta, with 12-inch hoops for handles, and binding, the price is \$1. The love birds are 45 cents, and an art silk lining can be supplied for 35 cents.

Pillow Cases No. C70 and C73—Two lovely designs in these always popular and most acceptable gifts. Shaded rose cotton is used for the roses on C70 and the bow knots on C73 are worked in the new turquoise blue, coral flowers with gold centres forming the wreaths. Stamped on finest English cotton with linen finish, size 36 by 42 inches, they are priced at \$1.35 per pair, and the cottons for embroidery come to 20 cents. Towels to match can also be supplied, stamped on finest white Irish linen huckaback, size 18 by 33 inches, at 95 cents per pair. The cottons for working are the same as for the pillow cases, 20 cents. C73 only is illustrated.

"Hot Rolls" No. C78—To keep your rolls or biscuits hot and fresh. Size 20 inches; stamped on finest white Irish linen, and worked in satin stitch with a few French knots—in white or single color,

Price 55 cents; cottons for working, 15 cents.

Cushion No. C81—This gallant old galion comes stamped on black Venetian satin, making a very modern and beautiful cushion. Size 18 by 23 inches, complete with back, the price is \$1. The work is done in satin and chain stitches in shaded silks, the required silks coming to 50 cents. If preferred, we can supply this cushion on black art felt, the price for front and back being 85 cents. Six-strand cotton is best for working on felt, and for the necessary shaded cottons the price is 30 cents. Cushion form in this size is priced at 65 cents.

Purse No. C83—The Greek key pattern lends itself most beautifully to this really stunning purse. Easily worked in cross stitch on squared canvas in two shades of wool (please state colors desired). The price for canvas, wools, lining and fasteners, with instructions for making, is 95 cents.

Luncheon Set No. C71—Gaily colored Japanese lanterns hanging from artistic brown boughs make this luncheon set dainty and different. Thirty-six-inch cloth and four serviettes, stamped on white, cream, green or yellow Irish linen, are priced at \$1.35. If preferred, we can supply this set stamped on cream or white fine linen.

Continued on page 81



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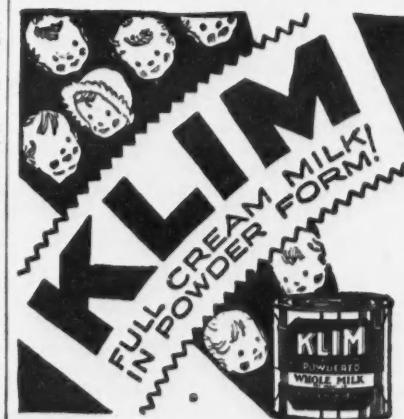
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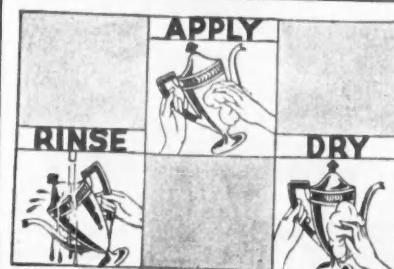
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If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.



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A Department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

DON'T you love poking round the stores at Christmas time? I have just finished a curiosity invasion of the household departments, and it's simply extraordinary how gay the most common-or-garden articles manage to look when they've got their best clothes on! You couldn't wish for nicer looking nor more acceptable gifts than many household utensils. I have selected a number of them that are thoroughly practical and yet are sufficiently out of the ordinary to concede the Christmas spirit.

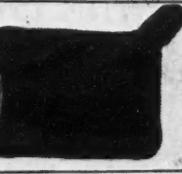
The Triculator, for instance, shown at the top of the page, is as handsome a coffee maker as ever graced a table. Its china base is ivory tinted, thinly striped with silver and decorated with a dainty bouquet of natural-colored flowers. Appropriately enough, this particular model is called "The Bride." The Triculator operates upon the filter method of making coffee, producing a coffee pure and sparklingly clear.

That peculiar looking mitten is in reality what is known as a Lady Jayne coal glove. It is made of black velvet, with a little brass ring at the wrist with which to pull the glove off and on. It would make a novel and very reasonable gift for someone who loves a coal fire.

Those recipes which are never to be found at the critical moment! That scrap book that is never up to date! Here is the solution in an efficient little recipe box, finished in light green and ivory or light and dark blue. There is a stencilled decoration on the lid, which you cannot see in the illustration, and the box is fitted with an index consisting of twenty-one printed and fifty plain cards.

Pyrex ovenware is known the world over. It is guaranteed, you know, to withstand any oven heat. This new casserole is particularly useful, for its cover can be used as an au gratin dish, a separate baking dish, or as a tile for the casserole.

"Tally-ho!" says the whisk, "What a to-do about a little dust!"—but he does his work well just the same in spite of his superior air, and so does the other whisk. The hound-brush is appropriately dressed in hunting



pink, and the leather collar round his neck terminates in a strap to hang himself up by. The other whisk is a very gay affair of striped blue, white, green, pink and orange.

I was most intrigued to discover the hot water bottle shown on this page. It is of an entirely new type, and possesses a splendid "tufted" feature that is quite unique. When filled with water, the pad remains flat. The special tufted feature distributes the water evenly so that the pad is soft and almost as flexible as a cloth. One side of the "Jem" pad is of smooth red rubber, while the other side is rubber with a cloth-texture finish. When the side with the cloth finish is placed next to the body the pad cannot slip. And another advantage—the two-sided feature gives two temperatures, since greater heat can be borne through the cloth side. An ideal invalid or family gift, I think. Incidentally, this same tufted feature is applied to air cushions with equal success. Both sides of the cushion have the cloth-texture finish, of course.

Here's something that every woman who likes cooking will love to play with. Ateco cake ornamenting tools are packed very beautifully in a box, together with instructions for making all sorts of decorations for cakes, puddings, pies and salads. They give a certain flair to ordinary dishes, and of course for the special occasion—the birthday cake or anniversary cake, for instance—they vie with the pastrycook's art. Ateco sets can be procured in varying sizes.

The two little gadgets placed side by side are packed in delightful boxes ready to give away. One is a Bluebird indoor clothes line reel, and the other is a memo-roll—both gifts for the kitchen, and both very attractive besides being practical. They can be procured in pastel shades of blue, green, pink and orchid.

Well—I'm afraid that's all there is room for, although there are many more things that I would love to have told you of. If you would like information on any of the articles shown on this page, just write me and I will be glad to advise you concerning them.

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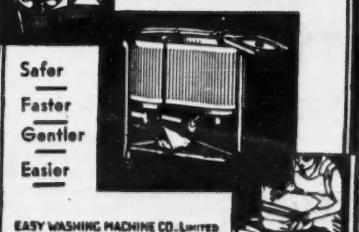
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Pages 77-80

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Foy Bldgs., Front St. West, Toronto.



A demure little ensemble for Miss Dolly, consisting of undergarment, frock and beret.

A Lacey Scarf and Novelty Hanger for Christmas

Continued from page 67

the garments may be made to fit a larger or smaller doll, by using a larger or smaller number of stitches.

White Shetland wool was used for the combination undergarment and pink Iceland wool, with its beautiful silky finish, for the dress and beret. Left-overs might be utilized, as very little is required. A half yard of pink baby ribbon was used for the sash, and a small bone hook will be required with which to do the work. For the combinations, make a chain of 38 stitches and join in a ring, and work a double crochet in each stitch of chain. Mark the beginning of the row with a colored thread, and work round and round without joining, taking up both loops at top of stitch.

2nd row—One double crochet in each stitch of 1st row.

3rd row—Five double crochet, chain 2, skip 7 stitches to make armhole, 14 double crochet, chain 2, skip 7 stitches, 5 double crochet.

4th row—One double crochet in each stitch of last row including the chain stitches which make the underarm section. Work 8 more rows working 1 double crochet in each stitch of previous row.

13th row—Increase in 1st stitch and under each arm by working 2 double crochet in 1 stitch of previous row.

14th row—Increase only in centre front.

15th, 16th, 17th and 18th rows—Increase once under each arm.

19th row—Increase once under each arm and at end of row (centre of back). Continue increasing under arms till there are 27 rows and 52 stitches. Work 2 more rows without increasing.

30th row—Work 24 double crochet, slip stitch back into 3rd stitch to form leg and work 2 rows of double crochet around leg skipping every 5th stitch. Slip stitch down leg, and work around the other side to 3rd stitch from end of row. Fasten with slip stitch to 5th stitch from leg just finished and work same as first leg. Then work the 4 centre stitches of front and back together with single crochet and fasten thread. The side where rows began is the back.

For the Dress

Chain 32 and join.

1st row—Chain 2, 1 half treble in each stitch of chain, made thus: throw wool over the hook, insert hook in stitch and draw wool through, making 3 loops on the hook. Pick up the wool and draw through

all 3 loops at once. At end of row slip stitch to chain.

2nd row—Chain 2, 7 half treble in 7 stitches, 3 half treble in 8th stitch, 16 half treble in 16 stitches across front, 3 half treble in next stitch, 7 half treble in 7 stitches. Join.

3rd row—Chain 2, 8 half treble, 3 half treble in next stitch, 18 half treble, 3 half treble in next stitch, 8 half treble. Join.

4th row—Chain 2, 8 half treble, 3 half treble in each of next 3 stitches, 18 half treble, 3 half treble in each of next 3 stitches, 8 half treble. Join.

5th row—Chain 2, 7 half treble, chain 2, skip 10 half treble, which makes the sleeve, 18 half treble, chain 2, skip 10 half treble for the other sleeve, 7 half treble. Join.

6th row—Chain 2, 1 half treble in each stitch of row (36 half treble). Join. Work 4 more rows same as 6th row.

7th row—Chain 3, 1 treble in each stitch.

12th row—Chain 3, *(1 treble, chain 2, 1 treble) in next stitch, 1 treble in next stitch. Repeat from * around and join.

13th row—Chain 3, 1 treble in each treble, and 2 treble with 2 chain between under each 2 chain of previous row. Join.

14th row—Same as 13th row. Fasten and break thread. Slip stitch with silk crochet thread in each stitch of neck and sleeves, and a thread may be run through the stitches around the neck to draw it a little tighter, if desired.

Run a ribbon through treble row and tie in bow at back for sash.

For the Beret

Chain 2 stitches and work 6 double crochet in first stitch. Mark end of row with thread and work without joining.

2nd row—Two double crochet in each stitch. (12 doubles.)

3rd row—(One double in 1st stitch, 2 doubles in next stitch) 6 times. (18 doubles.)

4th row—(One double in each of 2 stitches, 2 doubles in next stitch) 6 times. (24 doubles.) Work 4 more rows in the same way. There will be 1 more double on each row between the increases, and the 8th row will have 48 doubles in the entire row. Work 5 rows without increasing, then decrease on the 14th row by skipping every 8th stitch. On the 15th row skip every 7th stitch, and every 6th stitch on the last row. Fasten and break thread.

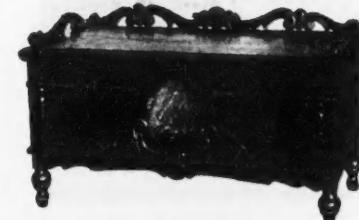
Make a chain of 6 stitches and sew to centre of cap for the tiny tab.



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This season the designs are strikingly attractive. See them at your dealer's, or write for our folder No. 40—with twenty-six chests illustrated.

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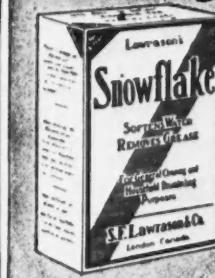
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455

No. 455—Taffeta is so youthfully dainty, it is charming for an informal evening frock like this. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 605—Very debonair is this frock with cleverly molded lines and jaunty flare over the hips. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents

647

Price 15 Cents

No. 647—Rich velvet or sleek satin fashions this graceful frock suitable for formal afternoon wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material or lace.

Price 15 cents

605

Silks and Satins Offer Sophistication
Taffeta is Ingénue



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in every part of the Old World, as well as here at home, will doubly appreciate such a novel form of remembrance—as it carries a breath of Canada into their homes every month throughout the year.

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CHIC RULES THE YOUTHFUL MODE



No. 219—A charming frock, with more than a hint of the Napoleonic era in its broad collar and deep cuffs. The diagonal scallops are very flattering. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with 4½ yards of binding.

Price 15 cents

No. 509—This smart, semi-tailored frock achieves a very nonchalant air by means of the jaunty one-sided scarf collar and a slanting closing. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch light-weight wool or tweed.

Price 15 cents

No. 528—This jaunty model offers countless possibilities in color harmony, but perhaps the smartest is black satin and white flat crépe. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch dark, and 2½ yards of 39-inch light material.

Price 15 cents



Paris is the Inspiration of These
Three Frocks Designed and
Made in Canada

Price 15 Cents

CLEVER FROCKS FOR OLDER WOMEN

Price 15 Cents

Smartness is Not an Accident.
It is Achieved through Careful
Choice of Pattern and Material.
Chatelaine Patterns Fit Perfectly
and are Simple to Follow.



401



249



514

No. 249—The deeply pointed neckline softened by the inset draped vestee, is very becoming. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch wool crêpe or light tweed, with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 27-inch crêpe de Chine.

Price 15 cents

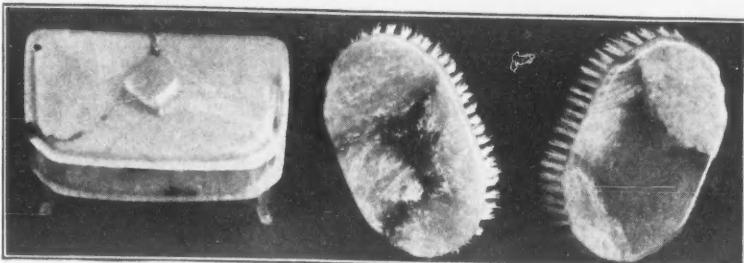
No. 401—This graceful frock has adopted diagonal lines to give length and slimness to the mature figure. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch velvet or satin, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine.

Price 15 cents

No. 514—Sunburst shirring is used with clever effect on this very new afternoon frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch flat crêpe with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents





It is a good idea to start someone this Christmas with a collection of toilet articles. The new Onyx pattern is one of the most attractive French ivory designs.

Hand-Made Gifts

Continued from page 72

finished cotton at 85 cents. The cottons for working are 20 cents. A dainty little lace edging can be supplied, if desired, at 50 cents.

Cushion No. C72—Love birds again, but on a cushion now, and these must be embroidered. Size about 20 inches, stamped on heavy black Venetian satin, complete with back in same material, the price is \$1; and shaded silks for working are 30 cents. This cushion is also to be had stamped on black art felt, front and back being supplied for 85 cents, and six-strand shaded cottons for working would be 20 cents. Cushion form to fit can also be supplied at 65 cents.

Bibs No. C79, 82 and 84—Pussy cats and puppy dogs are always beloved by baby, so we feel these bibs will be sure to please. Stamped on soft English jasper, size 10 by 14 inches, they are priced at 10 cents each; 8 cents extra for cottons to work, and an additional 10 cents for bias binding, if desired.

Novelty Cozies, No. C74 and C75—Chanticleer thinks he really has something to crow about now. He comes stamped on heavy black art felt, with bright red comb and yellow patch, and feels that he is very

cheap at 85 cents. The baby chicks, No. C75, will keep your eggs warm, and look very cute and attractive on the table. They are 15 cents each, but like to go in pairs at 25 cents.

Towel No. C77—Initialled linen is always very distinctive, and you can either hem-stitch these as in the picture or we will send them stamped with scalloped ends. Size 18 by 33 inches, stamped on finest white Irish linen huckaback, these are priced at 95 cents per pair. White or colored cottons for working, 20 cents. Pillow cases to match are also available, stamped on finest English cotton with linen finish, size 36 by 42 inches. As drawn threads are not successful on circular goods, we supply stamped scallops only on the pillow cases. Price per pair, \$1.35. Cottons for working, 20 cents.

Please be sure to state initial and color desired for working. All prices include postage. Please do not send cash unless registered. If sending cheque, kindly add 15 cents, amount charged by bank for exchange on all out-of-town cheques. Send orders to Miss Marie Le Cerc, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

What Shall We Give Each Other This Year?

Continued from page 23



There could scarcely be a more thoughtful gift for the maidless woman. A tea wagon solves the service problem between kitchen and dining room and in addition acts as a service table. The model shown is made by Malcolm and Hill.

If there's a little girl in the family, the fun of choosing a gift is even greater; there are so many things she wants which can be built up from year to year, with Christmases and birthdays. The add-a-pearl necklaces, of course, are one of the most popular forms. Toilet requisites, with manicure accessories, brush, comb, mirror and all the dressing table needs, in some particular design make another happy thought. Books too, can be added to month by month, to build up a valuable collection for the grown girl.

Fine lingerie will delight any girl of any

age; any woman too, for that matter. One mother I know, when she realized her daughter was beginning to use powder, bought her a box of the very best, and taught her how to use it carefully. The training has been invaluable in keeping her skin in perfect condition.

Boys are sometimes more difficult, but you can always depend upon their love of sports. A new baseball bat, tennis racquet, sports shoes and hose, skates, and, if there are two boys in the family, a couple pairs of boxing gloves will please them. I know one mother who taught her boys to box out any argument they had—and the idea worked splendidly. You can buy too, some gymnasium equipment for the home which will help to keep in good condition. A home-made tie rack is easily made by the home carpenter, a collar box, made from some cretonne, or a bathrobe are gifts any woman can make.

So much comfort is obtained from gifts of a household nature that it is a pity they are not more frequently given. An iron which includes all the latest improvements, is an electric iron from the Northern Electric Company.



"Of course you can do successful dyeing at home"

"If I were you, I'd dye that dress and get another whole season's wear out of it....

"Afraid to? Nonsense! Of course you can dye it successfully—right here at home. Use Diamond Dyes and there's nothing to be afraid of. I've dyed many dresses both for myself and the children—and window-drapes and bedspreads, too. I've never had a failure. You can always depend on Diamond Dyes to give splendid results."

Do you know the reason Diamond Dyes always give such splendid results?

It's because they are richer in pure anilines—the highest quality of aniline coloring matter obtainable.

That's why all different materials

take Diamond Dyes so evenly. No spottiness, no streaks. It's why the colors always come out so true, so deep and rich. No off-casts, no dull, dead tones.

When you have a dress or coat still serviceable but which has lost its first fresh look, or of whose color you have tired, renew it with Diamond Dyes.

And give yourself and your family a refreshing change in home decorations. Enjoy the new colors in your used window-drapes, pillow-tops, bedspreads.

Women find Diamond Dyes one of the most inexpensive ways to have new pleasure and prolong the service both of clothing and home decorations. (Made in Canada.)

DIAMOND DYES

BETTER BECAUSE RICHER IN PURE ANILINES

STYLES FOR TINY PEOPLE



493

Price 15 Cents

No. 637—These little rompers are practical and very suitable, too, for the wee man. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price 15 cents

No. 747—One of the most popular ideas with the young man of the family is the raglan sleeved coat, which always looks its best in tweed. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 408—Puffed sleeves and pleated ruffles are dear to the heart of small daughters. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price 15 cents

No. 288—This dainty bloomers-frock is particularly simple to make and there is nothing nicer for playtime. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price 15 cents

No. 493—A boudoir doll makes an adorable Christmas gift. Miss Flapper is beruffled in pink net with pink crêpe silk bindings. Her frock and hat come in one size only and require $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material, if made of one material.

Price 15 cents



Recipes Used in Meals of the Month

by FRANCES M. HUCKS

HEARTY foods are in favor again as the cold weather settles upon us, and the month of Christmas brings typical foods which may appear on our tables in many forms. Some of this month's recipes require a little more preparation and somewhat longer cooking than many we have given, but the warm kitchen with its aroma of savory foods, is a pleasant place to be when winter reigns outside, and preparing a new dish is an interesting pastime for a cold afternoon.

Special mention might be made of the liver loaf, since liver is recognized as being such a valuable food. The recipe given should be welcomed by the mother whose family is not particularly fond of liver alone, for it provides a tasty dish with a nice blending of flavors. The cranberry shortcake is an old dish with a new flourish and quite worthy of repeating often during the cranberry season.

Liver Loaf

1½ Pounds of liver
1½ Cupfuls of bread crumbs
2 Eggs
½ Cupful of stock
1 Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of bacon fat or dripping
1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
½ Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Tablespoonful of parsley, chopped
1 Tablespoonful of onion, chopped
½ Green pepper, chopped (may be omitted)
¼ Teaspoonful of celery seed or dried celery

Wipe the liver, cut in slices and put through the food chopper. Beat the eggs, add the stock and the milk and pour over the crumbs. Combine with the chopped liver, add the fat, seasonings and chopped vegetables. Mix well and turn into a well greased baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake one and a half hours at 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. For a soft loaf keep the dish covered with greased paper until ten minutes before removing from the oven. Serve hot or cold with a tomato relish. Eight servings.

Banana Fritters

1 Cupful of flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2 Tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Egg
½ Cupful of milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat the egg, add the milk and combine with the first mixture beating well.

3 or 4 Bananas
Fruit sugar
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Peel the bananas and scrape gently. Cut in halves lengthwise and then crosswise. Sprinkle with fruit sugar and lemon juice and let stand for about twenty minutes. Drain, dip each piece in the above batter and fry in hot fat 360 to 370 degrees Fahr., until brown. Drain on brown paper, roll in fruit sugar and serve immediately. Serves six.

Sour Cream Tarts

1 Cupful of stoned chopped dates
2 Egg yolks
1 Cupful of sugar
1 Teaspoonful of flour
1 Cupful of sour cream
¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar, salt and flour and mix thoroughly. Beat in the sour cream, then fold in the dates. Line tart tins with flaky pastry and fill two-thirds full with the date mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375) until brown. Beat two egg whites until stiff, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and continue beating, then flavor with quarter teaspoonful of vanilla. Cover the tarts with the meringue and brown in a slow oven (300).

Apricot Cream

1 Can of condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
¾ Cupful of apricot juice
1¼ Cupfuls of apricot pulp

Soak dried apricots and cook without sugar. Drain, reserving the juice, and force the pulp through a sieve. Add the lemon juice to the condensed milk and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the apricot juice and pulp and mix thoroughly. Pile into serving glasses and chill. Serves six.

Butterscotch Sauce

1½ Cupfuls of brown sugar
½ Cupful of corn syrup
¼ Cupful of butter
¾ Cupful of rich milk
¼ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix the sugar, syrup and butter and boil until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water. Add the rich milk, cool, and add the vanilla.

Vinaigrette Dressing

1 Teaspoonful of salt
White pepper
1½ Tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar
3 Tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar
¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
½ Cupful of salad oil
1 Tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles
1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion

Mix the seasonings, vinegars and oil and beat or shake thoroughly until the ingredients are well mixed. Add the remaining ingredients and serve with a green salad.

Cranberry Shortcake

2 Cupfuls of cranberries
1 Cupful of sugar

Put the uncooked cranberries through the food chopper, add the sugar and let stand for twelve hours.

2 Cupfuls of flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of sugar
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
About ¾ Cupful of milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, and work in the shortening with the finger tips or cut it in with two knives. Add milk to make a soft dough, roll out to three-quarters of an inch thickness, shape, and bake in a hot oven (450). Split, butter and serve hot with the cranberry mixture between and on top, garnished with cream. Serves six.

COMPARISON PROVES ITS GREATER CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR



CHILDREN ADORE IT

TEST the greater chocolate flavour and fragrance of Baker's Cocoa. First taste it. Then, smell it. Comparison with any other cocoa proves Baker's superiority. And you'll learn why children adore it—why the whole family prefer it. Serve this greater, smoother, easily-digested drink often. Remember, there's never an extra charge for the extra chocolate flavour in Baker's Cocoa.

From your grocer in tins. Follow the recipe on the tin. This treat is in store for you: the most delicious cup of cocoa you ever tasted. Get a tin today. Baker's Cocoa is made in Canada.



BAKER'S COCOA

USE BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE FOR COOKING

C8-31

Meals of the Month

Thirty-One Menus for December

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1 Stewed Prunes Corn Flakes Toast Coffee	Cheese Toast Bacon Waldorf Salad Sweet Rolls Tea	Liver Loaf* Tomato Catsup Baked Potatoes Creamed Carrots Lemon Cream Coffee	17 Prunes with Lemon Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee	Parsley Omelet Blanc Mange Strawberry Sauce (juice from Wednesday) Tea	Bean Soup Cold Sliced Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Escalloped Cabbage Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee
2 Tomato Juice Red River Cereal Toast Coffee	Head Cheese Lyonnaise Potatoes Canned Pears Plain Cake Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Prune Whip Coffee	18 Bananas Shredded Wheat Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Celery Hearts Stewed Apples with Cloves Tea	Baked Whitefish Egg Sauce Riced Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Apricot Cream* Coffee
3 Baked Apple Buckwheat Pancakes Maple Syrup Coffee	Creamed Oysters Brown Rolls Jellied Fruits Tea	Cold Roast Beef Potato au Gratin Cabbage Banana Fritters* Coffee	19 Tomato Juice French Toast Corn Syrup Tea	Barley Broth Scalloped Left-over Fish Lemon Snow Cocoa	Oven-Cooked Steak Creamed Potatoes Harvard Beets Apple and Celery Salad Tea
4 Grapefruit Shredded Wheat Bran Muffins Jam Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Combination Salad Crackers Tea	Fillet of Haddie Potato Balls Spinach Apple Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Coffee	20 Sunday Grapes Soft Cooked Eggs Corn Meal Muffins Maple Syrup Tea	Peas in Tomato Jelly on Lettuce Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches Fudge Cake Salted Nuts Tea	Stuffed Tenderloin Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Onions Jellied Prunes Drop Cookies Tea
5 Oatmeal with Chopped Figs Toast Coffee	Spanish Rice Canned Pineapple Ice-Box Cookies Tea	Baked Sausage Creamed Potatoes Squash Cranberry Pie Coffee	21 Raw Apples Wheatena Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Pan-Fried Potatoes Grapes Left-over Cake Cocoa	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Canned Corn Orange Water Ice Tea
6 Sunday Orange Juice Bacon Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cabbage and Celery Salad Peanut Butter Sandwiches Sour Cream Tarts* Hot Chocolate	Roast Leg of Lamb Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee	22 Grapefruit Puffed Rice Tiny Sausages Toast Tea	Scrambled Eggs Head Lettuce Boiled Dressing Canned Cherries Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Canned Spinach Buttered Carrots Mince Tarts Tea
7 Apricots Grape-Nuts Rolls Coffee	Sliced Bologna Baked Potatoes Caramel Junket Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Mixed Fruit Salad Frosted Cake Tea	23 Stewed Apricots Bread and Hot Milk Graham Gems Jelly Tea	Perfection Salad Waffles Maple Syrup Cocoa	Broiled Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Cubed Turnips Sliced Oranges and Bananas Rock Cookies Tea
8 Sliced Bananas Milk Toast Raisin Muffins Jam Coffee	Baked Potatoes Left-over Lamb Gravy Beet Salad Canned Plums Tea	Baked Ham Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Apricot Cup Cakes Coffee	24 Farina with Chopped Dates Poached Eggs on Toast Tea	Pork and Beans Chili Sauce Cherry Whip (juice from Tuesday's cherries) Custard Sauce Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Pan Fried Potatoes Creamed Celery Ice Cream Hot Butterscotch Tea
9 Apple Sauce Puffed Wheat Frizzled Ham Toast Coffee	Broiled Ciscoes Tomato Sauce (from Tuesday's tomatoes) Fresh Gingerbread Cream Cheese Tea	Vegetable Plate Baked Stuffed Potatoes Creamed Onions Grated Raw Carrot Salad Caramel Custard Coffee	25 Friday (Xmas) Orange Sections Grape-Nuts Toast Tea	Oyster Stew Toasted Crackers Cranberry Tarts Cocoa	Iced Tomato Juice Cocktail Roast Stuffed Turkey Mashed Potatoes Peas, Carrots, Lettuce Salad Vinaigrette Dressing* Plum Pudding Foamy Sauce Tea
10 Orange Sections Roman Meal Rolls Pineapple Marmalade Coffee	Grilled Kidneys Curried Rice Sliced Bananas Left-over Gingerbread, iced Tea	Cream of Corn Soup Cold Sliced Ham Mashed Sweet Potatoes String Beans Peach Shortcake Tea	26 Fresh Apple Sauce Corn Flakes Toast Tea	Bacon Warmed Potatoes Canned Raspberries Nut Bread Tea	Vegetable Soup Salmon Croquettes Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Indian Pudding Tea
11 Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes and Onions Stewed Prunes with Lemon Filled Cookies Tea	Fried Oysters Potato Puff Brussels Sprouts Molded Rice Tea	27 Sunday Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat Bran Muffins Conserve Tea	Sliced Turkey on Toast with Mushroom Sauce Banana and Nut Salad Christmas Cake Cocoa	Spare Ribs Baked Stuffed Potatoes Lima Beans Canned Peaches on Sponge Cake Tea
12 Grapefruit Bran Flakes Scones Coffee	Split Pea Soup (using ham bone) Lettuce with Dressing Toasted Scones Honey Tea	Spanish Steak Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Baked Apples Cream Tea	28 Stewed Prunes Bacon Strawberry Jam Tea	Scalloped Corn Lettuce Sandwiches Cream Puffs Tea	Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Parsnips Baked Apples with Raisins Tea
13 Sunday Prunes Stuffed with Orange Puffed Rice Toast Gooseberry Jam Coffee	Potato Salad with Hard-cooked Eggs Cheese Straws Maple Walnut Ice Cream Shortbread Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee	29 Sliced Bananas Cracked Wheat Marmalade Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Raspberry Cup Cakes Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Potato au Gratin String Beans Rice and Pineapple Pudding Tea
14 Cream of Wheat with Raisins Bacon Toast Coffee	Creamed Chicken on Toast Canned Peaches Sliced Pecan Roll Tea	Scalloped Salmon Riced Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Carrot Pudding Hard Sauce Tea	30 Grapefruit Jelly Omelet Toast Tea	Head Cheese Cole Slaw Cranberry Shortcake* Cocoa	Chicken Pie Peas Stuffed Celery Salad Cocoanut Custard Tea
15 Stewed Figs Corn Flakes Brown Toast Conserve Coffee	Sausages Fried Apples Fruit Jelly—Whipped Cookies Tea	Browned Hash Baked Potatoes Mashed Parsnips Floating Island Tea	31 Grapes All-Bran Toasted Rolls Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Asparagus Salad Stewed Figs Cocoa	Pork Chops Baked Sweet Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Gingerbread-Whipped Cream Tea
16 Orange Juice Rolled Oats Bran Muffins Jam Coffee	Codfish Cakes Hashed Brown Potatoes Canned Strawberries Tea	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Carrots Chilled Grape Tapioca Tea			

Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month. Recipes for the dishes marked * are described on page 83.

The Chatelaine, December, 1931

SAVE

*Hands! Clothes!
Work! Time!*



1. "I'm so sorry I kept you waiting. But I just hung up my clothes half an hour ago."

"You poor dear! Why don't you use that new Chipso? I had my clothes out by ten this morning."



2. "Don't anybody look at my hands. They're awful. But you know what washday is."

"Molly, the only trouble is—your soap's too strong. Why don't you use Chipso?"



3. That evening: "Let's not go out. I'm just dead."

"You'll have to do something about these washdays. Why don't you try that Chipso Mrs. Brown is so crazy about?"



4. "Mother, I don't understand it. You bought your spread the same time I did. Look how faded mine is."

"My dear, it's that soap you use. I've been using Chipso—it's just as quick, and so much safer."



5. Next washday: "Oh dear, my water isn't very hot! But what marvelous suds this Chipso gives anyway. Never saw such suds."



6. "My dear—I used that new Chipso this morning. My clothes look simply marvelous. I'm using it for dishes, too. And look how much smoother and softer my hands are."

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



INTERESTING TEST

Here's why Chipso works so fast—and so safely. More suds. Richer suds. These extra-suds quickly bubble out the dirt for you.

Grimy little play clothes or fine linens come clean in a hurry—safely. Suds test shows you the difference between Chipso and the four next leading package and cake household soaps. *The same weight of each soap was used for this test.*



Chipso

MADE IN CANADA

« This Month With Our Advertisers »

WHEN for the second time I began to study the advertisements from an analytical point of view, I found it a more absorbing occupation than ever; and I hope you do, too. Are you not discovering a new enjoyment in looking behind and beyond the actual advertisement as it appears, and deciding just why a certain method was used in presenting the "story"? It has, I find, all the pleasure of being "backstage" and seeing more about the play than the casual observer in front.

When advertisements are planned for *The Chatelaine*, the writers have a definite picture of the audience they are addressing—the modern chatelaine, "mistress of a little castle." She is young, alert, eager for the best, trained in values, and conscious of her great profession as a modern wife and mother. As editor, I find it interesting to trace the same line of thought in these advertising columns as I follow in planning the editorial columns. In editorial pages and advertising columns we know our audience, and the constant problem is how to appeal most effectively to you.

Consider the first advertisement in the magazine. Notice how we are given an impression of comfortable luxury in the full-colored painting, while the details of the blankets are shown in the larger illustrations; we'll recognize those blankets when we see them again. The heading "Inviting Sleep and Soft Forgetfulness" ties up directly with the feeling in the painting and tells the story in an instant. A very good page to attract the woman's point of view.

Every woman, too, has discussed the possibility of making a cake in the most economical way—a knowledge which Swans Down Flour have used in their page with a definite "appetite" appeal in the large illustration of a chocolate cake. "Easy as flipping off your apron," in the Del Monte ad., is another chatelaine's simile which we recognize instantly.

NOTICE how Kodak have, in the three photographs they use with their Christmas ad., covered the interests of the whole family—the pretty young girl and her interests; the schoolboy and his sports, and the very human young couple who might be posing the baby or the grandparents. Why is it, I wonder, that it is always mother who takes the picture while daddy performs?

More intimate knowledge of family life was used in Clark's page this month in photographing that tantalizing moment when mother brings the supper dish out of the oven piping hot and crusty brown. There's a moment all mothers love, for it means a well-done job presented to a highly appreciative audience. And what worker could ask for more?

I'll wager, too, that no woman will pass by the Chipso ad. without reading it, for it is based on a subtle understanding of our love for pictures that tell a story, whether it's the movies or the comic strips. We are all eager to follow the trail of an idea when it is well presented. In this page our eyes are caught by the dramatic exclamations; we follow through the human little story, pass to the scientific test which can be understood at a glance, and end with the box of Chipso. There's a sales story well told.

YOU don't often see humor in advertisements these days. I believe it is used more frequently in England than it is on this side of the water, where we consider our business a very serious matter. Personally I found the McColl-Frontenac ad., "The Wedding of Cyclo and Ethyl," a delight. The Red Indian has become such a familiar head to us all, that there is a personal amusement in the news of his marriage.

The clever playing on words in the wedding announcement is unusual. It's the sort of thing we like to read aloud for the family to share. I wonder if we shall ever have more humor in our advertisements.

IF YOU study the Community Plate page on the back cover, you will see how simply and directly the four key points, in the campaign introducing the new china which matches the silver's design, is presented so that you may catch them at a glance. You see the beautifully gowned woman—chic; the correct table setting—information; the large knife—detail; and finally the name in large clear letters to impress itself on your mind.

WE HAVE several samples of the powerful use of photographs this month. Look at Kleenex. Doesn't the strong, heavy heading, inset in the "close-up" of a woman doing a duty none of us like, "get" you? Next time you are doing that job—you'll remember the picture and message—just wait and see! Bayer's Aspirin, too, shows a realistic scene to point a moral. See how the large heading "Fatigue" ties up directly with the thought of what it must mean to stand all day, and with the name of the product set at the bottom in plenty of white space. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, in the second of their series, have another distorted photograph which grips the imagination. There are many more besides, as you will see when you turn the pages of this issue.

I WAS particularly interested in seeing how the different gift ideas were presented this month, as I have been so busy planning gift suggestions for the editorial columns. Waterman's, I feel, have handled a difficult problem well, for there's nothing so stiff as a dozen fountain pens. Yet by making a pattern in color, by showing the pens nearly actual size, and by putting the price by each pen, a very attractive page is completed which encourages us to study it.

Elizabeth Arden uses a very modern method in photography with a skilful placing of lights and shadows, and the modern lettering beside each gift idea. Because the presentation is smart, the sales story is effective. Cutex is linked with news of the day in stressing the fact that everyone is budgeting! Don't you think that the fine pen and ink sketches associated with the photograph give you a feeling that there's a story worth reading.

McBrine baggage, Keystone toiletries, and Novasilk lingerie are three examples of direct story telling. Each of these ads. is there for one purpose—to give definite suggestions for gifts, and each one of them does it with a straightforward simplicity.

On the other side of the picture is the second of the beautiful series by Fisher Bodies. The painting is a beautiful one—in quite a different style from that presented last month; the idea embedded in the advertisement itself is a thought-provoking one, and I should like to have used it with the same directness on my own editorial page!

For, after all, that is the idea behind the whole of a magazine. We can only drop ideas, like pebbles into the water. The widening circles of thought which follow, are in your own mind. So, in this page, I can only suggest ways for you to consider the advertisements; you must do the exploring yourself.

Byme Hops Sanders.

THE CHATELAINE'S

Index of Advertisers

December, 1931

Adventure Magazine.....	57	Kenton Pharmacal Co.	72
Appleford Paper Products, Limited.....	73	Kleenex Company.....	53
Ashes of Roses Perfume.....	36	Klim.....	72
Baker's Cocoa.....	83	Keystone Brushes.....	39
Baker's Coconut.....	42	Knox Gelatine.....	42
Bates & Innis, Limited.....	2nd Cover	Kruschen Salts.....	46
Baumert Cheese.....	56	Lawrason & Co. Limited, S. F.	74
Bayer's Aspirin.....	44	Lea & Perrins Sauce.....	72
Blondex.....	36	Lehn & Fink Products Company:	
Bovril, Limited.....	67	Hinds Cream.....	38
Boyle, J. C.	74	MacLaren-Wright, Ltd.	73
Brownstone.....	72	Magic Baking Powder.....	3
Butterick Publishing Co., The.....	57	Mapleine.....	73
California Packing Co.	43	Marmite.....	73
Campanas Italian Balm.....	54	Maybelline.....	36
Canada Starch Company Limited, The.....	73	Canadian General Electric Co. Limited.....	44
Canadian Kindergarten Institute.....	62	McBrine Co. Ltd., The L.	41
Canadian Milk Products Co.	72	McColl Frontenac Co., Ltd.	52
Canadian Playing Card Company Ltd.	62-74	McLaren's Jelly Powders.....	73
Canadian Spool Cotton Co., The.....	44-71	McLean & Smithers.....	73
Capo Polishes, Limited.....	75	Midland Vinegar Co.	73
Cash, J. J.	74	Munsey, Frank A. Co.	64
Chesley Chair Co., The.....	74	Nelson, Thomas & Sons.....	68
Chatelaine Pattern Dealers.....	68	Northam Warren Corporation.....	6
Chateau Cheese Company.....	56	Cutex.....	55
Chipso.....	3rd Cover	Glazo.....	61
Clark W. Limited.....	1	Oneida Community Ltd.	4th Cover
Coats' Thread.....	44-71	Oxo Limited.....	40
Community Plate and China.....	4th Cover	Palmera, Limited:	
Connors Bros. Ltd.	73	Ashes of Roses Perfume.....	36
Crescent Mfg. Co.	73	Evan Williams Shampoo.....	62
Cutex.....	61	Para-Sani Wax Paper.....	73
Cuticura Preparations.....	48	Patrick & Company, Limited, W. G.	73
Cyclo Gas.....	52	Pertussin Limited.....	65
Cox's Gelatine.....	73	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.....	50
Danderine.....	59	Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.	6
Delmonte Products.....	43	Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation.....	48
Diamond Dyes.....	81	Procter & Gamble Co., of Can.Ltd.	3rd Cover
Dominion Salt Co. Limited, The.....	73	Purity Salt.....	73
Dowswell Lees & Co. Ltd.	75	Resinol Chemical Company.....	65
Easy Washing Machine Co., Limited.....	75	Roman Meal.....	73
Edison-Mazda Lamp.....	44	Ryerson Press.....	69
Eddy, E. B. Co., Ltd., The.....	47	Salada Tea.....	71
Edwardsburg Crown Brand Corn Syrup.....	73	Shelley China.....	74
Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd.	37	Scholl Mfg. Co., The.....	46
Evan Williams Shampoo.....	62	Snowflake.....	74
Feen-a-mint.....	36	Squibb's Dental Cream.....	57
Fisher Body Corporation.....	34-35	Standard Brands Limited:	
Fleischmann's Yeast.....	29	Fleischmann's Yeast.....	29
Fletcher's Castoria.....	21	Magic Baking Powder.....	3
Fry's Cocoa.....	72	Stanfield's, Limited.....	49
General Foods Corporation:		Sterling Products, Inc.:	
Baker's Cocoa.....	83	Bayer's Aspirin.....	45
Baker's Coconut.....	42	Danderine.....	59
Swans Down Flour.....	5	Diamond Dyes.....	81
Glazo Company, The.....	55	Fletcher's Castoria.....	31
Gouraud's Oriental Cream.....	36	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.....	50
Great West Life Assurance Co.	63	Three-in-One Oil.....	74
Guaranteed Products, Inc.	36	Vicks VapoRub.....	46
Havergal College.....	62	Stevens-Hepner Co. Limited.....	39
Hawes' Floor Wax.....	75	Sully Aluminum Limited.....	75
Health Products Corporation, The.....	36	Swans Down Flour.....	5
Heirloom Chests.....	74	Taylor Instrument Cos.	72
Hinds Cream.....	38	Tek Tooth Brush.....	70
Hopkins & Sons, Ferd T.	36	Three-In-One Oil Co.	74
Hourd & Co.	63	United World Press	73
H. P. Sauce.....	73	Vapo Cresoline Co.	62
Hughes, E. Griffith.....	46	Vicks VapoRub.....	46
Hurlbut Company Limited, The.....	46	Virol.....	48
Ideal Silver Cream.....	75	Waterman, L. E. Co.	51
Jackson, M.D., Robt. G.	73	Western Clock Company, Limited.....	59
Johnson & Johnson, Limited.....	70	Woman's Institute (Canada) Limited.....	75

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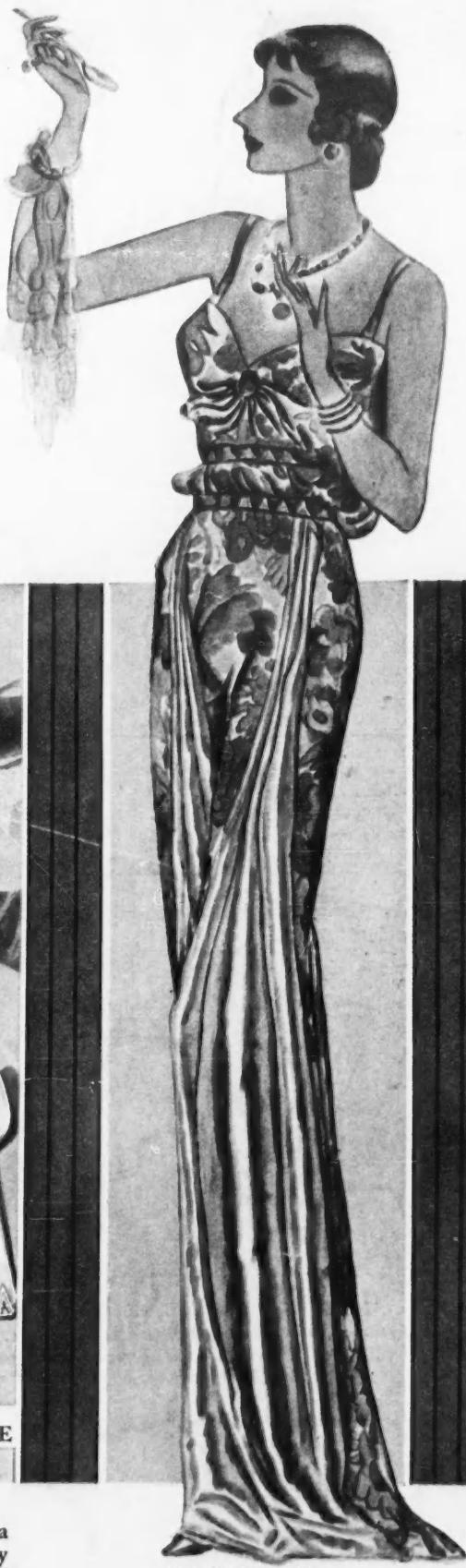
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